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JANUARY—FEBRUARY

PAGE

I. RECENT RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENTS IN RUSSIA 9
JOHN R. MOTT, LL.D., New York, N. Y.

II. THE BEAUTY OF GOD 20
WILLIAM F. WARREN, D.D., LL.D., President Emeritus, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

III. GOD'S EDUCATION OF MAN 29
Bishop WILLIAM F. MCDOWELL, D.D., LL.D., Washington, D. C.

IV. UNIFICATION 36
JOHN F. GOUCHER, D.D., LL.D., Baltimore, Md.

V. MISTAKEN PREACHING 47
Chancellor JAMES R. DAY, D.D., LL.D., Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

VI. TO LOVE 57
Bishop WILLIAM A. QUAYLE, D.D., LL.D., St. Louis, Mo.

VII. RUDOLF E. BRÜNNOW, GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR 66
Professor ROBERT W. ROGERS, D.D., Litt.D., LL.D., Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

VIII. THE GREAT EXPECTATION—A QUESTION FOR UNDERGRADUATES 76
Dean L. J. BIRNEY, D.D., School of Theology, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

IX. BROWNING AND CHRISTIANITY 84
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Litt.D., Lampson Professor of English Literature, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

X. THE PREACHER AND THE FORCES OF DEMOCRACY 94
Professor LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, D.D., Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

XI. THE CALL TO PREACH 106
EVA AUSTIN JUDKINS, A.B., Glens Falls, N. Y.

XII. THE REACH OF THE CHAIN 115
GEORGE CLARKE PECK, D.D., Baltimore, Md.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS 121
Christianity, The Religion of Life, 121.

THE ARENA 134
Dr. William G. Williams on the Epistle to the Romans, 134; Tennyson's Poetry of Nature, 136.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB 139
Culture of Piety, 139.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH 142
Antichrist, 142.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK 147
"Theology Without Germany," 147; The Reformation Quadricentennial and Recent Luther Literature, 149.

BOOK NOTICES 151
Moment's Faith in Christ, 151; Tiplady's The Cross at the Front, 151; Condé's The Human Element in the Making of a Christian, 153; Eckman's When Christ Comes Again, 155; Sheldon's Studies in Recent Adventism, 155; King's Fundamental Questions, 157; Work's The Bible in English Literature, 164; Seebach's The Book of Free Men, 164; Milligan's The Expository Value of the Revised Version, 164; Melish's Franklin Spencer Spalding, 166; Morley's Recollections, 168.

A READING COURSE 171
Peabody's The Religious Education of an American Citizen, 171.

MARCH—APRIL

PAGE

I. RELIGION, SCIENCE, AND WAR 175
Professor C. G. SHAW, Ph.D., New York University, New York, N. Y.

II. WORLD DEMOCRACY AND THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH 187
J. H. WILLEY, D.D., Montclair, N. J.

III. CHARACTERISTIC CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE CHURCH IN THE ORIENT TO THE CHRISTIAN MESSAGE 197
BRENTON T. BADLEY, A.M., Lucknow, India.

IV. A PHILOSOPHICAL HUMORIST 207
JAMES MUDGE, D.D., Malden, Mass.

V. THE VATICAN, AND ITALY IN THE WAR 216
Rev. F. H. WRIGET, A.M., Formerly of Rome, Italy.

VI. THE AMERICANISM OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS 226
H. B. SCHWARTZ, D.D., San Jose, Cal.

VII. THE CHRISTIANIZATION OF PATRIOTISM 233
President J. A. BEEBE, D.D., Iliff School of Theology, Denver, Colo.

VIII. SAMUEL JOHNSON—PREACHER 241
R. H. GILBERT, D.D., Berwick, Pa.

IX. A RECENTLY DISCOVERED PRAYER BOOK SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD 251
Professor C. M. COBERN, D.D., Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.

X. SHORTHAND AND THE MINISTRY 258
Rev. W. D. BRIDGE, A.M., Orange, N. J.

XI. CARRYING CHRISTMAS TO THE TRENCHES: AN AMERICAN SOLDIER-GIRL'S DREAM 267
"MADEMOISELLE MISS"—French Army, Somewhere in France.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS 275
Edwin Lewis on The Divine Triunity, 275.

THE ARENA 293
Religious Expression Through Rural Poems and Songs, 293; Desultory Reading, 295.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB 296
The Church of the Lycus, 296.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH 298
A New Jerusalem, 298.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK 304
Separation of Church and State in Germany, 304.

BOOK NOTICES 305
McDowell's Good Ministers of Jesus Christ, 305; Morgan's The Religion and Theology of Paul, 314; Hankey's The Lord of All Good Life and The Church and the Man, 317; Sherman's On Contemporary Literature, 319; Joseph's Personal Appeals to Sunday School Workers, 327; Jacks's Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke, 329; Hastings's Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics, 332; Smith's Atlas of the Historical Geography of the Holy Land, 334; The Churches of the Federal Council, 336; Macfarland's The Progress of Church Federation, 336.

A READING COURSE 338
Kent's The Social Teachings of the Prophets and Jesus, 338.

MAY—JUNE

PAGE

I. THE REVELATION OF SAINT JOHN THE DIVINE 341
Bishop W. A. QUAYLE, D.D., LL.D., Saint Louis, Mo.

II. LOGIC IN RELIGION 351
J. D. BURRELL, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

III. RETIRING ALLOWANCES IN THE LIGHT OF THE CARNEGIE EXPERIENCE 360
President E. A. SCHELL, D.D., Iowa Wesleyan College, Mount Pleasant, Ia.

IV. COMPARATIVE RELIGION AND THE PREACHER 368
Professor E. D. SOPER, D.D., Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

V. LORD MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS 378
WILLIAM HARRISON, D.D., Marysville, New Brunswick, Canada.

VI. "INASMUCH—." 386
Rev. W. S. BISSONNETTE, Kutien, China.

VII. TENNYSON'S CRITICISM OF LIFE 398
Professor A. W. CRAWFORD, A.M., University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

VIII. THE BLOND BRUTE 404
C. W. BARNES, D.D., Assistant Editor Sunday School Publications, Cincinnati, O.

IX. HENRY JAMES, THE REALIST: AN APPRECIATION 410
Professor E. W. BOWEN, Ph.D., Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.

X. "WITH SOUL SO DEAD" 420
E. D. SMITH, D.D., Chicago, Ill.

XI. THE PHILOSOPHY OF FORGIVENESS 423
Rev. NORMAN LA MARCHE, Richmond, Mich.

XII. THE CHILDREN'S ISAAC WATTS 427
Professor A. F. CALDWELL, Ph.D., De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS 434
Holy Scripture—The Watermark, 434; "Mademoiselle Miss's" Visit to Rheims with the Commanding General, 444.

THE ARENA 446
Why I Want My Boy to be a Minister, 446.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB 451
The New World Interest in Religion, 451.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH 453
A New English Translation of the Bible for the Jews, 453.

BOOK NOTICES 459
Hartman's Popular Aspects of Oriental Religions, 459; Forsyth's The Church and the Sacraments, 462; Jowett's The Whole Armour of God, 464; Hoyt's The Work of Preaching, 473; Hutchins's The Preacher's Ideals and Inspirations, 473; Hutton's Loyalty: The Approach to Faith, 475; Gordon's The Prophets of the Old Testament, 477; Boreham's The Luggage of Life, 479; Smith's Trivia, 485; Boreham's The Other Side of the Hill and Home Again, 488; Horton's An Autobiography, 491; Macnutt's The Church in the Furnace, 494; Maclean and Sclater's God and the Soldier, 494; Copping's Souls in Khaki, 494; Brent's A Master Builder, 496; Cyclopedia of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, 499; Curnock's The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., 502.

A READING COURSE 503
Streeter's Immortality, 503.

JULY—AUGUST

PAGE

I. THE CHURCH IN A WORLD AT WAR 507
Bishop W. F. McDOWELL, D.D., LL.D., Washington, D. C.

II. TENNYSON AND TREITSCHKE: A SPIRITUAL FORECAST 524
Professor J. M. DIXON, Litt.D., F.R.S., University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal.

III. OUR LOST LEADER 539
ROBERT E. ZEIGLER, D.D., Nappanee, Ind.

IV. JOHN HAY—LITTÉRATEUR 547
GEORGE F. MELLEN, Ph.D., Knoxville, Tenn.

V. OUR DUMB FELLOW CITIZENS 557
T. J. SCOTT, D.D., Ocean Grove, N. J.

VI. THE RENAISSANCE 570
Professor OSCAR KUHNS, Ph.D., Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

VII. THE NEW DAY 580
CHARLES E. LOCKE, D.D., Los Angeles, Cal.

VIII. "THAT MORNING" 589
Rev. W. L. STIDGER, A.M., Paris, France.

IX. A NEW BASIS FOR TREASON 596
Rev. PAUL HUTCHINSON, Nanking, China.

X. UNTRAVERSED CONTINENTS 602
S. R. RENO, D.D., Curran, Ill.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS 607
Holy Scripture—The Watermark. II. (Continued from the May-June number), 607.

THE ARENA 627
John Oxenham, 627.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH 631
Demoniacal Possession, 631.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK 637
Will the War Disclose a Saving Remnant in the German Church? 637.

BOOK NOTICES 641
Robertson's Paul's Joy in Christ, 641; Joseph's Essentials of Evangelism, 643; Brent's The Mount of Vision, 646; Boreham's Mountains in the Mist, 648; Smith's What Can Literature Do for Me? 657; Knyvett's "Over There" With the Australians, 663; Wells's From Montreal to Vimy Ridge and Beyond, 663; Tiplady's The Soul of the Soldier, 663; MacGill's The Brown Brethren, 663; Herrick's Audubon the Naturalist, 666; Morse's My Life With Young Men, 668.

A READING COURSE 670
Denney's The Christian Doctrine of Reconciliation 670.

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER

PAGE

I. ON GERMAN IDEAS OF THE STATE 673
Bishop R. J. COOKE, D.D., LL.D., Helena, Mont.

II. MAKING THEOLOGY LIVE 686
Professor LYNN H. HOUGH, D.D., Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

III. GODS AND HALF-GODS 696
Professor CHARLES G. SHAW, Ph.D., New York University, New York, N. Y.

IV. THE BITER BITTEN 706
F. B. STOCKDALE, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

V. THE PLACE OF TEACHING AND THE LITERATURE OF TEACHING IN CHRISTIAN ADVANCE 717
H. H. MEYER, Editor Sunday School Publications for the Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, O.

VI. PEACE, WAR, AND MORALS 731
Professor A. C. ARMSTRONG, Ph.D., Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

VII. FROM MY PARSONAGE WINDOWS 738
HARRIET C. CORBRAN, Fort Edward, N. Y.

VIII. A DEVOTIONAL CLASSIC: JOHN KEBLE'S "THE CHRISTIAN YEAR" 746
Rev. EDWIN LEWIS, A.M., B.D., Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

IX. A WAR PROPHECY FROM HOMER 755
Professor W. J. WILSON, Th.D., University of the Pacific, San Jose, Cal.

X. THE PSYCHOLOGICAL AND FUNDAMENTAL CAUSE OF THE PRESENT WORLD WAR 760
WILLIAM HOULISTON, Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS 777
Dr. Parkhurst on God in History, 777.

THE ARENA 785
Literature and the Preacher, 785; Ibsen's Nora, 788; My Library and I, 789.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH 790
The Battle of Kadesh, 790.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK 795
The New Opportunity for Evangelical Christianity, 795.

BOOK NOTICES 796
Shannon's The Enchanted Universe, 796; Moule's Christus Consolator, 802; Clutton-Brock's Studies in Christianity and Cross's What Is Christianity? 805; Snowden's Can We Believe in Immortality? Forsyth's This Life and the Next, and Doyle's The New Revelation, 807; Chesterton's The Defendant, 810; Daggett's Women Wanted and Tarbell's New Ideals in Business, 814; Coe's A Social Theory of Religious Education, 816; Coffin's In a Day of Social Rebuilding, 819; Strahan's Andrew Bruce Davidson, D.D., LL.D., D.Litt., 822; Peck's Side-Stepping Saints, 824; Watt's The Heart of a Soldier, 827.

A READING COURSE 835
Montgomery's Religions of the Past and Present and Barton's Religions of the World, 835.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER

PAGE

I. PRAYER IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY 839
JULIUS F. HECKER, Ph.D., Educational Secretary War Prisoners' Aid, Geneva, Switzerland.

II. "AND TO ALL POINTS BEYOND" 855
Bishop WILLIAM A. QUAYLE, D.D., LL.D., St. Louis, Mo.

III. THACKERAY IN IRELAND 865
LEON H. VINCENT, Litt.D., Boston, Mass.

IV CONTEMPORARY WAR LITERATURE AND THE NEW CALVARY. 882
W. L. STIDGER, Ph.D., San Jose, Cal.

V. DANTE AND VERGIL 894
EVELYN RILEY NICHOLSON, Chicago, Ill.

VI. MISSIONARY LEADERSHIP 909
SPENCER LEWIS, D.D., Shanghai, China.

VII. AT THE LAND'S END 918
L. H. HAMMOND, Dalton, Ga.

VIII. THE BIBLE IN THE ORIENT 924
FLOYD R. MAYNARD, D.D., Vicksburg, Mich.

IX. MINISTERS AS REFORMERS 932
W. C. POOLE, Parsonsburg, Md.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS 937
Excerpts from Private Letters of "Mademoiselle Miss," 937; A Picture of Mademoiselle Miss at her Work, 944; The Conference Course of Study, 947.

THE ARENA 959
Moral Causes of the War, 959; What to Preach to Soldiers, 962.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH 965
The Future of Palestine, 965.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK 971
The Germanization of Christianity, 971; Gaston Frommel's Theological Influence, 974.

BOOK NOTICES 975
Burrell's The Laughter of God and Other Sermons, 975; Fosdick's The Meaning of Faith, 983; Kirkland's The Joys of Being a Woman, 986; Faunce's Religion and War, and The New Horizon of State and Church, 994; Benson and Esher's The Letters of Queen Victoria, 997; Creighton's Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin, 1001.

A READING COURSE 1004
Walker's A History of the Christian Church, 1004.

METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1918

RECENT RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENTS IN RUSSIA

The attention of the world has been so much absorbed with the political and social revolution in Russia that comparatively little has been said regarding what is in some respects equally remarkable—the wonderful religious changes now in progress in that country, especially in relation to the Russian Orthodox Church. The High Procurator of the Holy Synod told me just before I left Russia that greater and more significant changes had taken place in the church during the preceding month than in the past two hundred years. He insisted, and the facts would seem to support him, that these changes have amounted to nothing less than a revolution. In the first place, religious tolerance has at last been achieved in Russia. All religions now stand on an equality. Men everywhere are free to worship God according to their own convictions and forms. They are also at liberty to organize their own religious associations, and to conduct their work without restriction. Even the Jews now have equal rights before the law and an end has come to the long tragedy of persecutions, humiliations, and massacres. The attitude of any Christian nation toward the Jews is among the most searching tests of the character of its freedom. Many other sects for generations most severely oppressed have come out into the larger life and liberty.

The Russian Orthodox Church is undergoing a complete reorganization. The process may best be defined as a democratization of the church. There has come a complete break with the old bureaucratic regime. The power of the church is being decentralized. Its provincial government will be rapidly developed.

Parish, district, and diocesan councils and committees are being formed or reconstituted, and have been given the freedom and authority necessary to insure the best life of the Church. The democratic principle has been applied to the election of many of the clergy. Already twelve bishops have been elected by popular vote, including those of Petrograd and Moscow. A plan is being perfected by which the Holy Synod will be elected by the church itself, through a properly constituted national assembly or council. Instead of carrying out this plan it may be decided to abolish the Holy Synod and to substitute a Ministry of Religion as a part of the Cabinet.

The various extraordinary changes which are taking place so rapidly in the outer organization and administration of the Church are but a reflection of an equally striking internal reformation. The Russian Church undoubtedly sank to its lowest level of life and influence during the last year, in connection with the shocking and almost unbelievable Rasputin scandal. With the shaking off of the old servitude, which has come with the great revolution, the Russian Church has broken out into new life. Questionable practices have been abandoned, old corruptions have been cast aside, and the work of purification is advancing apace. A special commission is at work on purifying the life of the seminaries. In many quarters one finds refreshing signs of spiritual quickening.

One of the most hopeful developments is that in the direction of increasing the working efficiency of the Church. The Great Sobor, or Council, held in Moscow in the month of June, devoted itself throughout the entire ten days to this task. It accomplished a solid constructive work in the direction of improving the parish life of the churches, in defining new relations which should exist between the Church and State, in determining wise plans for the development of parish schools, in calling out more largely the latent lay forces, and above all, in devising ways and means of improving the work of the clergy.

A strong and representative commission is at work revising the curriculum of the ecclesiastical academies and seminaries. Measures are being taken also to transform certain of the monas-

teries, which had passed into a stage of decline and lifelessness, into institutions for scholastic research, and for the uplifting of the life of the Church through carrying to the people the gospel by word and by print. That all these progressive movements and tendencies may be strengthened and carried forward to full fruition, it has been decided that there shall be held in the city of Moscow an Extraordinary Council of the Russian Church. A Preparation Committee, composed of the Holy Synod and some forty of the other most influential leaders of the Church, is at work perfecting the plans for this gathering, and will continue its labors until the council assembles.

Another sign of large encouragement is the movement in the direction of closer Christian fellowship and unity among the different Christian bodies in Russia. It has been decided to invite to the great council, so soon to assemble, representatives of the Old Believers, the principal dissenting sect in Russia—a sect numbering over twelve millions of members which has been bitterly persecuted for over two hundred years—and the invitation has been accepted. Negotiations of pecular interest and significance have been entered into between the ecclesiastics of the Orthodox and Roman Catholic communions. As a result, it is probable that the latter body will hold a church council or assembly at the time that the great council of the Orthodox Church is in session. Attention should also be called to the multiplying sympathetic points of contact between Protestant Christians and the Russian Church. An illustration is that of my own experience while in Russia. I will enlarge upon this because it will serve to enforce what has been said regarding the striking change which has come over the religious situation in Russia.

Within a few days after we reached Russia, I was invited, along with one of my associates on the Special Diplomatic Mission, Mr. Charles R. Crane, to attend the Great Sobor of the Russian Orthodox Church then in session in Moscow. By Sobor is meant what would be called in the Presbyterian Church at home a General Assembly, or in the Episcopal Church a General Convention, or in the Methodist Church a General Conference. These are poor analogies, because this Sobor is one of unique importance,

being the first representative national gathering held by the Russian Church in a period of over two hundred years—that is, since 1682. It was attended by 1,072 official delegates, each one hundred parishes being entitled to send as representatives two priests and two laymen. In addition to the delegates sent by the parishes, the Holy Synod had appointed as delegates several leading bishops. Every part of Russia was represented. During the ten days that the Sobor was in session part of the time was devoted to sectional meetings and the rest to plenary meetings. The recommendations of the sectional gatherings were presented to the main sessions, where they were discussed and adopted. Archbishop Platon, formerly at the head of the Russian Church in America, invited me to give a formal address before the Sobor. As good fortune would have it, I found among the delegates Father Alexandrof, the Russian priest at San Francisco, who speaks English very well. We had met before, having attended together one of our Association conventions in America. He proved an ideal interpreter. I spoke for an hour, bringing first a message of gratitude from America to the Russian Christians; secondly, a message of solicitude and caution to the Russian Church in this critical hour in the life of the nation; and thirdly, a message of hope or reassurance. My address was received throughout with most evident sympathy and enthusiasm. At least a score of times during the address the entire audience arose, this being a sign of most signal approval. It was a striking fact that these manifestations came in connection with the most significant and vital points. At the end of the address the delegates rose instantly and joined in one of their church hymns, calling upon the Holy Spirit to come upon us. They followed this with the famous Russian song, "Many Years," and this was succeeded by another spiritual hymn. Then came four speeches in response to the message and in appreciation of the fact that Mr. Crane and I had come to them as the representatives of President Wilson and of the American people. The first of these speeches was made by the president of the Sobor, a distinguished professor of Moscow University. The next speech was by Bishop Andrew of Ufa, speaking on behalf of the bishops. He was followed by Prince Troubetskoy, who is likewise a pro-

fessor in the university. The last address of thanks was made by the High Procurator of the Holy Synod. In no gathering of Protestant Christians, or those of any other communion, have I ever been received more whole-heartedly.

A few days later, on my return to Petrograd, another opportunity presented itself—one which seems almost incredible. I was invited by the High Procurator to give an address before the Holy Synod and other leaders of the Russian Church, who had assembled to lay plans for the Extraordinary Council of the Church to be held later in the year. I began by congratulating the leaders of the Russian Church on its achievements throughout the centuries, giving in outline the principal results accomplished. Then I congratulated them on the present opportunities before the Church in Russia and beyond its borders, and likewise upon the grave difficulties which beset the Church in this time of upheaval and change, reminding them of the value of difficulties in calling out our latent energies and in deepening our acquaintance with God. After that I congratulated them on the future, showing them why the best days of the Russian Church lie in the years just before us. The next heading of my address dealt with the eight most distinctive contributions which American Christianity has made to the common Christianity of the world. The strong points in the religious life of America are among the very aspects of the Russian Church which most need to receive constructive attention. These outstanding leaders of the Christian forces of the country listened with unmistakable sympathy, and when I had finished, the president, Archbishop Platon, also the High Procurator and others expressed their sincere appreciation. While I was present with the Holy Synod two significant steps were taken. It was voted to hold in Moscow, beginning about the end of August, the Extraordinary Council of the Russian Church, to which I have already referred. They also agreed unanimously that one of the objects of the council is to facilitate the union of the Orthodox Church and the Old Believers. A delegate from the latter body who was present responded in the finest spirit to the overtures of the Orthodox Church. When one thinks of the terrible persecutions which the Old Believers have suffered at

the hands of the state church, the drawing together of these great communions seems indeed wonderful. It will interest you to know that the meeting on this day was held in the home of Pobiedonostzev, the former, famous, most able, and much feared High Procurator of the Holy Synod. When I reflected on the reactionary, relentless, and cruel way in which he administered the affairs of the Church, I found it difficult to realize that I had actually been accorded such an opportunity, and that I had lived to see the day of so great transformation.

With Mr. Crane I returned to Moscow to witness on July 4 a significant event—the election of the new Metropolitan. We first saw the procession of ecclesiastics and delegates march to the Cathedral of Our Saviour, where the election and the accompanying ceremonies were to take place. It was an impressive sight to witness this picturesque company bearing various sacred ikons and other insignia of the Church, and also the surging crowds of peasants and towns-folk lining the streets and following the procession. Only the eight hundred delegates and the officiating church leaders were admitted to the floor of the cathedral. Everybody else had to stand in the galleries and it was not easy to obtain tickets even for this privilege. On our arrival the day before, the members of the Sobor had voted unanimously to admit Mr. Crane and myself to the floor, because they regarded us as special ambassadors from the Christians of America. They, therefore, gave us a place of honor on the platform before the *ikonostas*. The eight hundred delegates included men in every walk of life from princes to peasants. They constituted one of the most fascinating sights which I have witnessed in any gathering. First came the regular ritual service of the Russian Orthodox Church, closing with the Holy Communion. The Archbishop of Yaroslav officiated, and several bishops and other church dignitaries assisted. The service, which lasted nearly three hours, was conducted with great solemnity and reverence and with evident depth of feeling. In this respect I know of no body of Christians who surpass the Russians. On this day the singing was largely congregational. Over one third of the time was spent in singing responses, chants, psalms, and hymns. It would be impossible to

describe the effect of the united worship and praise of these hundreds of devout Christians. After the formal service was finished, the delegates proceeded at once to the election of the Metropolitan. This was conducted in the body of the church, and continued for several hours. It was a most orderly proceeding. There were four different ballot boxes to facilitate the casting of the votes. In the presence of the delegates and the crowds in the galleries the votes were counted. There were four or five candidates, the two highest in the list being Archbishop Tikhon, who received 481 votes, and a prominent layman, Mr. Samarin, who received 303. Archbishop Tikhon, the successful candidate, was for several years bishop of the Russian Church in America, and before he left there became its first archbishop. He is a man of the finest character, and his election met with general approval, although the principal rival candidate had a strong following. After the vote was announced by the officers of the election, the bishops gave careful consideration to the result, and then came forward and indorsed the choice of the delegates. The whole company joined in the singing of the *Te Deum*. This was followed by the singing of "Many Years" for the newly elected Metropolitan.

Between the church service and the election Mr. Crane and I were summoned to go behind the altar, and while there Archpriest Lubimoff of Moscow presented each of us with a sacred ikon, in view of the service which we had rendered Russia, and in recognition of our relation to the Christian movement throughout the world. The ikon presented to me is one representing our Lord and was taken from the *ikonostas* of the Uspensky Cathedral, where it had been for centuries. It is one of the fourteenth century, and they told me it is priceless. You will recall this cathedral as one of the oldest in Russia, and the one in which the czars were crowned. In presenting me the ikon, the Archpriest quite clearly referred to the fact of my being a Protestant, but said that they recognized my oneness with them in our belief in the one Divine Saviour. He also referred to the service which we have rendered during the war to the more than two million Russian prisoners in Germany and Austria-Hungary. He has a son, a graduate of Moscow University, who is in one of these prisoner-

of-war camps in Germany. He told me that this son had written him repeatedly about the helpfulness of our Association, and that while in it he had learned the English language. I told him that we would arrange to have sent to his son from Copenhagen every two weeks a parcel of food. This moved the old man to tears.

Sunday, July 1, was also a notable day in the relations between the Russian Orthodox Church and American Protestant Christianity. Largely as a result of the intercourse we had had with the leaders of the Russian Church in the Sobor at Moscow, and in the meeting with the Holy Synod, some of the Russian ecclesiastics expressed their desire to have a special service conducted in one of their principal churches in recognition of the presence and help of the American Mission. The Kasan Cathedral on Nevski Prospekt in Petrograd was selected as a most desirable place for the purpose. The service lasted from ten o'clock until about one. The saintly and noble Archbishop Platon, who did such wonderful work for the cause of Christ in America, officiated at the service and celebrated Holy Communion. The majority of the members of our mission attended, also members of the Railroad Commission, of which Mr. Stevens is chairman, the American Ambassador and his staff, representatives of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations then in Russia, and several other Americans. We were given a prominent place to stand on the platform facing the choir. As the service advanced the attendance grew, until people were standing in all parts of the great inclosure and were massed in large numbers at the front. Many bishops, priests, archpriests, and deacons participated in the elaborate ritual, which I have never seen conducted more impressively than it was on this occasion. The choir sang not only the customary responses, but also a number of deeply moving selections. A most unusual circumstance was the fact that Archbishop Platon while celebrating the Holy Communion did so in part in the English language. Moreover, about the middle of the service, Father Alexandrof, of San Francisco, who had been my interpreter at the important religious gatherings, read in English the Gospel lesson for the day, and preached in English an effective sermon on the Good Samaritan. He called

attention to the timeliness and great significance of the fact that America had come to them in this most critical moment in the history of Russia, and begged America indeed not to "pass by on the other side" Russia in her hour of need, but to be to her a good Samaritan. He said: "The Russian people know how to be grateful; they will never forget America's kindness."

As the service came toward its climax a most unusual thing took place. One of the priests came to the Americans and invited them to go behind the *ikonostas,* where we observed the Archbishop administer the Holy Communion in both kinds to the bishops and priests who were present. We then returned to the place where we had stood throughout the early part of the service. The closing moments were more overpowering than ever in impressiveness. Possibly the most moving part was when the vast audience broke out and sang together in perfect unison and with deep feeling the Lord's Prayer. There followed a period of intercession, led by one of the priests, when they prayed for the army, for the President and people of the United States, for the Allies, for all the Americans present, for the Russian prisoners of war, for the Provisional Government, and for other objects of special concern. At the end of the service the archbishop came from the altar behind the *ikonostas* and, standing at the chancel where the vast audience stood as close to him as possible, he preached to them a marvelous sermon. I was told, by one who understands the Russian language, that it was a model of pastoral eloquence. A large section of his sermon was devoted to telling the people about the Christians in America. He characterized, with aptness, what they have in common with the Russian Christians. He frankly admitted the differences, but insisted that they were minor in contrast with the vital, essential points which unite us all. He ended by an appeal for Christian unity. Then there came a special prayer for the unity of all believers in accord with the prayer of our Lord.

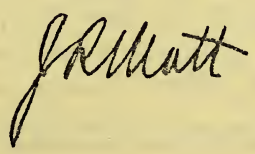
Another opportunity of unique importance was that which came to me through an invitation to meet with the commission appointed by the Holy Synod to Revise the Curriculum of the Ecclesiastical Academies and Seminaries. Among their number

were leading professors and teachers of the institutions concerned, as well as of the universities, together with other educational authorities. I was asked not only to participate in the discussion but to give an address. It afforded me opportunity to point out recent developments and modern tendencies in theological education in America and Europe. Among the principal points which I developed, and which apparently had special and timely application to the needs in Russia, were: The advantages of closer association of theological students and those of other faculties and callings; the desirability of extending the theological course or at least of making suitable provision for advanced studies; the combination, in proper proportions and with the wisest guidance, of practical experience in Christian service with the regular scholastic work; the giving of larger attention to those studies which prepare the future leaders of the Church to bring to bear the Christian gospel on the social problems of our time; the preparation of church leaders for meeting the unparalleled missionary opportunity and responsibility of this generation; the furnishing of an apologetic calculated to enable the clergy to command the intellectual confidence and following of thoughtful unbelievers; the holding in true prominence of those studies and exercises which insure vital Christian experience and true growth in spiritual apprehension and power. In the light of my study of the needs and requirements of the Russian priesthood, it would be difficult to indicate which of these points could wisely be omitted, or which of them needs chief emphasis. Considering the present political, social, economic, and religious problems of Russia, I would say without hesitation that by far the most critical is that which has to do with insuring an able leadership of the Christian forces of the nation.

My relation to the religious life of Russia was not confined to my contacts with the Orthodox Church. I sought and improved opportunities to come into helpful touch with other religious bodies and movements. Never shall I forget the long evening spent with the archbishop and the group of principal bishops of the largest dissenting sect—the Old Believers, who, as already stated, number not less than twelve millions. This meeting was

held in the simply furnished little log house of the archbishop on the outskirts of Moscow. We gathered in a quiet room around one flickering candle, and talked late into the night about the characteristics, persecutions, present-day problems and aspirations of this body of Christians, who, by every test, have so well earned the right to be counted among Christ's true followers.

I met with the representatives of other Russian sects as I had opportunity. I also had most profitable conferences with representatives of the Protestant forces in Russia, notably with Dr. Keen, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and with Dr. Simons, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, both of whom are conducting their work with great wisdom and evident acceptance. Memorable interviews were also had with the most distinguished and best trusted leaders of the seven millions of Russian and Polish Jews, which enabled me to penetrate more deeply than ever before into the heart of their problems. My conference with the Roman Catholic bishop and with other representatives of that communion was likewise very satisfactory. One of the most memorable meetings which I had was with this bishop and the High Procurator of the Holy Synod of the Orthodox Church. At the beginning of our conference I said: "Here we are, representatives of the three great Christian communions, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Russian Orthodox. We have one Christ and one enemy. Though we differ on not a few points which each of us regards as vital, that which would unite us is so much more important that we should never cease to work and to pray that we may some day enter into the full unity which our Lord has had in view for all his disciples." They both responded with manifest sympathy to these words. We did not find it difficult, in the shadow of the tragedy of the great war and its overpowering sufferings, to find much ground for common action.



THE BEAUTY OF GOD[1]

A HIGH theme, good reader, as you see. Pray be seated. We shall need a little time; also something of the mood in which intimates find it pleasant to interchange quiet thoughts on some of the deeper things in our holy faith. The perfection, or attribute, to be considered has been deplorably neglected by professed philosophers and theologians. To it no formal treatises have ever been devoted. In a long life I have never heard so much as one sermon upon it. Even the hymnists of the Church Universal have been strangely silent.

One reason for the prevalent neglect is found, I suspect, in a widespread misconception as to the Old Testament writers. The ancient Hebrew has been little understood. He is supposed to have had little or no appreciation of beauty. In his attitude toward God he is generally represented as a mere legalist in principle and a mere ceremonialist in practice. His highest religious motive is usually described as having been one of slavish fear. If he had any others they were low commercial ones, merely prompting him to drive sharp bargains with the Almighty just as he is supposed to have done with his fellow men. For law, and for abstract righteousness, he had much respect; but to beauty, natural or moral, he was almost absolutely blind. Such is the common representation; and in accordance therewith we are frequently told that, whereas the religion of the Greeks was the religion of beauty, that of the Hebrews was the religion of legalism, or at best the religion of a cold, unearthly loyalty to abstract righteousness. This whole representation is, I am convinced, a thoroughly mistaken one.

First of all let us look at the language of the ancient Hebrews. It is well known that a nation whose language has an unusual number of words descriptive of ships, and boats, and things connected with navigation, is sure to have been a sea-faring people. So, too, a nation whose language has an unusual number of names

[1] William Fairfield Warren has been a contributor to the Methodist Review for over sixty years, having begun in Dr. McClintock's editorship, and continuing now into the Review's Second Century—a record unparalleled.

for arms and defenses, and for military officers and maneuvers, is sure to have been a warlike people. Now, it is a curious fact that when we compare the Hebrew vocabulary with that of other languages, even with the Greek, it turns out that the Hebrew has more terms expressive of the idea of beauty than has the Greek; and this notwithstanding the fact that the Greek language has thousands of words more than the Hebrew. This was to me a most surprising discovery. The Greek has always been celebrated for the copiousness of its vocabulary; yet, while it would be difficult to find more than three words in it expressive of beauty, the Hebrew of the Old Testament books alone has no less than twelve translated in our authorized English version by the one word "beauty," or "beauties." The clear inference is that the Hebrew people were more occupied with the thought of the beautiful than were the Greeks, and that in their effort to express the thought they invented and used more terms than did the people who developed the Greek speech.

A further evidence of the susceptibility of the early Hebrews to those influences that appeal to the æsthetic nature may be mentioned. Only an imaginative people have a vocabulary rich in terms of the imagination, and only a musical people have a vocabulary rich in terms relating to music. Now an examination of the Hebrew language in these particulars shows a second most remarkable fact. The copiousness of its musical vocabulary is simply bewildering. How to translate many of the terms is a puzzle baffling the best modern scholarship. So also the vocabulary of terms descriptive of natural scenery is not only rich, but actually unrivaled in its picturesqueness and in its poetic quality. Of all modern tongues the English has the most extensive store of words; yet when we have spoken of the brow of a mountain, its foot, and its head, we have about exhausted our personification of it; that is, our comparison of it to a living body possessed of a head and other members. Not so with the ancient Hebrews. They spoke not only of the "brow" and "foot" and "head" of a mountain, but also in individual cases of its "thighs," its "loins," its "rib," its "forearm," its "shoulder," its "ears," its "teeth," its "horn." How rich in imagination must have been the people

who saw one or another of the mountains round about them equipped with such varied organs and features of a living creature. In this way they individualized each mountain according to its distinctive features. Where can be found any other people who carried the personification of nature so far? No wonder that in their sacred songs they could poetically represent external nature as rejoicing at the approach of the great Jehovah, and could sing in such dramatic strains as these:

"The mountains skipped like rams,
The little hills like lambs,
What ailed thee, O sea, that thou fleddest,
Thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?
Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams;
And ye little hills, like lambs?"

Or again,

"Let the sea roar and the fullness thereof,
Let the floods clap their hands,
Let the hills be joyful together
Before Jehovah, for he cometh,
He cometh to judge the earth."

No previous people, and no contemporaneous people, had ever produced poetry like this, or ever given such evidence as is here given of appreciation of the beautiful in the natural world. No poet or seer of any previous people, or of any contemporaneous people, had ever placed on record such a proclamation of its æsthetic faith as that found in the biblical declaration: "He hath made everything beautiful in its time." From all this it clearly follows that the ancient Hebrews were not blind to beauty of any kind, but rather that they surpassed all their neighbor nations in appreciation of its presence in all the works of the one great Creator.[2]

But it is time to ask, "What do we mean by beauty?" I

[2] At this point in the preparation of the present paper the writer chanced to open the works of Josephus and unexpectedly to light upon a passage in which, in an effort to answer the cruelly slanderous accusations made against his people by Apion, he alludes to the worthy conception of God set forth in the teachings of Moses. In this passage the thing that at once struck me as singularly significant was this: that, after mentioning the unbegottenness and immutability of God as represented in the Pentateuch, he sums up all the other divine perfections in one, and that one is not righteousness, not holiness, not sovereignty, not transcendence to the creature world, not any of the things currently supposed to have been dominant in the Hebrew conception of God, but simply "beauty," a beauty which in Josephus's own words "surpasses every mortal conception." Surely, if at a time when this champion of the Jewish nation was smarting under the outrageous persecutions of Caligula and Nero, and deliberately replying to the imperially appointed and paid persecutor of his people, Josephus could so utterly refrain from any allusion to the unfailing justice of the divine avenger of wronged men and nations, and could emphasize only the inconceivable beauty of Jehovah, it must be that in his habitual thought of God this element of beauty transcended every other.

confess it is hard to say. I have never been able to find a definition that seemed altogether satisfactory. Webster in our latest edition says: "Beauty is an assemblage of graces or properties pleasing to the eye or ear, the intellect, the æsthetic faculty or the moral sense." This is open to the objection that according to it there can be no beauty in a single grace or property, but only in an "assemblage" of such. The so-called Standard Dictionary gives this definition: "The quality of objects, as in nature, art, or mind, that appeals to and gratifies the æsthetic nature or faculty." Inasmuch, however, as the æsthetic nature is defined in the same dictionary as "a nature that appreciates beauty" we have here a mere tautology. It is as if one should profess to define vision by saying "Vision is the act of the visual organ." The Century Dictionary gives the following: "That quality of the object by virtue of which the contemplation of it directly excites pleasurable emotions." This, however, is quite wide of the mark; for it applies to the comic quality of a clever caricature as fully as it does to the charm of a perfect rose. All these attempts at definition show the truth of the saying that the simplest of our ideas are the hardest to define. Where so many experts have failed I can hardly hope to succeed. Nor is a logical definition essential to our present purpose. It will be sufficient to say that we are accustomed to call an object, act, or being beautiful when, and in proportion as, we pleasurably perceive in it an approach to, or a full realization of, ideal perfection. Strictly speaking, the perfection is not itself beauty; we call it such only when, or in proportion as, it pleasurably affects some mind capable of relishing perfection. The beautiful, thus described, covers all forms of beauty wherever found. These are innumerable. In the physical world perfect flower and perfect fruit are alike beautiful. Shelley's "Ode to Intellectual Beauty" shows us what the lover of the beautiful may discover in the world of thought. Edmund Spenser's "Hymn to Heavenly Beauty" takes us yet higher. Beginning with the earthly elements he carries us upward, through heaven above heaven, until in the seventh we are lost in glories spiritual and unpicturable. That is one of the hymns we should read oftener.

Some of the forms of beauty about us are partial, as when we see beautiful features or members connected with a body that is deformed. Some of them vary in degree while the same in quality; as, for example, the beauty of a cubical Kohinoor, with only six fair facets, compared with the dazzling beauty of the same gem when given a thousand added facets. Some of the forms of beauty are as evanescent as the rainbow; some as permanent as the azure arch in which from the beginning of the world all rainbows have been hung. But, numberless and varied as may be the kinds and forms of beauty in the world, one thing remains forever true, and that is that to us nothing ever appears beautiful which does not pleasurably suggest the ideal perfection of its kind by showing us a more or less complete approach to that perfection. Beauty and perfection being thus mutually conditioned, it is self-evident that the most perfect beauty in the universe can be found only in the most perfect being. Supremely beautiful can that one alone be in whom supreme perfection forever dwells. Of all embodiments or impersonations of the beautiful, therefore, the highest, the loveliest, the most entrancing, is God.

Let us not be startled by this assertion; above all, let no one dismiss it as the delirious dream of some Christian mystic. No Christian experience, or even Christian teaching, is needed to bring one to this insight. Pagan thinkers have reached it. Plato reached it. Listen to the terms in which the beauty of God is described by him. In his dialogue entitled "The Banquet" he puts into the mouth of one speaker this language:

> There is a beauty eternal, unbegotten, and imperishable, exempt from decay as well as increase; which is not beautiful in such a part and ugly in such another; beautiful only at such a time in such a place, in such a relation; beautiful for some, ugly for others—a beauty that has no sensible form, no visage, no hands, nothing corporeal; which is not such a thought or such a particular perception; which resides not in any being different from itself, as an animal, the earth, the heavens, or any other things; which is absolutely identical and invariable by itself; a beauty in which all other beauties participate, yet in such a way that their birth or their destruction neither diminishes nor increases, nor in the least changes it!

Fired by the thought of such a matchless and indestructible beauty, the speaker cries out:

> O my dear Socrates, that which can give value to this life is the vision of eternal beauty. . . . What would be the destiny of a mortal to whom it should be granted to contemplate the beautiful without alloy, in its purity and simplicity, no longer clothed with the flesh and hues of humanity, and with all those vain charms that are doomed to perish; to whom it should be given to see under its sole form, face to face, the divine beauty!

Wonderful words! Thrice wonderful in the mouth of an ancient Gentile teacher. How seldom have we Christians meditated upon the supernal charm of God's perfect beauty until we have longed with Plato's intensity to behold it, as he says, "face to face"!

The question that now thrusts itself upon us is: "How can we best rise to this vision of God's absolute beauty?" Plato in the same dialogue gives the best direction that a pagan could, and it is in these words:

> In order to arrive at this perfect beauty it is necessary to commence with the beauties of this lower world, and, the eyes being fixed upon the supreme beauty, to elevate ourselves unceasingly towards it by passing, so to speak, through all degrees of the scale; from a single beautiful object to two, from two to all others; from beautiful objects to beautiful sentiments; from beautiful sentiments to beautiful thoughts; until from thought to thought we arrive at the highest thought, which has no other object than the beautiful itself, until we end by knowing it as it is in itself.

That was the answer of a thinker; and we cannot doubt that in following it this great Greek soul attained the splendid vision he a moment ago set before us. It is the road that other great sages have trodden—the path of pure devotional contemplation.

The Hebrew was enabled to give another and a better answer. His God was not, like Plato's, silent, unapproachable, hidden in the awful abysses of infinity. No; he dwelt among his people and held personal communion with them. He invited them to dwell in his tabernacle and to see for themselves his beauty. Hence the Psalmist breaks out in these impassioned words: "One thing have I desired of Jehovah; that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of Jehovah all the days of my life, to behold the beauty

of Jehovah." Fellowship, familiar, intimate, continuous fellowship with Jehovah was, in his view, the one effectual way in which to behold the beauty of Jehovah. Even to-day I doubt if any man can improve upon that answer. Best of all, the Psalmist had in some way learned that God's beauty was transmissible to men, so that he could pray, in words significant beyond measure, "The beauty of Jehovah, our God, *be upon us.*"

From this contemplation of the consummate beauty of God and this consideration of the paths by which we may come to behold it, and to share it, we ought to derive some practical lessons of great value in our personal and social religious experience.

First of all, we ought to realize as never before that all beauty is of God, a part of his self-revelation, and, as such, entitled to be considered and treated as always and everywhere sacred. The holiness of beauty is not sufficiently recognized in any part of the Christian world. A church which should devote itself to the emphasizing of the divineness of beauty would fulfill a more important function than do many of the communions which now pride themselves upon the possession of some otherwise neglected feature in the total teaching of Christ. Just as certainly as all perfection in the creature conducts back to the plan and purpose of the perfect Creator, so all the beauty of creaturely perfection is grounded in God and possesses the sanctity of such an origin.

Again, if in the created world every gleam and glint of beauty is but the outshining of a divine perfection of thought and purpose, we ought to realize, as we have rarely done, if ever, the sacramental purpose of all creaturely beauty. All forms of natural grace may be, and should be, means of spiritual grace, helping the soul to love the things eternally lovely. Indeed, in what other way could God so effectually lure the right-minded to love his own perfection and to desire participation therein? On the other hand, what profanation can be so great as when a creature divinely gifted with beauty employs it only to feed its own consuming pride and vanity, or perhaps to lure fellow creatures to their eternal destruction? In every such case the perversion of beauty is as diabolic as the gift perverted is divine.

Again, if what we have been saying be true, the time ought

not to be far distant when the appreciation and cultivation of the beautiful in all departments of life can be taken up, not as a form of self-indulgence, but as a genuine service to God and as a recognized means of grace to men. Why should we tolerate the ugly in any of its avoidable forms? The nun who invests her form in the ugliest costume that her Superior can invent is taking the wrong road. If, with an equally absolute devotion and from the same motive, namely, *to please God,* she could clothe herself as God clothes the lily, she would be more in the line of his own method. The sin she is trying to escape is pride, or vanity, but many a nun has made the bitter discovery that, after she has irrevocably made the full and life-long surrender of everything pleasing to the æsthetic sense, she has to contend against the new and sorer temptation to be proud or vain of her very sacrifice. In like manner the Puritan or Mohammedan iconoclast who raves against all enrichment and adornment of our earthly temples himself ardently sighs for that heavenly temple in which, in producing a perfect worship, everything that the universe offers of beauty is to be brought together and harmonized. Let us who have here united in this meditation not be guilty of such inconsistency. If the world's beauty is to find its ultimate consummation in the loveliness of the new heavens and the new earth, let us by cultivating beauty hasten that consummation. And the way to cultivate this world-consummating beauty is to see God in every beautiful object, act, or aim, and to pray constantly that the beauty of the Lord our God may be upon us, his children. Whoever, by prayer and meditation and good works, wins one least new touch of the divine beauty contributes that much to the earlier incoming of the new and perfect world-order.

Finally, let us dwell more in our thoughts upon the intimate and unalterable equation between God's love and God's loveliness. God is beautiful, not merely because he embodies in himself every conceivable perfection of nature and character, but also because all his activities culminate in the highest of conceivable activities: that of boundless, matchless, endless love. The loveliest thing in the universe is love; and God is love. The essence of the eternal bliss of heaven was often defined by the mediæval saints as the

"vision of God." The definition is correct if it include the vision of the perfect loveliness of perfect love. Let us dwell upon the thought until our hearts burn within us and, like Faber, we can sing:

"My God, how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

"How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be:
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

"Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before thy throne to lie
And gaze and gaze on thee!"

William F. Warren.

GOD'S EDUCATION OF MAN

One day, many years ago now, Blaikie's well-known volume, Culture and Religion, was mentioned in Bishop Warren's presence, a presence in which the mention of good books was always easy. Promptly he indicated his intimate and happy acquaintance with it, and added, significantly, "That is one of the books I intended to write." Maybe we have in "The Bible in the World's Education" something of what would have gone into the volume that never was written. The subject at the head of this brief article is the title of a book by the late president of Bowdoin College, the Rev. William De Witt Hyde, whose early death all churches mourn. I did not intend to write his book, but have long meant to print a short testimony on this subject in view of the close relation to her educational work which the church has generously allowed me to have for nearly the whole of my life in the ministry. (There are a couple of books that another man set out to write and did not. I will not say what they are or who he was, but the unwritten volumes call to me at times with strange power. I wish somebody would write them. I wish somebody could.)

Definitions in these high regions do not seem to count for much. They do not, as a rule, seem large enough to cover the whole matter of process and intention, especially of process as governed by intention, of means as controlled by ends. Nor does a merely scholastic description adequately measure up to a thing which is so much more vital than technical, so much more a whole life matter than a merely scholastic life interest. Some words from Dr. Hyde are appropriate here: "The view which regards God and man as kindred, related to each other . . . as father and child, finds its most appropriate analogy in that drawing out of the small into the great, of the imperfect into the perfect, the growing into the complete life, which we call education." Life is the aim, as life is the final test of all educational and religious theories. If they will not bear the test of life they break down.

Those that have not borne that test in the long centuries have broken down. Those that are not bearing it are breaking down before our eyes. Nothing in the war has been more tragic to many than the breakdown of German scholarship at the point of life. Dear James Hope Moulton, the last time I saw him, wept over this collapse as indicated by the defense of Germany issued by her scholars. He was not bitter against men he had loved and from whom he had learned; he was broken-hearted over their failure in life's supreme test.

Now how can the case be put so that it will make its appeal to life, so that it will touch heights and depths of personality, so that it will include those processes commonly regarded as educational and those commonly regarded as religious, so that the supreme principle of redemption shall run clear through all the experiences of life, vitalizing and unifying them, and leading finally to completeness in Jesus Christ? In other words, what is God, our heavenly Father, trying to do with us and to make out of us? The answer must really be the same for both education and religion. There must be something far deeper than a mechanical harmony, an absence of conflict. There must be unity and identity in the depths of these processes and ends. The answer may seem too simple for the pages of a Review, especially in an anniversary number, but I must set it down in simplicity, in view of my object in giving my testimony.

1. God is now trying, as he has always been trying, to get people who shall be like him in character and life. His aim is always personality for a purpose, a total personality for a holy purpose. He is not simply aiming at efficiency for success, but at personality for life's high and complete uses. This conception lifts the theory of education at once clear out of the narrow, shallow view that it is chiefly a matter of mental training or the acquisition of information. It also lifts the theory of salvation out of the narrow, shallow view that it is exclusively a transaction in the realm of emotion and conduct. And it gets rid of the supposed contradictions between educational and religious aims and processes. It has sometimes been assumed that grace has nothing to do with educational life and the intellect nothing to do with reli-

gious experience. This conception of God's purpose takes account of personality as a whole. It identifies education, not with going to college or with staying away, but with that total divine movement by which an alien person and an alien race are recovered from their sin, their ignorance, and their rebellion, put in their true place in the spiritual world, made partakers of the full life of God himself, and trained for their true place and full service in the world of man.

There have been many theories of the aim of education from Aristotle to the present, such as training for Greek citizenship, training for ecclesiastical uses, creation of "sweetness and light" for their own sake, training in practical skill and vocational power, training "to enable one to exploit the community for his own benefit," training for efficiency, the modern deity, training for character and for human service. All these theories have been and are influential in educational life and practice. Emphasis has been laid upon one or another phase and feature. But we are thinking now not of the schools technically, and their aims, but of God's own large and universal effort in the race and with it; the purpose for which he revealed himself in one personal life that he might show what a real personal life is at its best; the purpose for which he chose us before creation that we might be complete in him, the purpose which includes the race and the races and runs through the ages. That purpose of God covers schools, churches, homes, personal influence and tuition, all the educational and redemptive agencies and processes, all the lessons and discipline given to men and nations. It has for its high aim the creation and existence of men and races who shall be like God himself in character, purpose, and life.

We have not sufficiently regarded the friendly, near-human elements in God's character and life. We have set him on high, as we ought, and set him apart, as we ought not. There is no other desire on his part equal to the desire to have his children resemble him, no other achievement on man's part equal to the achievement of a sane, true resemblance to him in personal life and character in all the points common to him and us. This is his aim for men and peoples, for individual education and race development. This

lifts the whole theory of education away above all low levels, up to heights where the light of redemption steadily shines.

2. God is now trying, as he has always been trying, to get people to help him work out his gracious, good plans in the world. Education has to do with conduct as it has with character. Likeness in personality is not an end in itself, nor can it end in itself without ruin. The outflow must equal the intake if even the stream of life is to be kept sweet. Likeness in activity, in purpose, in the consecration of total personality, is also essential in God's education of man. The better view of God as supremely interested, not in himself, but in humanity, as the supreme helper and servant of mankind rather than the infinite seeker of service to himself, as the supreme giver rather than the supreme receiver of gifts, has enormous practical, personal implications. "For their sakes" he is always offering himself up, always consecrating himself. Probably never in our world has God's devotion to humanity been so active, so necessarily active, as in these indescribable days. He is surely the least complacent person in the universe in this supreme world tragedy. Now one can easily imagine a discerning, sensitive, responsive soul, upon becoming conscious of the character of God as seen in Jesus Christ, saying with all humility but with overwhelming intensity: "If that is what he is I must be like him. That there should be such a person and I should not be like him would be the utter failure of my own personality." And one can just as readily understand how such a person would gladly and wholly submit to and cooperate with those influences and processes which would finally bring about that likeness, so that the very beauty of the Lord would be on a man. And one can also see how such a soul, seeing God's vast and beautiful plans for persons, races, and worlds; plans slowly working out; plans halting and hindered for lack of proper helpers, would cry out in deepest humility and utmost consecration: "If that is what God has on his hands in the world I must help him. That there should be such an enterprise and I should be out of it would mean the utter failure and waste of life." In God's education of man there must be response not only to the personal perfection but to the divine program of the Master.

It seems strange that men should ever have been confused as to God's need of men and races to help him with his program; that we should believe in freedom and be fatalists in spite of our belief; that we should blindly believe that everything will come out all right at last just because God is God. This is an utter misreading of many passages and a fatal misunderstanding of omnipotence. The truth is that his being God, and being such a God, makes it a perfect tragedy that for lack of human help so many things do not turn out right at all. His plans and purposes ought all to turn out right. Not one of them should fail or be defeated. There is no room in a thoughtful mind for complacency in this matter. Men, races, nations, and churches have too sadly failed God both at the point of resemblance to him and cooperation with him. He chose the Jews that they should be like him, and that they might help him bless the world. The history of their response is not agreeable, pleasant reading to anybody, to Methodists or other Christians, to Americans or other people. Being a chosen people is not comfortable in the high view of it; not comfortable but very challenging and appealing. Election is a serious thing in any age.

The educational theory all too current does not go deep enough. It does not identify the educated person, as it should, with that other One, who was the "express image," and who walked the straight way even though it was a rough way with a cross in its path. He never failed God either in resemblance or in cooperation. He was perfectly like him in character and life and he perfectly helped him in plan and purpose. In this presence and in this day education does not look like the comfortable and exalted privilege of a favored few. It does not seem to be a thing just for the few. Maybe only the few will go to college, but God's education of man contemplates the creation of a true democracy of character and service, not a democracy of comfort. Making lives like his is not easy, working out God's good plans in the world not comfortable for him or his helpers. But he is working to get people to be like him in character and purpose and to get people to help him in the world. His education of man involves no less than this.

3. God is trying now, as he has ever been trying, to get people to be with him. God is not self-sufficient. He does not crave solitude and solitariness. A true father cares quite as much for his children as his children care for their father. He seeks to have them with him even more eagerly than they seek to be with him. There are moments in the life of Jesus that are perfectly pathetic in their indication of his craving for fellowship. The rich young ruler, with so many points of resemblance and such immense power to help, walked straight out of the program of service and straight out of the fellowship which Jesus craved much more than the young man did. One day when Jesus apparently feared that the group nearest him might weakly go off with the others who were loosely attached to him, he said a thing to them that makes men wince now as they think of its deep meaning: "Will you also go away?" It would have made an immeasurable difference to him to lose them out of his life, not simply as helpers but as companions. He chose certain to be with him. He is always doing it. His solitude and loneliness are very real, but not to his liking. We make no mistake in reading back into the divine heart and life the deepest, highest, best things in our own hearts and lives. We honor him by recognizing his desire for companionship. He wants friends to share his life and counsels even more than he wants servants, however faithful. He likes to call people friends quite as much as people like to be called friends. The Bible is shot through with this fundamental principle. It culminates in the four Gospels and their far-reaching outcome for life and personality. It is a barren view of education and a barren view of the life of Jesus that fails to see the relation of his life to the life of an educated man. Technicalities must never be permitted to destroy or obscure realities in life. Jesus perfectly met and fulfilled these three profound conditions of character, service, and fellowship; likeness, usefulness, and companionship; personality, cooperation, and association. No wonder God delighted in him. For this one time, in this one life, God's everlasting plans and ideals were realized. In this one life he proved that his visions were not visionary, that his plans for a personal life were not impossible plans. With all allowance

for what was unique and exceptional in Jesus may we not, must we not, believe that God is still trying to conform men to the same image of character, service, and fellowship? The process is long, and evidently slow. Anyone else would grow weary and give it up; but the everlasting God faints not and is not weary, but works patiently ahead with the children of men trying "to draw them out of the small into the great, out of the imperfect into the perfect, out of the partial into the complete"; trying to get people who shall be like him in character and life, who shall help him fulfill his good plans in the world, who shall be with him in the fellowship of the age and the ages. This is what he is trying to make of us, to work out in us and through us. Whenever it is achieved in a person or a group God is well pleased again.

William Fraser McDowell

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UNIFICATION

The union of the different branches of American Methodism and the reunion of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Episcopal Church are alike impracticable. Such union would be on the basis of each branch finding its irreducible minimum of concession rather than seeking the essentials for maximum efficiency, and the reaction would engender suspicion, regret, and unrest. But the wisdom, and the consequent obligation, of American Methodism to unify by reorganizing its resources into one inclusive, thoroughly articulated and aggressive church commends itself for many reasons. Among which are the following:

a. It is essential to coaptation of administration, economy of resource, and largest usefulness.

b. It is in accord with the Divine purpose. Christ prayed for the unity of his disciples.

c. It is in accord with the laws of development. The origin of humanity was individualistic, in the garden; its consummation is communistic, amid the mutualities of the Eternal City.

d. It is in accord with the spirit of the times. This is the age of the syndicating of industries, which is but a material expression of the spirit of unity.

In the reorganization of American Methodism there is to be no compromise of any spiritual truth nor modification of any doctrine. It has to do solely with methods of supervision and increasing productiveness.

When two or more organizations propose to syndicate they submit all their corporate possessions to reorganization. Everything which will serve the larger purpose is included as an asset, anything which would not contribute to efficiency is considered inept, and no matter how highly it may be revered for past service it is excluded. So to the reorganization of the two branches of Episcopal Methodism each brings all its material possessions and organized ministries: governmental, evangelistic, benevolent, educational, publishing.

	Preachers	Communicants	Church Property Value at	Including	
				Church Buildings	Parsonages
One brings its.....	7,507	2,154,307	$72,662,713	17,395	5,338
The other brings its.	20,504	4,283,289	$253,821,205	30,738	14,872

Nothing is withheld by either. Neither has exceeded in sacrifice. Neither will have preference over the other in the reorganization. There will be no "other." Each will have become a part and partner of the whole. The "Joint Commission" is to make a new appraisement of the joint possessions for unified endeavor in the conquest of the world for Jesus Christ. Everything which may be serviceable will find its adjustment, everything which is not virile will be excluded.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church appointed twenty-five commissioners, not to dominate the reorganization, nor primarily to represent its contributions, nor to guard its special interests in the reorganizing; else it would have insisted that the number of commissioners should be proportionate to the contributions of each church: about two thirds to one third.

But the Methodist Episcopal Church requested the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to appoint an equal number, that these fifty joint commissioners, with identical authority and jointly, might appraise all the two sister churches had to contribute, and formulate a plan whereby the reorganized church might register the greatest service for the kingdom of God, and submit the same to the respective General Conferences.

e. Unification by reorganization would be an expression of the spirit of American Methodism essential to the accomplishment of its mission.

The Reformation was an individualistic movement. When the Roman Catholic hierarchy, which is an absolute autocracy, had submerged personality and held men enthralled by ignorance and superstition, Luther's message came disintegrating the sodden mass by calling every man, personally, to "repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ." The Wesleyan movement is

communistic. John Wesley's message of "sanctification"—transformation into the likeness of God—and "adoption into the family of God through the Holy Spirit" was consequential to the Lutheran movement, but it coordinates with God and with each other every man who experiences sanctification. The passion to extend the kingdom of Christ through witnessing to this personal experience of God, reliance upon the Holy Spirit and independence as to form of church government are vital to American Methodism and account for its growth. Enlarging powers and increasing responsibilities demand new adjustments. Methodism must face its widening horizons, and reorganize its developing resources, or forfeit leadership.

It is a notable fact that, notwithstanding American Methodism has differentiated into a score of branches, there has never been a schism on doctrine. Every new church organization has been born of its passion to extend the kingdom of God through a modified form of governmental supervision. In 1828 the Methodist Protestant Church was formed to embody the contention of the "Radicals" that the laity, as an integral part of the Church, should share its responsibilities, and all evangelical churches today embody this principle. In 1845 many Methodists believed the attitude of their Church toward certain established conditions would prevent its growth within their area. They expressed their passion for extending the Kingdom within their environment by organizing the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The Methodist Episcopal Church has indorsed this principle of local government adjusted to local conditions, as seen in its Central Conferences of Southern Asia, Eastern Asia, and Europe, and in a modified form in the relation of its Bishops to their residential areas. Further, the two General Conferences approved this principle in the tentative plan they suggested as "a basis of reorganization." So with the organization of every branch of our Church. American Methodism is an evangelism organized for aggressive and constructive ministry. Its machinery is subservient to its mission. Efficiency through differentiation has prepared the way for greater efficiency through coordination. It is high time that the provincial broaden into the cosmopolitan, and the individual-

istic find its consummation in connection with the communistic. To realize this the Joint Commission on Unification by Reorganization was created. Its functions are investigation, classification, and formulation of a plan for reorganization.

The Joint Commission must of necessity do one of three things: It might adjourn with the declaration that it is unable to suggest a plan. But in view of the unanimity and enthusiasm with which the two General Conferences created the Commission for this specific purpose, the general expectancy of both branches of the Church, the commissioners' manifest purpose to complete their task before May, 1918, and the progress already made, that action is unthinkable. The alternatives are: either to agree upon a plan with practical unanimity, or, if there should be some point, or more than one, on which the Commissioners fail to agree, to present majority and minority reports for the respective General Conferences to harmonize and submit to the Annual Conferences for final action.

In formulating the plan everything pertaining to American Methodism as represented in these two branches, except its Doctrines and the Restrictive Rules, is in the hands of the Joint Commission, to be so incorporated, modified, or eliminated, as to secure the best regulated administration and serve the largest spiritual aggressiveness of the reorganized Church. For example, while the quasi "veto power" of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has much to commend it, it deals only with such phases of legislation as have constitutional implications, and the Bishops might be called upon to interpret legislation involving episcopal procedure; likewise, the Committee on Judiciary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with its decisions subject to the General Conference which created it, and sitting only during the session of said Conference, is open to serious criticism. A proposed Judicial Council, so selected as to be impartially related to the questions submitted, with independent and comprehensive functions and continuous approach, may indicate a possible improvement.

To reorganize the church government so as to include the Quadrennial, Jurisdictional, or Regional Conference idea (by

whatever name it may be known) proposed in the "suggestions" for a "plan" which both General Conferences "approved" as "tentative," but "containing the basic principles of a genuine unification," will require a readjustment of the powers and limitations of the various existing Conferences. But in this, as in all other matters pertaining to reorganization, there are certain principles which the Commissioners should regard as fundamental to the work assigned them. The Commission was instructed to "reorganize" American Methodism, not reconstruct it. Therefore there should be no radical change in its organic law, fundamental principles, or essential methods of interpretation. But the expression of these may be modified so as to adjust them to larger ideals and increased usefulness in the reorganized Church. The objective sought "by the method of reorganization" is not segregation but "unification." American Methodism is to be reorganized for adjustment to the inclusive purpose of Christ, who "hath made of one blood all nations of men," and tasted death for every man, "that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord." Therefore the constitution of the reorganized Church should exclude all special legislation for or against any section, race, or class, and include nothing but fundamental principles of universal application to all peoples. The Disciplines of our two branches of the Church are almost identical in their fundamental law. Neither has any legal discrimination against the rights and privileges of any member, nor concerning any section, race, or class of men, as such, and for the reorganized Church to meet present and prospective responsibilities will require no extra legislation, nor any modification of either Discipline, other than to broaden the application of their provisions and define more exactly the Conference functions.

Among many suggestions for reorganization the following, in my judgment, include the essentials of a thoroughly practicable plan. They conserve every vital interest and protect the connectional unity; they embody the spirit of American Methodism and require but few changes in either Discipline; they secure liberty for local adjustment and administration and are of universal application; they provide for careful supervision, and would

greatly augment the impact of American Methodism in its world mission.

The General Conference

1. It should be composed of an equal number of ministerial and lay delegates.

2. The basis of representation should be the bona fide membership of the church in full connection.

Because of sparse population and small membership in some of the Conferences—foreign language, frontier, and mission (including foreign, home, and colored work),—there is great inequality under the present plan of representation. One Annual Conference, with only 924 members of the Church, has *two* delegates in the General Conference; another Conference with 104,707 members, has *only twelve* delegates. The members in the small Conference have *nineteen times* the numerical representation of an equal number in the large Conference.

Six small Conferences with a total of 7,187 full members have *twelve* delegates, or an average of *one* delegate for less than 600 members; but *four* large Conferences having an aggregate of 396,873 members are entitled to but *one* delegate for an average of 7,632 members. These small Conferences have *twelve* General Conference delegates for a smaller aggregate membership than is required for *one* delegate from the large Conferences.

In these six small Conferences, 67 charges have less than 48 members each, or only 1,759 in all, while in the four large Conferences there are 31 charges with *over* 1,000 members each, or 39,532 in all. One member in these small Conferences has as much representation numerically as *forty-seven* members in these large Conferences. Similar discrepancies exist in both branches of Methodism.

This is a serious injustice,

a. To our members resident within the provincial conditions of the small Conference. In fifteen such Conferences *one per cent* of our membership is required to provide for *four per cent* of our General Conference delegates who are responsible for dealing with great connectional interests and world problems.

b. To the large Conferences, including cosmopolitan centers,

with broad vision, identified with world movements, used to comprehensive thinking and generous cooperation. Four such Conferences, including more than *sixteen per cent* of our membership, are limited in their representation to *six and one half per cent* of the delegates, or about *one tenth* of the proportion required of the small Conferences.

c. To the entire Church, for it is inimical to wise legislation and largest development.

3. The General Conference should be presided over by one, or not more than three, coordinate presiding officers, selected by the Board of Bishops for that purpose from their own number.

4. It should determine the qualifications for the episcopacy. Fix the number to be elected Bishops by each Regional and Subregional Conference. Confirm the election to the episcopacy. Assign the Bishops quadrennially to the Regional and Subregional Conference areas, after consultation with the General Conference delegates from the jurisdictions affected. Retire the Bishops at a determined age-limit, or for cause after careful investigation.

5. Determine from time to time, with the concurrence of the General Conference delegates from the jurisdictional areas involved, the boundaries of Regional and Subregional Conferences, and of the Regional Mission Areas.

6. Have full power, for all distinctively connectional legislation, consistent with the Restrictive Rules and its constitutional limitations.

Regional Conferences, Subregional Conferences, and Regional Mission Areas

"Constitutional and administrative discrimination between groups of colored or racial descent is unjust and anti-scriptural, but a temporary and overcomable discrimination on the ground of admitted diversity of present capacity to serve the universal cause is quite a different thing." The Disciplines of both Churches differentiate their administrative organizations on the basis of

a. Numerical strength,

b. Ecclesiastical efficiency, and

c. Ability to maintain and extend Church life.

They create Annual Conferences, Mission Conferences, and Missions on this recognized basis. Applying the same principles in extending the administration to larger areas, we should have Regional Conferences, Subregional Conferences, and Regional Mission Areas.

1. Each *Regional Conference* should include such contiguous and practically homogeneous Annual Conferences, Mission Conferences and Missions as would constitute a jurisdictional area predominantly

a. Self-supporting,

b. Ecclesiastically well developed, and

c. Practically identified with the great world movements of the Church.

2. Each *Subregional Conference* and *Regional Mission Area* should include such Annual Conferences, Mission Conferences and Missions as naturally group together, and would constitute a jurisdictional area predominantly,

a. Dependent upon assistance from the benevolent and educational organizations of the Church,

b. With limited ecclesiastical development, and

c. With but partially developed vision of and practical identification with the great world movements of the Church.

3. Each *Regional Conference* and each *Subregional Conference* should be empowered

a. To elect the number of Bishops which the General Conference shall determine should be elected by said Regional or Subregional Conference, subject, however, to the confirmation of the General Conference.

b. To determine within its jurisdictional area the homes of the Bishops assigned to it.

c. To fix the boundaries of its Annual Conferences, Mission Conferences, and Missions, subject to the concurrence of the Conferences affected.

d. To legislate on all local questions within its jurisdictional area, subject, however, to the action of the General Conference on all connectional matters, and to the decisions of the Judicial Council as to the legality of its acts.

4. Each *Regional Conference*

a. Should include within its jurisdictional area a minimum of 700,000 bona fide members in full connection.

b. Be entitled to one ministerial and one lay delegate in the General Conference for every 14,000 bona fide members of the Church in full connection within its jurisdictional area.

This would make possible six Regional Conferences within the United States. Should the minimum be fixed at 600,000 it would make possible eight Regional Conferences.

5. Each *Sub-Regional Conference*

a. Should include within its jurisdictional area a minimum of 100,000 bona fide members in full connection.

b. Have authority to select two ministerial and two lay delegates to the General Conference for every 100,000 bona fide members in full connection within its jurisdictional area.

This relation of the Subregional Conference to the Regional Conference and to the Church as a whole would be similar to that of our Territories and States to the United States government.

6. Each *Regional Mission Area*

a. Should include a minimum of 40,000 bona fide members of the Church in full connection and be entitled to select one ministerial and one lay delegate to the General Conference for every 40,000 bona fide members of the Church within its area.

b. Be administered under such regulations as the General Conference shall make from time to time.

The minimum memberships suggested for the Subregional Conferences and Regional Mission Areas are not academic. This would make possible three Subregional Conferences—one for Eastern Asia, one for Southern Asia, each with approximately 100,000 full members, and one for the 300,811 colored members in full connection, including the 8,512 in Africa; also two Regional Mission Areas—one for Latin America, with about 42,000 full members, and one for Europe, including the white members in Northern Africa and the Madeira Islands.

The discrepancy between the minimum requirement of 700,000 members for a Regional Conference, the 100,000 for a Subregional Conference, and the 40,000 for the Regional Mission

Area, and the further discrepancies of ecclesiastical development, ability for self-support, and to serve the Church in advancing its world movements, require that the number of General Conference delegates representing these various jurisdictional areas should be restricted accordingly. Otherwise they would be unduly burdened with responsibilities for which, as yet, they have had no adequate preparation, and endanger the thorough and comprehensive consideration and wisest legislation concerning questions of world significance.

If the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church should unite with the colored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, or be constituted a separate Subregional Conference, that would add eight General Conference delegates and make twenty colored delegates in the General Conference.

While there were eighty-six colored delegates in the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that is no proper basis for judging the question of their equitable representation, for while the colored members of the Church in full connection include but 8.07 per cent of the total, they had more than 10 per cent of the delegates, or 26 per cent more than their numerical proportion. When the two branches of the Church are unified the colored members will constitute about *five* per cent of the total membership.

Small Conferences and the ministerial basis greatly aggravate the discrepancies in representation. For example

White			Colored		
Conferences	Delegates	Full Members	Conferences	Delegates	Full Members
1	12	104,707	3	12	21,429
1	22	151,691	5	22	30,605

In each case the colored members had *five* times their numerical proportion of the delegates.

Our colored work receives annually about $500,000 through our Benevolent and Educational Boards, or over $400,000 more than its aggregate contributions to the general connectional causes. This and other considerations make it predominantly as truly missionary as our work in Asia, Latin America, or Europe.

The wide range in racial maturity, social development, and helpfulness among our widely scattered and variously environed missionary units, of which our colored membership constitutes one, demand wise adjustment. As Mr. Wesley says, "Responsibility and power can be intrusted to an individual or a race only so far as it is able to use that power and meet that responsibility." In order that these members may realize the largest opportunity for self-interpretation and consequent self-dependence and development, not be embarrassed with unreasonable demands, but be so adjusted as to help, and not hinder, the great connectional movements, each missionary unit, when sufficiently developed, should be organized into a Subregional Conference.

There should be no insuperable objection, as there can be no reasonable one, to the equitable representation of the colored membership in the General Conference. Our sister Church has a considerable and growing colored membership, which she does not discriminate against by either legal limitation or statistical tabulation, and she is facing the possibility of colored delegates in her own General Conference from her Africa Mission, Cuba Mission, and Brazil Mission Conference. The Presbyterian General Assembly, North, at its recent session had thirty-two colored delegates. The Presbyterian General Assembly, South, and the Protestant Episcopal General Convention each include colored delegates. It would be more than a blunder for reorganized Methodism to establish a color line more rigid than other branches of evangelical Christianity working in the same field. It would be bad strategy to do so and unscriptural. It would contradict the unbroken record of American Methodism in the home land and in all her foreign fields, for she has been the leader of all evangelical Churches in her democratic attitude to humanity.

John F. Goucher

MISTAKEN PREACHING

Word comes across the sea that our Wesleyan brethren have reported decrease of members annually for several years. And we often hear among ourselves that our congregations have not the old-time numbers and old-time earnest spirituality in hearing and in service. Our increase is a beggarly showing for our millions of workers.

What is the trouble? There must be a cause. Can we find it? If we cannot, we cannot provide a remedy. If we diagnose a disease incorrectly we shall use a wrong prescription, and it were better to use none. Almost every cause suggested in conditions of a new age is refuted by the experiences of past ages; carried to their conclusions they would destroy Christianity, and that would reverse civilization and revert to barbarism. The often-repeated explanation, that some preachers succeed because deeply religious while others fail because too secular, cannot always be true without an accusation which we are not competent to make. Revivals often follow a certain type of gifts rather than of graces. It is possible that these gifts may be cultivated,—cultivated, not imitated. But there seems to be no fixed order of spiritual manifestation. It is not in the intellects of men, their magnetism, or their temperament. These all are contravened by varying results. A consecrated church is not an explanation. Great harm has been done by marching and countermarching the church in altar and consecration services. It sometimes answers the purpose of preventing an appearance of defeat, but it were better to leave the burden unlifted and give the people no escape from it. Hammering the church never made a plowshare to turn the furrows to prepare fields for the whitening harvest. Wesley Church, Bath, Maine, was my first Conference church. Father Moulton, an old man, a blacksmith of splendid physique and a Christian of great common sense, once said to me, after one of my zealous but misguided attacks on the church: "Dominie, never hammer cold iron. You don't make nothin' and you spoil the iron."

In hunting around for a cause for spiritual dearth to-day as compared with the days of our fathers I would first search out the pulpits, the things that are preached, and the more I came to the plain Word the closer I would come to the source of spiritual power. I might come to great oratorical and popular power where there is no Word, but the Word preached with faith and confidence will enter the hearts of the hearers even from lips that are uncultivated and will remain there long after the mere ethical orator has been forgotten. God sent forth his Word. He is under bonds to make it a two-edged sword cutting its way to victory. He has pledged nothing else—neither philosophy, nor history, nor art, nor literature, nor forms of speech. These are adjunctive, and have a certain important relation to preaching the Word, but the Word succeeds without them and nothing can be substituted for the Word.

Has anyone a solitary instance when the Word was faithfully preached, fresh from the Bible, as a message, without substitution or mixture of man's wisdom, that it did not compel a hearing that was followed by the fruits of the Spirit? Whether preached with the learning of Paul or the illiteracy of one of the fishermen of Galilee, it has been alike effective. Our Lord has made his Word conspicuous by using it in the hands of the weak to confound the mighty. It was not the logic and courage of a Luther, or the scholarship of a Wesley, but it was the Word of Life that was the life of the great reformations which bear their names.

Anything that anticipates the Word is like a tree on a rocky ledge, anything that outruns it is like a tree which bears leaves only and soon withers. Are we preaching the Word of Life; not about it, but *it?* The Word of Life is Christ's personality, Christ born in the human heart. Every root of the new birth sends up new life. And it all has to do with the salvation of man. It is a piece of presumption that pushes this divine birth aside and puts in its place the speculative philosophies and sophistries of man, however entertaining and pleasing they may be. The test should be made experimentally; do such things hold a hearing, do they bear fruit of righteousness, are they associated with repentance, do they bear the peaceable fruits of righteousness? If not, is it

not waste of time to preach them?—and not our time; time bought with the price of blood.

If it is Christ's Word it can be preached in almost any way, any style, by any sincere and earnest voice, and it will be a message. Preaching that is not a message is a dead failure. The Word is a message, all the message that has been left here. It is the only message that the Spirit enforces. The Christian pulpit has been enormously perverted. The Word of Life has been suppressed and the opinions of men in creeds and in ethical philosophies have crowded into its place. Much in these has been useful as rules of living, but they have not been life, and a dead man cannot live rules. We need to show the people what to be, and not what to do. They can do nothing until they be. If we have too many people in our churches who are spiritually dead, it is because we have not fed them the Word, but dosed them with rules of conduct. Christ's rules related to the inside. Blessed are you because of what you are. A man without the spirit of power soon tires of trying to live the best rules of living ever laid down. One must first be things to do things.

In the old days men came to the churches to receive power. Now they come to take up burdens. The sermon is a homily upon what they ought to do. The Word is full of hope. Ethics are full of care and the discouragements of comparisons. The preaching of the Word sent the church home with songs in their hearts which they sang in their commonplace work and service. They made it a joy. Now we have taken on all sorts of forms of doing things. We are not doing too much, but the doing is in wrong relation to being. Why is the highest service in the world a mother's service? Because it is the highest love. Get the service into the heart and it will quickly find the hands. Fill the hands with service outside the heart and it will drop out of them as they drop down paralyzed by indifference.

The things that Christ brought into the world for men to preach are very few, very direct, very simple, and very convincing. We never have made Christians by trying to improve upon Christ's way. We have confused the church. We have driven men and women out of the church where we could have held them

and helped them. Our catalogues of obligations are addenda to the decalogue as comprising all the law. We bind on more phylacteries than did the Pharisees.

The infinite wisdom of Jesus Christ in human nature is seen in the few things he required men to do and not to do, and these were heart things. He taught that blessed is the man who is pure in heart and filled with righteousness. We have a different code: Blessed is the man who does not go to the theater, blessed is the man who does not dance, blessed is the man who does not play pinochle. We teach our people to think about things they never would think about if we did not put them into the body of our interdictions. If they have the Word of Life it is not necessary to talk to them about these things. We harm them by talking of such things. One of the most effectual ways of driving people out of the church is by bringing extraneous things into our pulpits. They are hungry for the rich, ripe fruit of the Word and we throw into their faces withered leaves scraped off the ground. Yes, the fathers preached against vices and follies, but they preached the power that saves men from them on the spot. We legislate them and put them into our Book of Discipline and expect that to save men. And forthwith they go to arguing the reasonableness of the rules pro and con and this becomes their religion and their testimony.

We have all seen men lose the true saving faith out of their hearts by wrangling over doctrines of which they could know nothing and whether they were true or false was of no importance. Of them it could be safely said, "Let every man be persuaded in his own mind." In a similar manner we have seen a congregation sent home to dispute over things allowed and disallowed, their minds turned entirely away from Christ as a present and instant Saviour. It was a great responsibility the pastor took that day. It is not strange that some of his congregation did not go back the next Sunday. The pulpit is not given to us to mend people's tastes and social habits, but to save men's souls. And the only way we can mend habits is by saving souls—and that is our Lord's business, whom we preach.

Three things which get in the place of the Word of Life are

pernicious. One is the commission which many ministers feel that they have to banish strange doctrines. It is a pity that that requirement was ever put in our Book of Discipline. It requires more wisdom and sound discretion than the average among us have. It is like legalizing every man to perform surgical operations. The first thing is to determine whether the operation needs to be done, and the next is how to do it and save life. Some theological surgeons seem to think it should be done even if it destroys life. All men who can cut are not surgeons. They may be wood choppers, or meat cutters, or stone cutters, or bog turf cutters, or veterinarians. It requires infinite skill to cut into a human heart and attempt to dissect it and cut away what is wrong and leave a condition of health. Who is sufficient for these things? There are corpses strewn all along the highway of the churches by these "false doctors," butchers—corpses of men and women, and corpses of churches also. Preach the Word into the heart with love. It will cure false doctrines if they can be cured at all.

Another thing that gets in the place of the Word is use of the small cords in the temple: censoriousness, severity, the sharp edge. I once knew a great and good man who started out to keep a list of every act and word and manner of a member which he thought could justly be condemned, and after some months he opened the little book of memoranda. There was an explosion that blew that minister out of that pulpit. It is needless to say that that list of faults had been reflected in the sermons and all of the people were starving for the gospel. They could not thrive on spoiled meats. You may say that Christ applied the scourge of small cords and drove offenders out of the temple. If you have the wisdom of Christ you might try it. But I would fear lest I strike one of the little ones. I might hurt a lamb instead of a wolf in sheep's clothing. When I am as wise as Christ I will dare to take up the scourge of small cords; not until then. Immense mischief has been done by men who have felt that they had a commission to weed the tares out of the wheat. The tares seem to grow more vigorously, but much of the wheat is uprooted and the community is set by the ears. Never any good comes of it. It is a plain disobedience of Christ. He will not bless it.

Another thing that gets into the pulpit and throws out the Word of Life is the tendency to gauge the spirituality of the congregation or some people in it by self-exacted standards in the application of gospel truths severely, the feeding of meat when a wise diagnostician would know that milk is required. The preaching of holiness indiscriminately leaves the sinner unrepentant and unsaved. It is wiser to teach some things in the class meeting, and prescient wisdom is needed there. The full deep work of grace exhibited in modest expression with the brethren is the best preaching of holiness. It is convincing. Holiness is not an argument or a harangue. It is a life, and it comes, like life, without observation. The love of Christ, not the censoriousness of the brethren or the accusativeness of the preacher, is the way to holiness. Holiness is not in acts and professions, but in a full heart quietly consecrated. Out of the heart springs the outward life. Leave him alone with his Lord. He will lead him. Preaching holiness with satanic vehemence switches many devout people off the maintrack. Christ taught first the stock, then the ear of full corn, but it was one quality all the way up. The stock could not bear anything but the ear. It would do that or nothing. Brotherly love, and patience, and hope, and joy—that is the best way to promote holiness. That is the best kind; fragrant, fruitful, and of powerful example to the unrepentant. The unsaved are not likely to go to a place where there is nothing for them and where the preaching is altogether beyond their comprehension. They will go where things are said that hit their lives and that they know they need and must have.

The great demonstration of the Word of Life is in human hearts, and we need have no fear that it can be out-argued or out-sciened or out-dated. It never depended upon the defense of logicians, it is not involved in a system of theology. Churches might fail, and systems of belief decay, but so long as there is a human heart with sin in it, and without hope in it, there is a demand for the Word of Life. And it is a demand that never can be satisfied by anything besides. The first thing is the source of salvation, personal and direct, before Sunday schools, Epworth Leagues, and Christian Associations, and all the bewildering and

complex forms of religious machinery which, however excellent in a way, have too often taken the place of repentance from sin and the witness of the Holy Spirit to regeneration. All of the New Testament proceeds from the experience of men and women taught of the truth. There is little of machinery, not much about things to be done, but much to become. The question becomes serious as to whether we are not too often satisfied if young men and young women come under the moral influence of institutions within the church. If we pass personal redemption over to ethical instructive thought, then it were better if we did not have the institutions. Of course the ideal way is to have the people saved, and witnessed to their salvation, by the only authority that can make the declaration, and then to be taught service by the organized activities of the church; the first of which is the prayer meeting—not preached nor speeched to death by the minister, but alive by kindling of holy flame in saved hearts. An old country preacher of my boyhood used to say, "Brothers, the sheep know where the salt boxes are." The attractive power of the old-time services, both of the pulpit and the prayer meeting, was in the fact that there were the salt boxes. They were boxes of exhortation full of experience of life and love. Men and women were seen to know of the things of which they spoke and they lived these things. There were boxes of song, the great old hymns of the ages to tunes of melody. The opera singing of the paid soloist and the quarrelsome quartet had not driven them out. The people sang, and sang lustily. The chorus choir was the end of the chorus congregation. The singing Methodist became frightened by being off the key, or a beat too fast or too slow. Some critic with more of the art of music than the joy of salvation would show his tortured nerves by looking around and glaring at the offending worshipers. We have become very proper—as proper as death. Everybody knows that except the non-churchgoing. He has not been in to see our propriety for these many Sabbaths. With the decreasing interest in the church service and the increasing interest in the automobile he is far beyond the preacher's voice on the Lord's day. We seek to allure him by sensational and semi-sensational topics and services. We have made the mistake of

believing that our old-time direct preaching and our earnestly told experiences of the saved people must be substituted by something more up-to-date, forgetting that the unsaved human heart has no new dates, but its wants remain the same and must be satisfied by Him who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

There can be no question of the final issue. The Word of Life will no more wear out than will the sunbeam. They may change under the conservation of forces. The Word of Life will find its consummation in endless millenniums. It is greater by so much than all things that appeal to man's endeavors as great. From age to age it changes not. It is not an emergence from superstition. On the contrary, superstition is displaced and by its power yields to light.

We need not fear that an infinite truth which appealed in past ages to stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of scholarship, and was the power unto salvation to all classes of men, will fail in an age like this. Its testimony comes from science and philosophy, from statesmanship and the loftiest philanthropy. Man at the highest summits is still reaching up to the lofty ranges of revealed truth. His greatest questions are in the realms of revelation. Where science stops, where learning wearies and stumbles, the Word of Life begins.

Sad if we must stop with what we can discover. Appalling if the pulpit has nothing but guesses for bewildered mankind. Currents are diverse, winds blow where they list, and clouds shut out the stars, but the ships have on board a force that moves the index on the compass face into coincidence to the polar star. Infinitely happy that above all theologies, and through the mists of all philosophies, and beyond the shore line of all mortalities, there shines a polar star of truth to which attaches no uncertainty.

There might be times when I am uncertain as to whether I am right or my brother is right in the interpretation of doctrinal statements, but we both may be certain that we both are right in preaching the Word of Life personified in Him who is the Word, and who is the Word that is Life and the Life is the Light of the World. To preach him straight into the eyes of each individual hearer, to hold that hearer to a personal audience with that

Saviour until he feels that the service and the sermon are for him, is to place upon the conscience by the authority of the Word the obligation of choice. It was that preaching of the Wesleyans in the early days and of American Methodists as well, that compelled a hearing. It was that preaching that secured revivals the year round and created largely the conscience of our land and country, as it had saved England, upon the authority of the foremost historians of the period, from repeating upon her soil a French revolution.

Anything so personal, so searching, so insistent upon decision, enforced with the authority of the Master and millions of examples of regeneration, cannot be received indifferently. And there is enough of it in substance and hearing to keep a man preaching a thousand years. There is no such subject as man. There is no such authority as God. There is no such example as our Lord and Saviour. How shall we escape our responsibility if we preach anything less? How shall we answer if we bewilder people in the labyrinths of our confused ethics? The dearth and poverty of spiritual life in the church to-day is ethical preaching and ecclesiastical machinery. These the hearers can lawfully dispute and resist. They are of man's invention and they cannot enforce conscience. They may entertain, and for a time command a popular hearing, but they send every hearer out with an optional margin. "That's the minister's notion," he says. The hearer must be impelled by an all-convincing and controlling conviction that he has heard the Lord. "My word shall not return unto me void. It shall accomplish that whereunto I have sent it."

The people who hear preaching must be brought again to believe and feel the belief, that they are hearing God himself. It was because men felt when Jonathan Edwards preached that they were listening to the voice of the Almighty in wrath against their sinning that they instinctively reached out to grasp the pillars of the church lest they drop into perdition. And Edwards felt that he was uttering the voice of God. It was this conviction that sent the pioneer itinerant everywhere to find the unsaved, preaching the wrath of God against sin, and the Saviour of sinners with a present and instant salvation. Place, office, preferment, a better

appointment were words not in the vocabulary of those flames of fire. The great question was not how to preach so that they could retain the good graces of the men and the women of influence and go back again, to continue this substitution of popular forms of sensational and mild eccentricities, but they came annually to give account of their work in saved men and women. And if they had failed in this they fasted and prayed, and with new consecration went out again to hunt where the game was; for they were fishers and hunters of men.

Ah me! I can recall the unknown preachers of my earliest young manhood, whose sermons have lived in my memory all these years only and solely because they preached to me, as though I were the only one present, the Words of this Life. If the time has come when this will not do then we are done. If this is not glory and fame enough then we are deceiving ourselves, for what the world can give or the church can give has been written as vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

But that time has not come. The gospel has not changed. We have changed. We are picking leaves and leaving the fruit. The Word of Life is the same. Human hearts are the same. They have the same temptations and sins. They must have the same Saviour. There is no other.

Syracuse University.

TO LOVE

Flowers presuppose the ground. They are not creatures of the soil, but cannot live apart from it. They root in the earth, though they do not bloom in it. They cannot invert this process. They never root in the sky. Some bit of ground must they possess for footing—frozen it may be, as where the Alpine flora grows, but it is ground.

To live is the ground of life. There all we are to be roots itself. By and by we shall change the place of rooting, but never the fact of rooting. To live is to give all things regarding souls a chance. A cradle is the introduction to soldier, farmer, mariner, poet, orator, architect, dreamer of every purpureal dream which kindles black skies into a heavenly splendor. Life is our solid footing for every climb souls are to make, even as the ground is the point from which all mountains begin their leap into the astonishing azure.

We live to love. Without loving life were not worth living. This is the very last word life has to utter for our edification. To live loveless were worse than to die and worse than not to have been born. The dumb foxglove has all the aspect of a flower, but never becomes the flower it tuned itself to be. It never blooms and is therefore the pathos among flowers. The mercy of flowers of almost every hue and fashioning is that they bloom in such wild multitudes as to bewilder our thought and to swing even low minds into lofty comment. The wild profusion of blossoms is one of the reckless miracles which the Chief Gardener is ever flashing before our bewildered eyes. And then not to bloom! To be a dumb foxglove, and, when the attempt is made, not to stammer into the expression of its heart! To stay dumb when one opening of the lips would eventuate in music! Alas! can we name a disappointment which roots deeper in the heart?

Not to love is the dumb foxglove of life. We are here, and here for love. Love ushered us into this wide sky, dawn-lit and glad. It was the love of God. Love met us here with kisses and

with songs, seeing we had a mother and a father. By love are we beckoned to walk, to speak, to try to do our best. We are led on by love and followed by love. All our schoolmastering has no other intent. For love were we born and to love do we make our journey. A cathedral is built for prayer, and choiring of deep-throated bells, and through the shadowing dusk the spires crowd up to watch through darkness for the dawn, and to bid eyes which follow the leap of spire to fasten them on the face of God. We say of the cathedral it was built for God and man; to certify that man is meant for God and God hath died for man. The cruciform of the cathedral bears joyous attestation to the mode God died, and the spire is the divine finger pointing men up where they are to live the wasteless life with the glad God.

Thus is life meant for love; all its dreams, its anguishes, its fierce unrests, its far-going quests, its watchings for the dawn and then its watchings for the dark are wisps of cloud drifting, along its upper sky, showing which way the heavenly trade winds blow.

To love! We are not spacious enough for ourselves. We are fettered in narrow quarters till love comes our way and shows us into spaces where the breadth and height we are may have their chance. They need space. Nothing is stranger in this world than this haunting sense of the insufficiency of one soul for itself. We should have thought that a soul had might to make its way alone, like a lone traveler. What should a great life need of helpers? Can it not stand alone, like solitary pines on solitary crests? We should have thought so. All we dare say on that head is that our supposition was only one other token of our ignorance. Aloneness is our death. The stars are gathered in shining companies. The flowers do group and swirl like wafting fires. The mountains seldom keep sentry alone. People are born villagers and can scarce be kept in a sequestered vale. We must see out, or climb out, or fare forth. "Outward bound" is written in our blood. We are lonesome till another comes. The very molecules of our human composition are clamorous for company.

This is a weird cogitation. No ghost tale is companion to it. Poets' tales, fearsome as they are, are not so weird. "The City of the Sea," "Ulalume," are not so strange as "Annabel Lee,"

whose utmost dream was "to love and be loved by me." Why should a soul be slave to an immortal hunger? Why may not a spacious life be in itself at home, and breathe freely being alone? Would not that be a larger charter and a worthier procedure? Can Shakespeare not dwell in himself? Does that vast immortality need company? Will not the drowsy night and jocund day that "stand tiptoe on the misty mountain tops," and the stars that in their motion like an angel sing, "still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim"—will not these suffice this land of sunups and noons? His sonnets make reply. Whatever their intent, their hunger is incredible. Not more do blue seas cling to the shore than this solar splendor of mind clings to some other than himself. His loneliness is on him as on Enoch Arden in his tropic splendor breaking his heart in loneliness of love.

The love sonnets of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, of Coventry Patmore, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, are starlit with this surge of soul toward soul. We cannot stay within the confines of our little life. Not to "some far off divine event" is it solely that the whole creation moves, but "to some far off divine Person." Soul clamors for soul. As the flower to the sun, so soul blossoms for soul.

Mrs. Browning's love sonnets I conceive to be the highest point to which woman's soul has climbed in utterance. Women's souls have always been climbing and in action. Deed is higher than word. Howbeit, word is high when it is the answer for the deed. Poetry of action will aspire to poetry of speech.

> Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
> Unlike our uses and our destinies.
> Our ministering two angels look surprise
> On one another as they strike athwart
> Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
> A guest for queens to social pageantries,
> With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
> Than tears even can make mine to play thy part
> Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
> With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
> A poor, tired, wandering singer? . . . singing through
> The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
> The chrism is on thine head—on mine, the dew—
> And Death must dig the level where these agree.

Thou hast thy calling to some palace floor,
Most gracious singer of high poems! where
The dancers will break footing from the care
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.
And dost thou lift this house's latch, too poor
For hand of thine? and canst thou think and bear
To let thy music drop here unaware
In folds of golden fullness at my door?
Look up and see the casement broken in,
The bats and owlets builders in the roof!
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.
Hush! call no echo up in further proof
Of desolation! there's a voice within
That weeps . . . as thou must sing . . . alone, aloof.

I lift my heavy heart up solemnly,
As once Electra her sepulchral urn,
And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn
The ashes at thy feet. Behold and see
What a great heap of grief lay hid in me,
And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn
Through the ashen greyness. If thy foot in scorn
Could tread them out to darkness utterly,
It might be well perhaps. But if instead
Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow
The grey dust up, . . . those laurels on thine head,
O my beloved, will not shield thee so
That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred
The hair beneath. Stand farther off then! Go.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore, . . .
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself he hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

The story of how "The Sonnets from the Portuguese" came to be called by that name reads like a tender story out of some classic fiction. This is the story: After the marriage of Robert

Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, one day she came coyly to her husband and with scant words slipped into his hand a bundle of manuscript and ran away like a girl. Then the poet sat down and with radiant rapture read for the first time the love sonnets written by Elizabeth Barrett for her beloved Robert Browning. And, poet that he was, he knew on the instant that he had read literature which should not die, and when he hunted for his wife and found her, and told her his joy in the poetry and his wonder in it, he insisted that they should be called "Sonnets from the Portuguese" because of her poem on "Catarina to Camoens." Thus, after long silence below a whisper, these beauteous blossoms of a woman's heart (more woman wise than most women are) were put into the hands of him who created the love.

When soul thus makes wild, fearless—yet ever fearful—way to soul, we may well grow wild-eyed with wonder touched with fear. The flight of wild birds toward a clime unknown is not so strange as this flight of soul toward a soul unknown. Restless till love comes, dying when love goes, that is love's age-long story, as may be read in the post-battle scene in Tennyson's vivid drama of "Harold."

It is not enough to be. It is not enough to work. To live and to work are sky-born when they are both rooted in love. No earth occurrence can afford the charm of the spectacle of any girl loving any man, and going with him anywhere, and calling nothing lost though all is lost in the rapturous finding of the beloved. We heed not such majesties because they are familiar. We discredit our faculties when sights like these move us not to tears and wonder as a day-spring does not. All those poetries our whole life through, as a woman leans about her baby's cradle, are squeezed from the cluster of our human loves. Men do bravely. The deed stirs us like battle shouts, though it were worth while in such cases to gravely weigh how such deeds of the work hands of our souls spring from the love of the heart. We love, and therefore do. Heroisms are always followers of love. A man risks his life and loses it for his wife and child. He sprang forth hero at the behest of love. So Dante sprang forth poet. The goaded, glorious heart, the longing heart, the heart outward bound!

To love—and then we know what to live was for. Life is a ship and love the passenger. On a seething summer day, when the muggy sunshine made the flesh sticky with sweat, a woman with gentle though weary smile and brave eyes that tried not to weep but did weep, and voice taught gentleness by weeping—a woman sat in a car and told me how her husband lay asleep under sunny skies where she had carried him to make one more fight for life, and as he lay panting for the few breaths he was to draw he insisted with her that she had had no wedding ring worth while when they were married, but now before he went from her he must have a ring with a brilliant in it to put upon her finger with his own thin wasted fingers before he hasted out whither he knew he must quickly go. She tried to dissuade him, and to persuade him that she did not need it, that she had never missed it, never longed for it, having him was enough, that their love had seemed to her to know no lack, but he wistfully said, "No, I must before I die put a jewel on your wedding finger." So he sent to a jeweler for rings, and chose one he wished her to wear, and saying over again the marriage holy phrase, "With this ring I thee wed," placed it pantingly on her finger and smiled and kissed her tear-wet lips and passed out into the Blessed Land. And as the woman, in her subdued voice soaked with tears, told me the story, she pulled her glove from her sweaty fingers slowly, slowly, and disclosed the ring, saying meantime, "I see many lovers, and many women glad in their beloveds, but I see no lover ever like my lover, and I turn away sorry for all the women who had not my beloved." I had read Tennyson and Chaucer and Spenser and Herrick, and the love madrigals from Shakespeare and all the Elizabethan dramatists, but not anywhere had I read poetry so exquisite as this—and the woman knew not it was poetry at all. That woman knew why life was made. She will not vex her brain on any speculative casuistry on life. She knows life's garden was given to grow love's holy flower.

A man's daughter died and he became old in a night! Another man's son died, and in a few weeks, with no disease, he died. He was slain by his desolated heart. "Nothing counts," mumbled a foreign-speaking stolid-faced woman, weeping in a railroad

station on a windy plain, "nothing counts but your man." A fine-spirited great heart of a man said to me, "I have no home now. She is gone." Love is the original poet. Love is the world's poet laureate.

How all our living is bound together from life end to life end by our loves. Our mother's love, our father's love, which when we first awoke to any knowledge at all was our possession. Love cradled us, hearts held us close, dear lips kissed us for fun—all for love. And through the years (when we knew not what love was worth or that it was of worth) love prayed for us, planned for us, dreamed for us, had its ache for us lest our leaf of laughter should be torn from our book of life or one petal be blown from our rose of joy. Love, all love, and we guessed it not—or, if guessing it, guessed it dimly.

Love cuts deep, like a heavy sword, but the wound is a possession. A happy father and mother sent out as the birthday notice of their daughter, "She is more precious than rubies." Little daughter, what wild welcome you have in that home, and you will not know of it until at your own heart you hold a daughter and sing over it for utter inexhaustible joy, "You are more precious than rubies." A grave is better than a grim heart whose sod is not cut by any spade nor crooned over by a breaking heart. Love costs, but is worth more than it ever costs. "I have lost my child," the sobbing woman said, when she would have taken the plate from the table where the daughter who should not soon return was used to sit, and smile, and say gay words and wise. And the woman's husband said, "Dear heart, leave the plate be. It shall always stay there, ever to be ready when she comes."

Life is a wild wide water whereon to sail from sky to sky. From east rim to west rim, from gaudy morning to somber night, love's voice sings like a sea wind that hath all summer in its heart. Said an old poem, read long since,

> Love maketh life and life's great work complete.
> Sometime will come the setting of the sun
> And this brief day of the long work be done.
> There will be folded hands, lips without breath;
> But we shall have passed so. Love knows no death!

Love makes all life worth while. The solemn and tender voice of the benediction is "The love of God." Who weighs that blessed utterance, or can? If this universe of souls be shined across and through by love it comes of God. We have caught love from God as we have caught life from God. The love of God is the one sure anchor which never breaks, however hard the waves' mighty beat. The love of God abides and the universe has caught love from him. Scant wonder is it that love is passing wonderful. To live is to love and to love may be to die. The mother sheep catches the moor storm on her side and makes a covert for the wee bit lambie. The mother bird grows brave as a soldier when danger threatens her young. All living things love after some meager manner or master manner. Dogs die on the grave where their masters lie dead. This love of God has filtered like crystal waters through the whole soil of things, and springs up in many an unthought-of spot as a happy fountain shining to the sun. So a blind preacher-poet, George Matheson, when his own heart was love-lorn leaned hard upon the heart of God, whence streams the everlasting love, and sang (in sobs),

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

And another preacher-poet, Charles Wesley, in that very great poem entitled "Wrestling Jacob," shouts like a chorus of angels,

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love thou art;
To me, to all, thy mercies move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know a picture which has walked into the very backlands of my soul. It is a picture of the cross with the thorn crown on it and the anguish that shed blood. It is the cross of God. Before it an angel with strong, gentle face, and garmented in glistering white, and wings hanging idle, as if forgot, with left hand touch-

ing at the cross and eyes blinded by the love and loss unspeakable, the right hand flung in tragic terror across the blind eyes. The love unspeakable blinded the angel like a freshet of suns.

Once a man I knew whose mother and whose only daughter had gone from him and had outsped him into light, as he sat holding the quiet hand of his dying father, who could no longer speak but could intelligently hear and understand, said, "Father, when you get home, give my love to mother. You understand, father?" And the dying father, who could not speak, said "Yes" with his eyes. Continued my friend, "Father, kiss Olive (his dead daughter) for me when you see her." And the dying father smiled, and nodded assent with his eyes. The son leaned and kissed him on the lips and his father went safely out to do his errand.

William A. Quayle

RUDOLF E. BRÜNNOW, GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR

THIS is a very frank little song of praise for a man doubly distinguished as first a gentleman and secondly a scholar; a tribute of admiration and affection unstinted and unashamed. The reader who has no stomach for judicious praise and no wellspring of enthusiasm for gentility and learning would do well to spare himself the reading of the words which stand now in range before him.

It was Oxford that gave him first to me in the summer of 1887, and it was a friend worthy of such a homeland of learning who made us known, the one who had just come, to the other, somewhat older and much more mature. The man to whom I was then introduced was Rudolf Ernest Brünnow, and the older and greater scholar who introduced me was Professor Archibald Henry Sayce, fellow of Queen's College, a man whose whole life has gone forward in a gracious and happy habit of encouraging younger scholars. The acquaintance thus begun with Brünnow ripened in a natural way into admiration on my part, and into a friendship which lasted without one single misunderstanding until he answered the summons and went away. Herein lies my justification for speaking a word of him and his labors.

In 1854 there came from Berlin to Ann Arbor, Michigan, as professor of astronomy Franz Friedrich Ernst Brünnow, then thirty-three years of age and already in the full flower of a reputation destined to carry his name around the world. He had been educated in the University of Berlin, where he had pursued not only astronomy, mathematics, and physics, but had received a sound classical training as well. He made a profound impression in Ann Arbor as a man of preeminent gifts in scientific research and of wide culture. The president of the University of Michigan was the versatile American clergyman Henry Philip Tappan, whose daughter, Rebecca Lloyd, accepted a proposal of marriage from the brilliant German astronomer. Of this happy union there was born, at Ann Arbor, on February 7, 1858, the son, Rudolf Ernest Brünnow, who loved and honored his birthplace to the end,

maintaining, however, with great gravity that the little academic city was far better in his boyhood than now with all its long lines of dignified and stately university buildings! He went back to it in June, 1914, to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and no man could ever have been happier in the receiving of an academic honor than was he. He had told me, under pledge of secrecy, that it was to be his, and the love of a boyhood home irradiated his expressive countenance as he spoke. The first years of Brünnow's life had been spent at Ann Arbor—and perhaps no boy has yet discovered any years so golden as the earliest three times three—and now, at five years of age, there came a great change which resulted in the gift of a cosmopolitan training unmatched in its variety and richness in my acquaintance among scholars. In 1863 the elder Brünnow took his American wife to Germany, where they and the little boy lived for two years, during the stress and strain of the Civil War. In 1865 Sir William R. Hamilton died, and the professorship of astronomy in the University of Dublin thus made vacant was offered to Professor Franz Brünnow, who accepted and came to dive at the Dunsink Observatory as astronomer-royal of Ireland. The observatory is situated about two miles from the capital city, in a suburb named Glasnevin (*Glas Naeidhen,* Naeidhen's brook) close by the incomparably beautiful botanic gardens, justly famed for their ferns, and more lovely than the better known Kew Gardens. The new home of the Brünnow family, on an elevated knoll, commanded a prospect of serene loveliness melting at last into Dublin's noble bay, with its blue waters shimmering in sunshine or darkened with shower. Rudolf was sent to Saint Columba's College, the memory of which was as oil poured forth during the rest of his life. In Dublin, many years afterward, one of his fellow pupils told me how he and Brünnow had carried on surreptitious chemical experiments in their rooms, to the distress of other boys in the neighborhood, and when I recounted the memory to Brünnow the whole series of incidents returned to his mind and he supplemented the story with a lively account of the golden days of school. Brünnow was destined for Trinity College, Dublin, that most glorious nursery of distinguished Irishmen, home of the muses,

and garden of light and learning. There his reputation still lives in the mind of the inimitable conversationalist and splendid classical scholar Dr. John Pentland Mahaffy, now provost of the college, who can recount by the hour the triumphs of his famous pupils, from poets like Oscar Wilde to scholars like Bury or Brünnow. But the young Brünnow was fated never to be an alumnus of Trinity, of which he would indeed have been proud, for in 1874 his father's eyesight failed and he was compelled to resign his post and leave Ireland to settle in dignified retirement at Basel, Switzerland.

This produced a great change in Rudolf's future, yet the influence of the Irish residence never passed from him. It was there that his use of the English tongue was purified as well as strengthened. Though he was now to live on the continent for years, and usually either in German-speaking Switzerland or in the German Empire, he never lost a graceful and easy use of his mother tongue. In his speech there was easily discernible a delicate touch of the Irish intonation, and when I once called his attention to certain evidences of it, he laughed and said that he loved Ireland, could never forget her, and was glad to think that my ear had detected a trace of influences ever sweet to memory. He longed to see Dublin again, and when I was going thither to become a son (*ex honoris causa*) of Trinity College, wrote to me messages of affection and gratitude to be given personally to Dr. Mahaffy.

At Basel Brünnow began his student career in the university and fell speedily under the influence of Albert Socin, privat-docent in Oriental philology there. So began one of the greatest friendships of his life. Socin was already a great scholar, who had not only learned Arabic in the universities of Europe but had spent two years in the Orient (1868-1870) and was again within their witching confines in 1873. He was later to write, single-handed, the unsurpassed Baedeker Handbook to Syria and Palestine, and was destined to become the greatest master of Oriental philology on the side of modern living speech. He had a gift for friendship, and knitted to him with hooks of steel his students whom he thought worthy of special attention, and made a point of seeking

out opportunities to introduce them. Brünnow deserved all that Socin could give, and Socin's pride in him never failed of enthusiastic expression when, years after, I was his pupil. Then he would recall Moore, and Brünnow, and Holzinger, and the distinguished Professor Karl Marti of Bern, adding, still later than my day, Professor Bulmerincq of Juriew.

Brünnow followed Socin to Tübingen and then took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy under Nöldeke at the University of Strassburg in 1882. It seemed now that his career would surely be in Arabic, yet what seems to be his chief contribution to the cause of learning was in a related though very different field toward which he moved slowly and surely. He had come to mastery of his philological material in the Semitic languages, in Arabic, Hebrew, Syriac and Ethiopic, precisely at the time when the untold riches of the older sister of the group, Assyrian, were becoming daily more prominent in men's minds and more enticing to a younger man. The great group of decipherers had brought to a successful solution the fundamental problems, and the names of Rawlinson, Grotefend, Hincks, Oppert, and Sayce were before him as an incitement to a bounding ambition. The great early explorers had already delivered inscriptions to the museums in large numbers, and the names of Botta, Layard, Rassam, and Smith resounded among men of learning. It was not surprising that Brünnow, diverted temporarily from Arabic, turned the full force of a trained mind upon the new science of Assyriology, and won in it a reputation destined long to endure. He made progress notably rapid; he seemed to have a peculiar gift for the learning and the remembering of the cuneiform characters; signs complex resolved into their original simple forms beneath his glance, and in his orderly mind arranged themselves into a system. His natural endowments indicated the course which his labors should take and he lacked only the place and the time for their accomplishment. The time was secured for him, as for few scholars, through the financial independence of his family and he was free to go on with his work undeterred by the struggle for bread. The place chosen was the noblest and fairest, the most gentle and most generously hospitable academic city in the world, and to Oxford

he set forth to become a guest, though not a member of any of its collegiate societies. The choice was happy, the harvest of results surprising. Oxford supplied in the Bodleian Library an unsurpassed collection of Assyriological literature, Queen's College was the residence of Professor Sayce, whose astounding range of cuneiform knowledge was then, as ever since, at the ready disposal of any younger scholar, while Driver's unmatched Hebrew learning was equally available, and the dear city made welcome this man who was now American, Irish, Swiss, and German all in one, already a cosmopolitan, and needing for the completion of his culture but one element more, one which Oxford was better fitted than all the world beside to give. And as I write this little tribute to the city which he also loved my thought goes out to her in sympathy, and in glowing desire and seeking out of memory's store some word to set forth her praise, because she had also made a home for Brünnow, I take these lines from J. W. Mackail, sometime her professor of poetry and always her lover:

O Mother Oxford, unto whom we cry
Through all the passing loves and light desires
Of changing seasons; whom the toil that tires,
The years that sever, and the griefs that sigh,
Have no dominion over; who dost lie
Ever serene and fair, when morning fires
Thy silent pinnacles, or when thy spires
Stand flushed with sunset in the evening sky:

And then in humblest verse add to his melodious words mine own fainter strain to take the place for this moment of the conclusion which Mackail wrote:

Take now from me, here writing of my friend,
This passing word of recompensing love,
And though the years are full of war and waste,
Which bring to every yearning wish an end;
Yet still with longing heart I wait the dove
Of Peace, and hope again thy joys to taste.

There at Oxford Brünnow began and there brought to the point of publication his *magnum opus*. It is very difficult to describe the work in such a paper as this, but I must attempt it.

The script in which the inscriptions of the Assyrians and

Babylonians are written had its origin among the Sumerian people who inhabited the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates at a very early period. In its earliest form it was a picture writing, but when stone was less available as a writing material and clay came into general use, the linear pictures became conventionalized into forms composed of wedges (Latin *cuneus*), and in that final stage it is called by us a cuneiform script. In the process of transformation from picture to wedge there began an extension of the meanings assigned to each character, and combinations of signs were made to extend the powers of expression. Thus, the sign for "mouth" and the sign for "water" were combined to express "drink," while the signs for "water" and for "eye" signified "tears." From this stage onward the meanings of signs became rapidly more extended and the signs themselves more complicated. The sign for "tears" acquired the meanings "weep, sigh, howl"; the sign for star or heaven came also to mean "high," and the sign for the rising sun was used to express "day, daybreak, light, clear, white." This seems complex enough, but it was only the beginning, for shortly syllabic values began to be added to the ideographic of which I have been speaking. The word heaven in the Sumerian language was "an" or "ana" and the picture-sign for heaven readily acquired the signification "an." There were now in this script about four hundred ideograms, and to these the Sumerians added about eighty syllabic signs, such as ba, bi, bu, ab, ib, ub, ma, mi, me, mu, am, im, um. By means of these syllables it became possible to write words for which there was no ideographic sign, such as nu-um-ma, "wolf," gu-za, "throne." Beyond this again there grew up compound syllabic signs such as kam, lam, zag, dag, which rapidly increased in numbers. All these combinations and developments increased enormously the complexity of the cuneiform script and when the Assyrian period was reached it had passed every reasonably expected limit of difficulty. Signs had now so many meanings that the scribes had to make long lists, which we call syllabaries, in which were set down the various ideographic and syllabic values of the signs. This had become necessary, for signs with many significations numbered hundreds and their significations often numbered a score or more. There

was, for example, a sign which originally signified the "rising sun," which later acquired the ideographic meanings *umu,* day, *immu,* daylight, *umšu,* daily, *abâbu,* bright, *tâbu,* good, *nûru,* light, *pisit,* white, and scores more, and besides these the syllabic values *ut, tu, tam, par, pir, laḫ, liḫ, ḫiš* and many others. When Assyriology began the reading of Assyrian inscriptions it was confronted with the difficulty of determining in any individual case what was the meaning of a particular sign, and this was no small problem. As the new science was perfecting its methods and acquiring almost daily new materials with which to do its work scholars were confronted with the necessity of making lists of these signs with their significations, committing to memory so many as was possible, and arranging all in some form for convenient reference. When I began the study of Assyrian, in 1883, I, and every other student of that day, had to make each for himself such lists of signs. The method was tedious, wearisome, and at best a makeshift. There was need of some collection of signs which should be published and thus made generally accessible to students. To meet this Brünnow undertook the immense, the laborious, the painful task of compiling, arranging, and defining all the cuneiform signs which had been discovered. In Oxford this enormous labor was successfully accomplished and a monument of learning, patience, and endurance erected. This was a book which could not be printed with type. Every sign, every word, must be written in Brünnow's beautiful hand and then lithographed from his autograph copy. The book appeared in 1889 at the famous house of E. J. Brill, of Leyden. It was in quarto and contained 10 pages of preface, 8 pages of General Index, and 595 pages of lithographed matter, and had 14,453 separate entries of sign-meanings. In 1897 Brünnow issued a volume of Indices which ran to 354 pages. Nothing that I could say would give any adequate impression to one not an Assyriologist of the labor which this book represents, but some idea of its importance may be drawn from its use, for from that day to this the book has been absolutely indispensable to all students of the science. Wherever men seriously study the Assyrian inscriptions there lies that incomparable book, a *vade mecum* indeed.

On June 1, 1894, Brünnow married Marguerite Beckwith of New York, a woman of great personal charm, of high accomplishment, and connected with a family distinguished in the annals of her State. Her husband's pride and delight in her were manifested to all who entered the various homes in which they lived, and when she died, in 1907, he was a permanently changed man. He devoted himself thereafter to their children and seemed more and more to withdraw from all other concerns.

In 1889 the Laudian professorship of Arabic in the University of Oxford became vacant and Brünnow presented a set of testimonials as a candidate, in themselves a cause of not unworthy pride; but the choice of the electors fell upon David Samuel Margoliouth, Fellow of New College, while Brünnow went away to become later professor of Semitic languages in the University of Heidelberg, to which venerable shrine of learning he took his beautiful bride. There I made several visits to them, to be received by her as her husband's friend and to enjoy the elegant hospitality which she was wont to offer. It seemed to me that he was restless in Heidelberg, and it was therefore not a surprise when he resigned, received the title of honorary professor, and removed to a beautiful villa on the hillside above Vevey, looking out upon the unearthly beauty of Lake Geneva. There he lived the life of a gentleman-scholar, free from the cares of the daily grind of lectures and happy in the little family. He was but eleven miles from the house where Gibbon had lived and written the immortal history, and far from the riches of the Bodleian and the British Museum he shifted back to his first love and devoted his splendid talents to Arabic. In 1895 appeared his Arabic Chrestomathy,[1] a better book than we had ever had for studying or teaching that great but extremely difficult language, and in the years 1904-1909 an immense book on Arabia[2] in connection with Alfred V. Domaszewski. During all these years he wrote many papers and reviews for learned journals and carried on a lengthy correspondence with Halévy on the Sumerian question.

[1] Chrestomathie aus arabischen Prosaschriftstellern im Anschluss an Socin's Arabische Grammatik, herausgegeben von Dr. R. Brünnow. Berlin, 1895.

[2] He also assisted and encouraged Musil, whom he greatly admired, in similar work.

As the children moved into school age Brünnow became dissatisfied with the educational opportunities in French Switzerland, and the family removed to Bonn, on the Rhine, and taking two large houses turned them into one and began life again. The new house was magnificent in itself. It commanded from the upper stories a glorious view of the noble river, and was crowded with objects of beauty and value. The library was a sight to make the eyes dance and the heart bound, and more than once have I wondered whether a scholar in our field ever so lived before. The university society received the gracious lady and her learned husband with open arms and to all human foresight the future seemed secure for years. But suddenly there fell a blow that shattered all. I was making them a little visit in the summer of 1907 and two weeks after my departure the wife and mother went out into a larger world with scarce a warning. Brünnow took thought of his situation, remembered that the grandmother as well as the mother of his children was American, and decided to make a new home in America and here educate his children as Americans. Free from all restrictions in the choice of a place, he took Princeton, surely one of the loveliest academic seats in America, and came thither to live. Again was fortune smiling. He was elected professor of Semitic philology in the university, he found a friend as loyal as he is learned in David Paton, the Egyptologist, and opened his treasures of learning and of wisdom to all who chose to come. He bought and reconstructed an historic house in Princeton, and made a great summer home at Bar Harbor. Though he did not actually tie himself down to the regular order of academic lecturing, he served the university and the theological seminary well in other ways, and full appreciation of him personally and a high estimate of his scholarship quickly arose. The faculty of the university had many men to rejoice in their new neighbor, and the faculty of the theological seminary, ever a very learned body, gave him many evidences of a friendly acceptance. He was ideally situated and made no secret of his pleasure in it. We were now nearer neighbors than ever and an exchange of visits was easy, though far too infrequent. Little did we know how soon it was to end. In the autumn of 1916 his son Eric, just entering

Princeton University, died suddenly. Brünnow wrote me a brave letter, though it was easy enough to discern that his heart was sorely wounded, and never really rallied from the blow. On April 14, 1917, he followed his wife and son. So passed a man, distinguished in scholarship, who had left behind work worthy of his opportunities and highly prized among students in his field. Yet was he greater than his works. He was born a gentleman, nor did he ever lose the distinguishing marks of gentility, and the rich culture in letters and in music which time had added, gave graciousness in manner and lent luster to his person.

A shadow flits before me,
  Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah, Christ, that it were possible
  For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
  What and where they be.

Robert W Rogers.

THE GREAT EXPECTATION—A QUESTION FOR UNDERGRADUATES

When you "come seeking admission" a bishop will ask it. "Do you expect to be made perfect in love?" He then may explain it. Some of them have, and nobly. Or he may explain it away. Some have seemed to attempt it, and sadly. It will not explain away, though like life it be difficult to explain. The spiritual dynamic and the historic imperative that urge that question make it immensely more than the question of a bishop or a Conference. It is a question of ideals, and a question of ideals is always a question of destiny. Where the bishop sends you next year, matters not much. Where *you* are *going* next year matters just everything. And the inner attitude toward this question and the reality for which it stands fixes destination and destiny infinitely more than "appointments" can.

The writer has nothing to say to the fathers and brethren concerning this question. He craves a plain and sympathetic word with the noble host of young men now entering that highest of all human tasks, the Christian ministry. Rapture in and fruitage from their life-long toil depend in high measure upon the answer they *think* and *feel* when the bishop asks the question which more than any other question deals with final values. All final values are in terms of character.

The writer hopes he is wrong in fearing that in much of Methodism there is a tendency to pass by on the other side, leaving this great doctrine at the mercy of thieves. One of the greatest of our chief shepherds, the last to be suspected of emotionalism or fanaticism, warns us, "We must insist that it is essential to Methodism to keep alive the ideal at which this doctrine aims. It *will not do* to allow this ideal to drop from Methodist thinking." The time to do the thinking is not at the end but at the beginning of one's ministry. Ideals are not accidents, they are achievements. "Earnestly striving after" them is the only thing that achieves them "in this life" or any other life. Not even modern psychology,

only common sense, is needed to reveal how deeply the power of the fifties or seventies depends upon the passion of the twenties. The dead line is never drawn by the calendar. It is the trail of a lost ideal. The historic thrust of Methodism into a world of need and sin will never be explained by method. It was the drive of life. The secret of yesterday is the only hope of to-morrow. This day of multiplying efficiencies, of crass materialisms, on the one hand, and of growing disgust with these on the other—this day, when science is reckoning human convictions and hungers as valid facts for hypothesis, when philosophy is turning to religious experience as the starting point for spiritual reality, when Kultur born of brains unregenerate is rampant to ravish the heart of the world—this is no day for Methodism to temper her emphasis upon the demands of God in the life of man and the capacity of man for the likeness of God. It is no day for the mightiest Protestant force on the planet to lose the things distinctive that have brought her to her vast estate.

The "question" deals not so much with doctrine as with life. There is a vast difference between flowers and botany. The world could get on without botany; it would be a barren place without flowers. Pressed specimens with unpronounceable names gather dust when the woodland is abloom. Whoever prefers a museum to a garden needs a hospital. The life "perfect in love" is the fairest flower in God's great garden of the Spirit. But its ravishing beauty, its celestial fragrance, have been marred scarcely less by the fierce and frantic efforts to botanize, to analyze, to classify, to name and exhibit it as a well understood theological specimen, than by the human burdocks and cabbage that have bravely held up their heads and called themselves by that fair name, "the perfect life." When professionalism hath its perfect work, in pulpit or pew, it bringeth forth a "holy" life lived in an amazingly unholy fashion; therefore a world skeptical and a ministry cautious—too cautious indeed. William A. Sunday went to the heart of a real defect and serious lack with his usual directness when he turned to the ministers and said, "If you preachers were half as much afraid of imperfection as you are of perfection, the Kingdom would be here in a hurry."

But doctrine there must be, else any fable claims its following. Doctrine is the statement of clear thinking about truth. Only thus can truth make free. Only thus does it reveal its own richness and beauty. Where doctrine is the expression of life, it adds to life's power and deepens its joy. Flowers must have been all the sweeter to the great botanist Grey, because he knew them so well as to affirm that if dropped from a balloon anywhere in the United States and could see all the flowers of the region, he could tell within a hundred miles where he was. To him who is interested in God's great high calling in Christ Jesus, the life triumphant, the vision glorious, not as a theory but as a living joyous power in the soul, there come ever deeper and surer satisfactions as he discerns its place in the whole vast range of Christian truth, sees its limitations on the one hand, its boundlessness on the other, and discovers what he may and may not hope for and achieve. But as his clear thinking draws lines doctrinal about this expansive hope of the soul, three things he will see to be true.

1. The real thing is infinitely larger than any doctrine concerning it, and to whomsoever it is vouchsafed not in theory but in life, will come the growing conviction that any and all analysis is hopelessly inadequate and therefore to many increasingly distasteful. 2. The living fact does not wait for the perfect doctrine. Life is divinely equipped with power to get by doctrine into reality. Morning and evening, summer and winter were joyous facts when the sun went around the world. Thousands find God on the sawdust trail and go down from the tabernacle justified and transformed, notwithstanding the American dialect and an impossible theology. Thousands have gone up and possessed the promised land over widely separated theological trails. Thousands have arrived over trails that logically should have left them in the wilderness forever, but they reached the land of milk and honey nevertheless. Thousands have taken the straight theological road, guide posts at every turn, and yet died in the wilderness. Life's deeper spiritual instincts are by divine order superior to life's higher intellectual insights. The writer was once at Northfield when Chadwick of the strict Wesleyan school and Meyer of the Keswick mind were both presenting the claims of the higher

life with totally different theologies and fundamentally opposite ideas of human nature in relation to divine grace. But no one who heard them doubted that both of them were talking about, and living in the power of, the same transcendent fact. We were driven to the solitudes in quest of the fact, and driven to the conclusion that the interpretation of the fact was a secondary matter. 3. The higher consecration when attained is as individual and as personal as any other religious experience. The charm of life is its variety. Hours I spent when a lad seeking two leaves exactly alike. I gave it up. They have not yet grown. No two roses on the bush at my door are ever or will ever be duplicates. No mother is ever much confused about the identity of her twins. The wonder of life in God is likewise its inexhaustible variety. The world of the Spirit hath no duplicates. The currents of divine life fulfill individuality, never destroy it, else one good doctrine would stagnate the world. Many a conversion has had all reality squeezed out of it by being standardized. The higher consecration suffereth the same violence. The writer long ago asked a good woman what the marks of the higher life might be. She was wise as she was good and replied, "None without that are infallible, and none within that are describable."

The second and higher range of Christian consecration and experience is normal, but normal in an abnormal sense—normal in that it is characteristic of the vast majority of those who seek the fullest attainments in the Spirit; abnormal in that the *ideal* is a consecration in the first instance so complete and so continuous, as light increases and capacity expands, that there will need be no "second blessing" in any sense more real than the third or twentieth. God works by law but not by arithmetic. And the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus is that God fulfills life in the measure of its consecration, and that this fulfillment comes in *waves* upon the shores of consciousness with the steady rise of the tide impelling it.

For most, however, who seek God's best, a second distinct and outstanding experience, a tidal wave as it were, is the rule, and for good and lawful reasons. 1. For the vast majority the experience of conversion is a turning away from sin, self will, dis-

obedience. Consciously or unconsciously, it is for many, negative rather than positive, a surrender rather than an appropriation. However sincere, this is not the mental or moral attitude which makes psychologically or spiritually possible the highest work of the Spirit in the soul. 2. The frequent attitude or motive in conversion is escape from punishment, or consequences of sin and neglect, the prevention of further loss of life's possibilities. Legitimate and noble indeed, but not the highest attitude, nor making possible the highest attainments. For this, the sacrificial movement of the soul is imperative. Self must be out of the range of vision. Christ—service—the Kingdom, the world of need and suffering and sin, must woo the soul to abandonment. This is the attitude of Christ. Only in response to that attitude can his Spirit bring the pentecost of fulfillment. 3. It is natural that in conversion the *sins* or neglects of the past should hold large place in repentant thought. But when pardon is received and the soul subsequently finds the same old tendencies tugging away in the heart, it discovers *sin* to be the root of which sins are the fruit, and it craves a work of grace which will deal yet more fundamentally with the springs of life and action. Often the experience of conversion is necessary to put one in possession of real self-knowledge. Facing that knowledge and need seriously will almost certainly lead the honest soul to seek "the expulsive power of a new" and mightier affection. "Be merciful to me a sinner" becomes a prayer to be rooted and grounded in love to the end that one may be filled with all the fullness of God. The seventh chapter of Romans moves majestically into the eighth, and the twelfth of First Corinthians into the glory of the thirteenth.

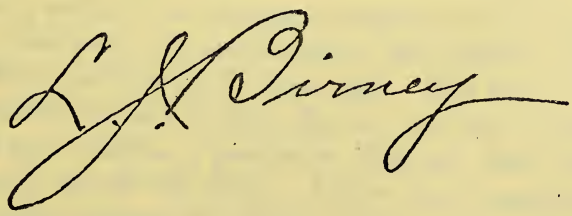
But what of the philosophy of this crowning Christian hope? The schools are many, but the differences are often chiefly of words. Granting wide variations, they fall into two main types. 1. That which believes in the sustained action of the Divine Spirit, so dominating and controlling will, emotions, thoughts, that life is kept in comparatively unbroken harmony with God. Here the emphasis centers in God, leaving human nature in possession of all normal tendencies and capacities. 2. That which be-

lieves in the destruction of all wayward tendencies, so that the soul is free from the perils of sin as tissues are free from danger of disease when all germs are destroyed. Here the emphasis centers in the state of the soul, rather than upon the continued power of the Spirit. It will be seen that in a broad and modified sense the strictly Wesleyan doctrine falls in the latter class. Its comparative inflexibility seems to many to leave too little place for the laws of developing life. It can scarcely be denied that relatively, in this scientific century of a more accurate psychology, and a more adequate philosophy, it has suffered somewhat in comparison with the first type of doctrine. The first allows for the endless expansion of experience and development of character. The second implies that the work of sanctification is a fixed and finished thing. The logical, experimental, and Scriptural preference would seem to be in favor of the former. For many reasons. (1) It involves a truer view of the nature of sin. Sin is nothing that is subject to removal, as a cancer or a troublesome appendix. Such a notion, though vivid and picturesque, and convenient homiletically, has darkened counsel in much literature and so-called theology. Sin is a temper, a spirit, an attitude, a mood and purpose of the willing and choosing soul. To subtract the *possibility* of sin is to subtract the possibility of holiness. (2) It is in closer accord with the laws of progress in all other forms of life. Even God cannot sanctify experience, capacity, power, that does not yet exist. Entire sanctification to-day ought not to suffice for to-morrow. There are no graduates in this school. (3) It centers emphasis and attention where they belong, upon the power by which the hope is attained, rather than upon the condition of the soul. Holiness, sanctification, perfection, are dangerous terms if handled too personally by mortal mind. We have heard them when they sounded strangely like a certain brother who went up to the temple to pray—with himself. Who keeps his mind upon the sustaining Spirit as his only hope is vastly safer. (4) It delivers from the bondage of mathematics into the freedom of life. To the growing soul the expanding crises may not cease to come. The vividness of first experiences may outstand, when the struggle with lower tendencies was fiercest, when "the yelp of the beast" was distress-

ingly loud, but no "second" experience of uplifting grace need end the series in the life that endless is. (5) It is simpler and more compelling as a prophetic message. As the prophet faces the task of leading a people into the higher ranges of life, he will find this a more attractive hunger-creating presentment of their privileges in Christ. "Now unto him who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think"—here the great challenge comes from the ideal angle. It is the pentecostal attitude. From that point of the compass the call may be made with a winning persistence, with total self-effacement, and with the minimum of antagonism. (6) It is more rational and encouraging to those who with the earnest cry "Excelsior" in their souls, have nevertheless slipped somewhere on the rugged pathway upward. The momentary lapse in the higher consecration no more invalidates its reality as the moving purpose of life than the same lapse proves unreal the experience of conversion. The inner law of both is the same, likewise the meaning and treatment of every failure in either—an instant return of a repentant soul with an ever deeper devotion to an ever redeeming Lord.

Therefore when the bishop makes the great interrogation which registers the direction in which the soul is set, its meaning must surely be, *a life fixed in its purpose to attain, in our human measure, the inner attitude toward God, toward folks, and toward duty, which Jesus had—a purpose so deep withal as to have become expectancy.* And why not? Simplest common-sense philosophy will validate the expectation. God has a will for each individual life for every day and hour. He can have no will for any day or any soul but in the riches of his grace can be fulfilled and realized. To doubt this is weak perversion of most elemental reason. To believe it, and make no heroic effort to achieve it, is surrender not only of the highest, but likewise of the simplest principle of Christian character. Who knows evidence when he sees it, knows well that numberless souls have lived the triumphant life, have kept the higher faith, and have left a stainless heritage. That cloud of witnesses gathered from every Christian fold will be witnesses against us when the books are opened, if the life of love fulfilled be not our daily expectation. The most deadly

skepticism is not the doubt of God; it is the doubt that in this world the soul may live a daily victor by the power of God, and be the revelation of the love of God. Nothing so fastens that fatal doubt upon the world as the minister who lives beneath his privileges in Christ. Nothing so lifts the hope and faith of men to claim their best in Him, as the prophet who in his own soul, with humility and sense, gives God the chance he craves. *Humility and sense*—graces of high order these, without which no higher life: humility which looks always up, and only up when comparisons are made; which sees how far it yet must go, not how far it now has come; finds no comfort in profession, seeks its joy in high possession; good sense that is never blind to human weakness and incapacity, but never underrates God's power to keep his promises; which sees that to lose one's humanness discounts, to a human world, the superhuman graces, but which does not miss the fact that to suffer one's humanness to obscure the possibilities of the soul in Christ is to surrender one's highest credentials to the ministry. God calls no man to preach. He calls men to the ministry. Of that, preaching is but a part, and not the major part. Wherever the ministry matters much to the world, it is an incarnation. Wherever it is an incarnation it does matter much to the world. Methodism's mission is to spread the contagion of holy living throughout the land. She looks with eager hope to those who are taking the vows at her altars to-day to fulfill that high endeavor. Other communions, enamored of her exalted message, may rob her of her leadership in the Spirit. God forbid that our great church, having preached to others, should, in the highest calling of God in Christ Jesus, itself become a castaway.



BROWNING AND CHRISTIANITY

Outside of the professional labors of ministers of the gospel Robert Browning was the most powerful Christian force of the nineteenth century. He is the greatest ally that Christianity has ever possessed in English literature. His sympathy with Christian faith is repeatedly shown through the lines of his dramatic poems, especially in "A Death in the Desert," "The Epistle of Karshish," and the speech of the Pope in "The Ring and the Book"—poems which it is inconceivable that an unbeliever would have written; but there are two pieces where he makes direct profession of his personal adherence to Christianity. These are "Christmas Eve" and "Gold Hair."

Browning's mother was a non-conformist, deeply religious, with a serene faith to which her quiet cheerfulness gave abundant testimony. By precept and example she brought up the future poet in such a manner that the world, the flesh, and the devil failed to quench his spiritual ardor. Then came his marriage with one of the finest Christian women in history, Elizabeth Barrett, also brought up as a non-conformist, whose trust in God was so powerful that it triumphed over chronic physical suffering.

There have been critics who have asserted that Browning's poem "Christmas Eve" did not express his own religious belief, but was merely dramatic, like most of his other work; "the utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine." But this assertion is disproved by the love letters that passed between him and Elizabeth Barrett during the year preceding their marriage. She wrote a statement of her religious attitude, to which he replied in a positive manner; and it is interesting to observe that his reply contains, either consciously or unconsciously, the essential plan of "Christmas Eve," published four years later. Her letter is a remarkable document, because it shows that she was one of those rare individuals who combine a passionate Christian faith with the broadest charity for all who differ. Intense faith sometimes makes for intolerance because the believer feels so sharply the overwhelming importance of his creed, and often so-called "reli-

gious tolerance" is a cloak covering indifference. Her convictions were as strong as her sympathies were wide. In a letter to her fiancé, written August 15, 1846, she said:

I could pray anywhere and with all sorts of worshipers, from the Sistine Chapel to Mr. Fox's, those kneeling and those standing. Wherever you go, in all religious societies, there is a little to revolt, and a good deal to bear with—but it is not otherwise in the world without; and *within*, you are especially reminded that God has to be more patient than yourself after all. Still you go quickest there, where your sympathies are least ruffled and disturbed—and I like, beyond comparison best, the simplicity of the dissenters . . . the unwritten prayer, . . . the sacraments administered quietly and without charlatanism! and the principle of a church, as they hold it, *I* hold it too, . . . quite apart from state necessities . . . pure from the law. Well—there is enough to dissent from among the dissenters—the formula is rampant among them as among others—you hear things like the buzzing of flies in proof of a corruption—and see every now and then something divine set up like a post for men of irritable minds and passions to rub themselves against, calling it a holy deed—you feel, moreover, bigotry and ignorance pressing on you on all sides, till you gasp for breath like one strangled. But better this, even, than what is elsewhere—*this* being elsewhere too in different degrees, besides the evil of the place.

Two days later Browning replied as follows:

Dearest, I know your very meaning, in what you said of religion, and responded to it with my whole soul—what you express now is for us both . . . those are my own feelings, my convictions besides—instinct confirmed by reason. Look at that injunction to "love God with all the heart, and soul, and strength"—and then imagine yourself bidding any faculty, that arises towards the love of him, be still! If in a meeting house, with the blank white walls, and a simple doctrinal exposition,—all the senses should turn (from where they lie neglected) to all that sunshine in the Sistine with its music and paintings, which would lift them at once to heaven,—why should you not go forth?—to return just as quickly, when they are nourished into a luxuriance that extinguishes what is called Reason's pale wavering light, lamp or whatever it is.

In "Christmas Eve" four attitudes toward religion are considered. The first is evangelical orthodox Christianity, represented by the worshipers in the little non-conformist chapel; the second is the religion of nature, communion with God through natural objects; the third is ritualism, represented by the Roman Catholic mass; the fourth is agnosticism, represented by a German professor in the lecture-room.

The picture of the chapel service is so realistic that the reader who did not know what was coming would take it for antagonistic satire. The ill-smelling air of the hideous room is almost intolerable; the "flock" is composed mainly of ignorant bigots; the crass stupidity of the minister is equaled only by his dogmatic assurance. Christian folk may wonder why Browning gave such an unlovely picture of a Methodist or Baptist chapel. The answer is twofold. First, it is true to life. Not all Methodist and Baptist chapels are like that, but enough of them are to make the drawing instantly recognizable by one who has been brought up in this form of worship. Second, he wishes to say the worst that can possibly be said of dissenters, so that his subsequent adherence to them may be made all the more effective. Sanctimonious cant is not nearly so common as it used to be, but it is still in existence, casting a blight on many happy young people and driving many honest men and women away from the churches. I remember when I was young, spending a few days at Northfield in order to hear Mr. Moody. One morning I saw a glorious panorama on the mountains, and came into the big breakfast-room in a state of rapture. My seat-mate that morning happened to be a white-whiskered man with a forbidding cast of countenance. I said with enthusiasm, "Have you seen the mists rolling off the mountains?" and, to my surprise and disgust, he replied, in a sepulchral tone, "Yes. And I trust that the mists will roll from many a sinsick soul to-day." If my Christian faith had not been very strong indeed that man would have dealt it a staggering blow. In Strindberg's play, "The Father," the Baptist nurse tries to convert the agnostic captain, by saying, "Humble your heart and you will see that God will make you happy in your love for your neighbor," to which the captain replies, "It's a strange thing that you no sooner speak of God and love than your voice becomes hard and your eyes fill with hate. No, Margaret, surely you have not the true faith." And all she can do then is to threaten him with the Judgment Day. Then he'll find out who's right. Samuel Butler, who had been brought up in the way to make Christianity most offensive, knew what he was talking about when he said that the chief duty of a Christian was to be happy.

Overcome by repulsion against the room, the audience, and the minister, the speaker rushes out into the night air. His first sensation is relief. He sees a wonderful moon-rainbow, and for a moment believes that he can worship God more acceptably in the solitude of the vast night than in an organized company. But after further reflection he discovers that all he is getting out of this contemplation is an agreeable but vague sensation, too vague to be of any definite religious or ethical value, and he exchanges it for Saint Peter's in the dramatic moment of the elevation of the Host. Here his senses, which were insulted by the unadorned and squalid chapel, find full satisfaction; all is dignity and beauty; yet after a time, although the worshipers seem to be abundantly satisfied, as satisfied with the ritual as the zealous bigots in the chapel were with the sermon, he experiences a growing sense of discomfort. To him the æsthetic richness of the mass and of the great church seems like some splendid superstition which quite o'ercrows his reason. To satisfy the demands of the intellect he flees to Germany and enters a university lecture-room. The austere, learned, and calm professor—his calm in nowise shaken by the fact that he has tuberculosis—is lecturing with dogmatic assurance on the "myth" of Christ. Now the air of the chapel was mephitic, poisonous, but in this lecture-room there is no air at all. His need for religion has found a vacuum.

After a survey of these four different aspects of Christianity he makes his choice—positive and definite. He chooses the chapel. He joins in the doxology. Like Miss Barrett, he loved the simplicity of the dissenters best, for at any rate Christianity was to them the one vital fact in their lives. The direct revelation of God in Jesus Christ, and the direct relation of the individual to the Saviour of mankind, these are the supreme things.

The faithful picture by Browning of the two extremes of Christian worship, evangelical simplicity and the Catholic ritual, forces one for a moment to consider the question of church unity. If by church unity is meant the agreement by members of all Christian churches on essentials, and if this agreement is possible, I believe it would be a good thing. If by church unity is meant a common form of worship and a common church government,

then I rejoice that it is impossible. It is a fortunate thing—for Protestants, at all events—that we have Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian, and countless other denominations. There are those who will always love to worship with a ritual and a prayer-book; there are those who will prefer the absence of both. It is a happy state of affairs that those who like high church, the vested choir, the surpliced priest, the candles and the incense, and the church hierarchy, now have the opportunity to enjoy all of these advantages. And those who like the impromptu prayer, the simple service, and the exclusive right of each congregation to manage its own affairs, now know where to find all these privileges. Furthermore, the variety of Christian worship in every city leaves every Christian without a single excuse for staying away from church. Surely he can find some form of worship that will not get on his nerves, but will minister to his spiritual necessities. No, I do not believe in church unity, as it is commonly understood. The very essence of Protestantism is democracy, individuality. It is its great strength and its great weakness. Those who long for efficient organization had better become Catholics; for there they will find a unity and efficiency unknown among Protestants.

It is possible, and I believe probable, that Whittier was inspired to write his poem "The Meeting" (1868), after reading Browning's "Christmas Eve." He chose the same meter, rhyming octosyllabics, and he had the same intention—to explain why, in spite of the low average of intelligence among the local adherents of the sect and in spite of the lack of charm in the service, he remained true to the form of worship in which he was brought up. William Sharp's Life of Browning contains a footnote by the skeptic, Moncure D. Conway, who wrote: "Browning's 'orthodoxy' brought him into many a combat with his rationalistic friends, some of whom could hardly believe that he took his doctrine seriously. Such was the fact, however." Browning might have referred all his antagonists to "Christmas Eve," his *apologia*. Whittier's "The Meeting" answers curious questions from his unbelieving friends in precisely the same way. I had not known that Whittier was an admirer of Browning until, years ago, visit-

ing the house at Amesbury where the Quaker poet lived for so many years, I found this autograph letter from the Brownings and was permitted to copy it. It was written from 39 Devonshire Place, London, October 20, 1856:

My Dear Sir:

On returning to England this summer we found a book of manly and beautiful verse, and our names (I speak for my wife in this letter) written with a kind and gratifying word of sympathy from yourself, in the first page. We are just leaving England again, but you must take our hasty thanks as if they had been more worthily expressed; they are hearty and sincere, at all events—since acknowledging that you have thus numbered with your friends

Two, proud to be so numbered,
Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.

If one will compare with "Christmas Eve" the following lines from "The Meeting" he can hardly escape the conclusion that Whittier was inspired by Browning:

"Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
But nature is not solitude;
She crowds us with her thronging wood;
Her many hands reach out to us,
Her many tongues are garrulous;
Perpetual riddles of surprise
She offers to our ears and eyes;
She will not leave our senses still,
But drags them captive to her will;
And, making earth too great for heaven,
She hides the Giver in the given.

"And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room.
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
The strength of mutual purpose pleads
More earnestly our common needs."

In the poem "Gold Hair" Browning says he still supposes the Christian faith to be true. He sees "reasons and reasons" for this assurance, but he will mention just one. The greatest

optimist of modern times decides that the Christian faith is true because it teaches the doctrine of original sin, the natural corruption of the heart of man. Browning added a postscript to the poem in order that there should be no mistake as to his own personal attitude:

"Why I deliver this horrible verse?
As the text of a sermon, which now I preach:
Evil or good may be better or worse
In the human heart, but the mixture of each
Is a marvel and a curse.

"The candid incline to surmise of late
That the Christian faith proves false, I find;
For our Essays-and-Reviews' debate
Begins to tell on the public mind,
And Colenso's words have weight.

"I still, to suppose it true, for my part,
See reasons and reasons; this, to begin:
'T is the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
The Corruption of Man's Heart."

I do not think he meant by "original sin" that future generations committed a crime when Adam ate the fruit. He meant that the natural instincts of the human heart are evil rather than good. His knowledge of human nature taught him that; and his belief in the divine power of Christ to enable men to control those instincts made him an optimist. Of course, if he is wrong about the human heart, if human beings are naturally good—that is, instinctively unselfish rather than selfish—then all forms of religion may perish, there being no need of redemption.

In "The Ring and the Book," in the second half of the Pope's speech, which everyone interested in Christian speculation ought to study, a profound inquiry is made into the validity of faith. In order to have a proper conception of God one must believe him to be, in spite of Mr. Wells, supremely powerful, supremely wise, and supremely good. His strength and his intelligence may fairly be deduced from observation of the world, and from what we know of the universe. But his goodness is by no means clear. Joseph Conrad believes that an ethical conception of the universe

is impossible. There are evidences of God's goodness in the world, but the evidences against it, both in natural and in human history, are so great that it is impossible for an honest mind to overlook them. The conception of God, then, derived from study and observation of life makes, according to the Pope, "an isosceles deficient in the base." It is an isosceles, not necessarily an equilateral, triangle. His strength is as great as his intelligence; but we do not worship beings that are merely stronger and more intelligent than we, for if we did we could worship Napoleon. There must be goodness in some proportion to the other qualities, and we cannot get this conception of goodness from nature. Where, then, do we get it? In the New Testament: the story of the life and death of Jesus Christ:

> "What lacks, then, of perfection fit for God,
> But just the instance which this tale supplies
> Of love without a limit? So is strength;
> So is intelligence; let love be so
> Unlimited in its self-sacrifice—
> Then is the tale true, and God shows complete."

Whether or not the story of Jesus Christ is true, one thing is certain: it is not superfluous. If the goodness of God were clear from a study of natural phenomena then we should need no revelation. The Incarnation is the evidence of the love of God. Jesus Christ knew and recognized the evil in the world as well as any modern philosopher has been able to do. But he came to make clear the fact of the love of God. As a moral teacher, as a guide to life, he was remarkable and impressive. But there have been other great moral teachers and men who have believed that goodness was the strongest force in the world. The essential thing about the Founder of Christianity is not his moral precepts, but his assertion that he was the living manifestation of God—and that God is the concrete name for Love. If others can find a clear assurance of the love of God without believing in Jesus Christ, it may be well for them. For me he is the only Light of the world, the Light shining in the darkness. If I once lost my belief in his divine personality my faith in God would go with it. I have never been surprised that so many men who do not

believe in Christ are convinced pessimists. It is logical, and I respect them for it.

Modern history has lent an especial interest to the Pope's speech that Browning could not possibly have foreseen. The Pope is his ideal character, and in introducing him into "The Ring and the Book" he idealized Innocent XII. I cannot read the words of Browning's Pope to-day without thinking of the astonishing parallel between him and that great figure of recent history, Leo XIII, one of the ablest and wisest men of the nineteenth century. Innocent was born in March, 1615, and died in 1700. Leo was born in March, 1810, and died in 1903. Both men had the wisdom of this world heightened by spiritual insight. Both had courage, learning, piety. Innocent, on the verge of the grave, peered into the darkness of the coming eighteenth century and wondered what would happen to the Christian Church; how powerful the forces of skepticism would be, and whether the church would have sufficient resolution to meet them. Leo, on the last night of the nineteenth century, wrote a Latin ode to the twentieth century, gazing into the unknown future. Each man had been identified with the life of the whole century in which his career had passed. For my part, I cannot read the brave words of Browning's Pope without thinking of the great Leo:

"What if it be the mission of that age
My death will usher into life to shake
This torpor of assurance from our creed,
Re-introduce the doubt discarded, bring
That formidable danger back we drove
Long ago to the distance and the dark?
No wild beast now prowls round the infant camp;
We have built wall, and sleep in city safe;
But if some earthquake try the towers—that laugh
To think they once saw lions rule outside—
And man stand out again, pale, resolute,
Prepared to die—which means alive at last! . . .
Do not we end, the century and I?
The impatient antimasque treads close on kibe
O' the very masque's self it will mock; on me,
Last lingering personage, the impatient mime
Pushes already. Will I block the way?
Will my slow trail of garments ne'er leave space
For pantaloon, sock, plume, and castanet? . . .

I am near the end; but still not at the end;
All to the very end is trial in life; . . .
Still, I stand here; not off the stage, though close
On the exit; and my last act, as my first,
I owe the scene, and Him who armed me thus
With Paul's sword as with Peter's key. I smite
With my whole strength once more, ere end my part."

Every minister of the gospel and every divinity student ought to study Browning until the poet's soul is in his heart. For he believed in God, in immortality, and in Jesus Christ. And he expressed his belief in such fashion as to increase our faith, our courage, and our hope.

THE PREACHER AND THE FORCES OF DEMOCRACY

Democracy is not an idea. It is a spirit. It is not a mechanical formula. It is a living experience. It masters and organizes a number of ideas into vital forces. It is the profoundest of the compelling energies of contemporary life. The preacher who would be an actual leader must apprehend the significance of democracy. In him it must become articulate. He must come to understand what it is not as well as what it is. And he must see its relations to the profoundest realities of life.

I. Personal Democracy. The proper starting point for a discussion which is meant to be an interpretation as well as an analysis is a consideration of a man's attitude toward himself. A democrat in this personal sense is a man who feels that his own life has a real meaning, an individual significance, a quality to which he must be completely loyal. Many men of haughty bearing are really men of much self-distrust. They are trying all the while to hide how little they think of themselves by high and mighty manners. The personal democrat has a profound sense of loyalty to his own life. He is not an egotist. "An egotist is not a man who thinks too highly of himself. He is a man who thinks too poorly of others." The personal democrat is careful to avoid being swept away by crowd judgments. He is watchful with a critical scrutiny of those invading fashions of thought and life which would interfere with the integrity of his own life. Very assertive men are often very imitative men. They substitute vigor of action for independence of thought. The personal democrat is willing to be taught. He is willing to be guided. But all that he receives must be capable of appropriation by his own growing life. This deep personal loyalty gives a man a certain steadiness in all the confusion of human experience. What he asks for himself he gladly gives to other men. He lives in a world of persons, where each life must have room, and at the cost of any sacrifice must be loyal to its own deepest meaning, must keep its own integrity. The future of art and letters, and of all

the movements and activities depending upon worthy spontaneous personal initiative lies here. In personal democracy they find their greatest hope.

II. Social Democracy. Putting it in the sharpest and most clear-cut fashion, we may say that a social democrat is a man who is never bored in the presence of a human being. He has such a sense of the meaning and value of every life that every life becomes fascinating. This may seem like a counsel of perfection. It only means that when we fall below this standard we are still men, but we are not at the moment democrats. At this point Jesus was a perfect expression of democracy. He saw such alluring and summoning potencies in every human being that all lives stirred him. He amazed men by calling to some power within of which they had never dreamed, and as they listened to his summons a flutter of response in their breasts told that the call was not in vain. The social democrat is so sure of men's capacity that he is not too much cast down by their history. Gilbert Chesterton said somewhere that Robert Browning was an astute detective, convicted bad men of unsuspected virtues. This genius for finding the promise in every human life is an essential part of social democracy. There is another element, however, which is of strategic importance. The social democrat believes that together men are to reach the goal of life. He knows that a man reaches fullness of life not alone but in relations. In the fullest sense Robinson Crusoe could not be a democrat without the presence of the man Friday. And it takes all human types to achieve the full meaning of social democracy. Each man has the right to feel that he has something to give without which the whole would not be complete. There is a splendid combination of legitimate self-interest with unselfishness in the way in which the social democrat is all the while trying to supplement his own life by the lives of others and to bring to the lives of others the very culture and mental development. The intellectual democrat is a a man who believes that only a small proportion of the people alive in any generation will ever be able to rise to the height of best which he has to give.

III. Intellectual Democracy. The intellectual aristocrat is

man who believes that all men have it in them to respond to the ultimate intellectual meanings of life, and that the best of culture should be made the possession of all of the people. He does not deny mental differences. He does not reduce men to a dead level. But he believes that all the permanently significant ideas can be brought within the reach of all sincere and growing men. He believes that any culture confined to some one social group tends to wither and decay. He believes that only democratic culture is saved from senility. Deeper than this, he believes that the common life and experience is rich in meaning which must secure adequate intellectual expression and interpretation. He is saved from slavish imitation of great old cultures by a compelling conviction that fresh sources of mental and æsthetic inspiration are all the while waiting in the throbbing and inarticulate life of the people. Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay in his whole attitude toward the common American life is an exponent of this sort of democracy. He believes in the perpetual inspiration which comes from the common life. The implications of these fundamental convictions with regard to popular education are obvious. The common school, the high school, and the State university are the attempt of the commonwealth to function as an intellectual democracy. They rest on the right of all the people to have access to the best which can be known.

IV. Ethical Democracy. When a man of vivid artistic temperament claims a right to a code of immorals suited to his temperamental demands he at once reveals the fact that he is not an ethical democrat. A brilliant member of a certain church is said to have defended himself, when criticized for moral lapses, by saying that he was a genius, and could not be judged by ordinary standards. Such an attitude is not only a repudiation of democracy in ethics, it is also a repudiation of ethics itself. In this realm if there is more than one standard there is no standard. Ethical democracy rests upon the principle that there is one right for all men everywhere. The moral law is the same for rich and poor. It is the same for learned and ignorant. There is one ultimate standard of righteousness for all the world. Here we come upon an important practical matter. Ignorance cannot

affect the standard. But ignorance may affect a man's ethical responsibility. The fact that he did not know that a deed is wrong does not change the nature of the deed, but it does change the psychology of the deed, and it does affect the question of guilt. You need to have intentional violation of a standard a man knows in order to have personal guilt, but any violation of the true standard is a tragic break in the ethical harmony of life. Out of these facts comes the necessity for ethical education. The standards which the long experience of the race has vindicated should be made clear to all men everywhere.

V. Ecclesiastical Democracy. The church, in as far as it is a true church, is an organized spirit. It is the invisible life in Christ taking the form of visible organization. In this organization all men who share the Christian life are peers. All the differences of position in the Christian church which is true to the essential meaning of the Christian life are differences for the sake of administrative efficiency. In ecclesiastical citizenship every member of the church ranks with every other member. The will of the Christian commonwealth (meaning by commonwealth the members of the church) is the source of ecclesiastical power. All officers, orders, all boards, all aspects of organization derive their meaning and powers from the people who make up the church. They give and they take away. Of course the temptation and the danger of highly organized ecclesiastical systems is that they will part company with Christian democracy. The very genius of the Church of Rome is undemocratic. Luther's protest in the sixteenth century was based upon a great principle of ecclesiastical democracy. The heart of this principle is that any man with a Christian experience has a right to stand out against the whole hierarchy if the church authority contradicts that experience, and as every man may have that experience, as a direct gift of God, with one swift cut of the knife this principle does away with ecclesiastical aristocracy and autocracy. The church which is based on Christian experience always has the root of democracy in it. It may be episcopal in its form of government, but its bishop is simply an efficiency expert selected for a particular task. He is the creature of the church. He is

responsible to the church, and at no moment does he have any authority other than that which the church delegates to him. As an ecclesiastical democracy the church keeps nearest to its own sources of power, and in profoundest relation to the truly creative energies of contemporary life.

VI. Political Democracy. The whole science of government builds itself about the relation of the individual to the state. When Protagoras, in the fifth century B. C., announced that the individual man was the measure of all things, the basic idea of one interpretation was clearly announced. When in the same century Socrates declared that not in the individual but in the class would you find the standard, and when in the fourth century Plato developed this conception so far that he insisted that the individual only had such reality as it obtained by participating in the general, the idea, the opposite view had been definitely brought within the arena. According to one view the state exists for the sake of the individual. According to the others the individual exists for the sake of the state. This second view is central in Plato's classic Republic. The Middle Ages represent the play of these ideas. First the individual is submerged. You have the Holy Roman Empire. You have the Holy Catholic Church. The class is the significant thing. The individual is quite out of sight. In the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries the solidarity represented by the church and the solidarity represented by the state are struggling, but there is no thought of a world-wide emerging of the individual. It is the age of triumphant philosophical realism in the life of the world. But there are mutterings even here. Nominalism with its emphasis on the individual lifts its voice even in this period. The mutterings become louder, and when Luther makes his great protest in the sixteenth century the individual has emerged to remain in the modern world. The eighteenth century was full of the sense of the significance of the individual. The reaction after the French Revolution and the fall of Napoleon was back to the idea of the submerging of the individual in the state. In our own country the two ideas have always been fighting. The Federalists—with Alexander Hamilton—and their successors by whatever name have put the state first.

The men who followed Thomas Jefferson and their successors have put the individual first. As a matter of fact the party in power has always tended to an emphasis on federal authority. The party out of power has always tended to watch it with suspicion. Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, and Woodrow Wilson have found that the exercise of presidential power draws men into the federal group. Thus politically some men have thought of life as a circle with the individual at the center. This when carried to its extreme implication has meant philosophical anarchy —like that of Proudhon, born in 1809, the year of Lincoln's birth, died 1865, the year of Lincoln's death. Others have thought of life as a circle with the state at the center. This when carried to its extreme implications leads to Prussianism, like that of the German Empire to-day. Real democracy in the political realm may be said to lie in a conception different from either of these. It regards life, not as a circle with the individual at the center, and not as a circle with the state at the center. It regards life as an ellipse with two foci: one the individual, the other the state. The individual and the state are in equal emphasis. Neither is allowed to usurp the place of the other. The individual receives all the freedom that is consistent with the common good. The state receives power up to the point where it would usurp the legitimate rights of the individual. In a true democracy the people secure their will, but are guarded from securing their mood. They can have their permanent desire, but they are saved from the results of sudden gusts of popular passion. Such a body as the United States Senate was planned to avoid this latter effect. When the checks themselves tend to become tyrannical men seek methods to check the checks. The popular election of senators in our own country has this in view. In a real democracy the popular will as expressed by the majority of the nation is the decisive authority, and this will is given such functioning organization as shall keep individual freedom and the common good in equal emphasis.

There is always danger that certain types of mind will mistake comfort for freedom. After 1871, when the Socialists were increasingly significant, Bismarck, that astute statesman, tried to

curb them. When this failed he tried by a subtle process to buy off the people from new and dangerous interests. He saw that there were two things back of the general unrest. One was a desire for comfort, the other was a desire for freedom. He knew that freedom was inconsistent with his highly articulated policy of state control, but he organized the state in such a fashion as to offer efficient administration and comfort such as had not been dreamed of before. The study of Germany in the last quarter of a century is a study of efficiency and comfort secured at the expense of personal freedom. The people accepted the price Bismarck offered. They sold their freedom for the ordered life and the old age pensions and all the skillful organization of which we have heard so much. The result was striking enough, but it was the farthest remove from democracy. Although Karl Marx had to go to England to secure freedom and protection to write Das Kapital, he did not escape from the danger of accepting an ideal of organized comfort which depreciated personality. Socialism, with all its splendid human passion, has found it difficult to avoid that mechanical view of life in which there is organized comfort, but no real freedom, no real democracy.

To what degree is the United States actually a democracy? If we try to answer the question, turning our thought to the franchise, we shall find that in some of the New England colonies only church members might vote, that after the adoption of the constitution up to the time of Andrew Jackson there were States where only property owners voted, that it was only after the Civil War that all men could vote, and we are only approaching the time when all mature human beings of rational mind may vote. If we approach the matter from the standpoint of the functioning of political parties we shall find that in the early days the party was the instrument of actual and vital political ideas. But as the country develops, especially after the Civil War, we find the party existing for its own sake, we find the professional politician using his powers essentially to keep in public life, often exploiting and partly serving his constituency. The leave to print speeches, circulated not because they ever had influence on legislation, but for the purpose of influencing a man's voting constituency to

believe that he is doing something in Washington, the party organization submerging the individual politician to loyalty to a big and powerful machine, illustrate at present this situation. In the early stages of the development of the Frankenstein of party the independent evolved. He turned from the party because the party was corrupt. He was incorrupt and impotent. To his horror he discovered that the big chiefs of politics loved him. He was a safety valve they knew how to manage. After the failure of the independent there developed the party man who played the game for the sake of ideals and not for politics only. Mr. Roosevelt was the pioneer in this regard. In fundamental political philosophy Mr. Wilson has followed quite in his steps. This type of leader knows all the pass words, is part of the big organization, but uses all his power to bend it to the purposes of true patriotism. The difficulty is that such a leader has to pay too large a price. It was so with Mr. Roosevelt. It is so with Mr. Wilson. Recently Mr. Wilson secured some forward-looking legislation at the price of what has been called the worst pork-barrel Congress since the Civil War. Thoughtful men are beginning to feel that the party man *per se,* the independent, and the man who plays the game with principles back of all he does, all represent an inadequate functioning of democracy. They have observed a remarkable tendency in the great political parties to come near to an equilibrium and more and more they are seeing the possibility of balance of power groups which will throw the weight of an organized independency toward forward-looking men and measures in every Congressional district. The National Voters' League with its periodical, The Searchlight on Congress, has come as with a flood of light on the situation in Washington to offer practical guidance to such men.

All this may seem to involve a rather dark picture, but this matter of decisive importance must always be remembered. In the United States when things go wrong it is our own fault. The people have the power. They can have an improved situation whenever they exercise the power in their possession and secure it. Whenever a demand of any sort becomes really national the politicians make haste to satisfy it. The Declaration of Independ-

ence was a great individual document. The Constitution of the United States attempts to keep both federal and individual powers in actual emphasis. The United States has the power and the promise of working out that ideal ellipse where free individuals and a strong state are united in an efficient democracy.

VII. Industrial Democracy. It is a commonplace to say that the inventions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have produced a new industrial world. When a machine run by one man can do work formerly done by a hundred men, the question of what is done with the amount formerly given to the other ninety-nine men comes to be of immense significance. The question as to what becomes of the other ninety-nine men is of even greater significance. The two essential problems of modern industrial organization are, first, a proper division of the product of the harnessing of earth's energies through machine power; second, an adequate utilization of the powers of all workers through new forms of activity growing out of our richer and more complex life. Some hardship in the process of readjustment is inevitable, but by a deliberate organization of the industrial forces it must be reduced to a minimum.

The fundamental principle of industrial democracy is the organization of the forces of the world about human values and not about things. Personality is to be recognized at its true value, and the very organization which has been used to exploit personality is to be used to protect and develop it. The minimum of result which will satisfy the requirements of industrial democracy may be expressed thus: The producing and distributing agencies must be so organized that, first, a wholesome sanitary environment shall be given to all men. Bad air and foul surroundings cannot be tolerated anywhere in a democracy. Second, good food in ample quantity must be within the reach of all men and women and children; third, adequate and comfortable clothing must be within the reach of all; fourth, there must be for all people sufficient leisure, and such means of utilizing it, that there shall be a growing recreational life for all; fifth, there must be time and means for the intellectual growth and the enjoyment and development which comes with the cultivation of æsthetic taste;

sixth, there must be the means and the stimulus for the recognition and development of the spiritual life. All this simply means that the physical, mental, moral, intellectual, and spiritual development of all the workers must have a definite place in the organization of the industrial world. Questions of property must be decided in the light of this principle. The important matter is not who owns the property. It is that the property must never be used so that it blights the life of the people. The question of wages must be decided in the light of this principle. It is a question of such efficient organization that every worker shall receive what is necessary for a growing life for himself and his family. The matter of the degree of state ownership must be decided here. At whatever point private ownership proves incapable of organizing industry so as to secure the all-round growth of the workers, the state must undertake to do what is beyond the skill of private enterprise. Industrial democracy does not imply equality of possession. It does imply the absence of the stifling and of the exploiting of human beings. The final world in wealth will not be a plain. It will contain mountains, but they will be mountains a man in any group who pays the price of industry and brain power can climb, and the level of life below the mountains will have wholesome surroundings and helpful environment for all. Industrial democracy recognizes the right of every man to obtain by labor good food, good air, good clothing, and adequate opportunities for himself and his family, and it keeps great doors of opportunity open for all.

In the present organization of society all those features are to be sought which give standing ground to the weak, and save from exploitation those who might be broken under the weight of unethical power. In this sense collective bargaining is an essential feature of the present democratic program. It is the only method by which the parties to the contract are made able to meet on a platform where each is strong enough to command the respect of the other.

Industrial democracy is essentially Christian democracy, for its putting of human values above material values is after the very pattern of Jesus's thought for men. Industrial democracy

in its final form will recognize and reward the manual laborer, the inventor, the organizer, the superintendent, the sales manager, the publicity expert, the man who makes plans for large enterprises and carries them out, the artist, the poet, the thinker, and the seer. All of them it will regard as part of the productive and distributing organism of the world, whose energies are bent upon making the world's resources the possession of all workers of all types.

VIII. Spiritual Democracy. At first there is likely to be some confusion when we come to speak of applying the principles of democracy to the spiritual realm, and careless thinkers are tempted to believe that the recall of the judicial decisions of the Almighty, and a human initiative and referendum with reference to man's relations with God are involved in spiritual democracy. Here we must emphasize a fundamental matter. Democracy is not the foe of distinctions. It is the foe of *artificial* distinctions. It recognizes real differences, but it repudiates those which have no genuine validity. In what sense, then, may we speak of democracy in a realm which has to do with men's relations with a perfect and absolute God? The answer is more simple than we might be inclined to believe. It involves three facts: first, God perfectly loves all men; second, God deals with men in the most scrupulous regard for their own natures and the structure of their lives; third, God deals with all men in the light of their environment and opportunity. This means that every man has real standing-room in the presence of God. In this sense Absolute means simply God's ability to take everything into account in dealing with every man, and in this final and thorough fairness we may say that God is the only perfect democrat and the source of all democracy. Men have differences in capacity. These God recognizes, and for every man there is waiting all that he is capable of receiving from God, and a training which will make him capable of receiving more. All Christian spiritual work—such as the labors of the evangelists and the endeavors of the missionary—has as its goal the bringing of men to the place where they know of these riches of personal fellowship which God offers to all men. The fundamental genius of missions and the fundamental genius of

democracy are one. A completely undemocratic religion would never undertake the missionary enterprise. Indeed, we may say that the work of Jesus Christ was essentially an endeavor to restore in humanity a capacity for functioning democracy which evil had thwarted. The Cross is the greatest dynamic which the world knows in the direction of producing the spirit of democracy, and the Christian life as an experience is essentially a realized brotherhood, a glorified democracy.

An attempt to say in the briefest outline what thrills as living passion in the most vital movements of contemporary life has the disadvantage of offering a skeleton of thought rather than a vivid and compelling and living picture of great energies at work. In the preacher's mind and heart these things are to become more than formulas. He is to feel the throb of them. He is to live in the light of them. Thus his interests will become as wide as humanity and his sympathies as varied as the quality of human experience. Thus all his energies will be at the command of those forces which move toward that Christian democracy which is in the making.

Lynn Harold Hough

THE CALL TO PREACH

The great war, like any other supreme experience, has brought into the light of open expression and onto the printed page many matters that hitherto have lain hidden in the consciousness of men. By no means the least important of such considerations is the change in attitude toward the interrelation of God, men, and the church. To some the seriousness of this question and the extreme need of answering it correctly have come with a shock. They had not realized that the church was losing its hold upon so many men, that its teachings had become so much a matter of convention and so little a matter of vital inspiration to the daily lives of human beings. When, therefore, they saw Christian nations at each other's throats, when they beheld selfishness, self-righteousness, broken pledges, cruelty unspeakable, all claiming the sanction and encouragement of the many-sided entity we call God, these men in a blaze of indignation have denounced the church for its failure to teach men the difficult lesson of being good, and have despaired of the effectiveness of Christianity itself. Many of us, on the other hand, have been realizing for a long time that this problem has been steadily growing more insistent, and that soon it would demand consideration. The war has not created the situation, its white light has merely made the situation evident to all but the intellectually blind. The question's right to an immediate and profoundly wise answer lies in the fact that it has to do with the motive power of men's lives. There can be nothing in the world more important than that which inspires men to live highly.

As children we looked upon preachers as men set apart, untouched and untempted by the things that beset ordinary humans. We thought of them as did the little chap who received the announcement of his pastor's engagement to be married with the shocked query, "What! that holy man?" In our early years, in homes influenced by devout elders, we heard a great deal about a man's call to preach. The awe-stricken tone and rapt look with which it was mentioned led us to believe that the call was made

by the actual voice of God, heard by the physical ear of the man so signally honored. It seemed to us that such individuals received directly from God himself all the truth of the universe, and that, so receiving, their authority was absolute and unquestioned. In our maturer years we have become disillusioned. We know now that clergymen are like the rest of us. This was to be expected. Such disillusionment is wholesome; for it brushes away false notions. But the disillusionment is sometimes saddening, and even maddening when we realize the light in which many preachers regard their life-work; what a pitiful thing is their conception of their call to preach. To many of them it is a perquisite, bringing them dignity, importance, special privilege, which they somehow feel their own superiority has won for them. Oscar Wilde drew such a clergyman in the character of Daubeney in "A Woman of No Importance." From the angular eyebrows topping his glasses, past his silly mouth and his smugly touching finger tips and over his black coat, down to his gaitered legs, he is all exaggerated dignity and importance, with not a quality of mind or soul to bear it out. Daubeney is a type of the ecclesiastic whom we have always with us. He is by no means confined to those sects who do things decently and in order, with due regard to the amenities of polite society. Sometimes he is crude and common, and his conduct screams forth his demand for consideration. How he thrusts his calling into the face of mankind, and with what pitiful smugness has he gone on his way, happy in the belief that he is the cynosure of all eyes.

The impatience one feels over such men passes into sadness at the contemplation of another set of clergymen. These are the ones who entered the ministry because of an honest conviction, however misplaced, that they were called to preach. It has meant sacrifice for them to do it. Their personalities and gifts unfit them to reveal the point of contact between God and men, but they struggle along as misfits. They have no great spiritual insight to make God vitally real to them. They cannot probe the depths of the souls of mankind, nor have they that essential sympathy and intuition that make grief-stricken humans involuntarily turn to them for comfort and guidance. But they are good men, and

honest men, and if they realized the truth they would rather die than be what they are—deflectors of God's revelation to men. Such ministers are very apt to be exceedingly loyal to the denomination to which they belong. Its dogmas supply them with a sense of definiteness and authority which their hearts yearn for, yet do not feel, and for it they are grateful. Lacking the vision of prophets, they cannot stand alone in the wilderness, filled and upheld by God's vision within them. So their denominational structure means much to them in its fellowship and community of view.

In all sects there are a few ministers who are possessed of the Divine Fire, who are holding things steady in the upheaval of the world. They know that God lives and that He is not at all the Being that blinded and war-drenched monarchs claim as their peculiar property. They know that however much they may deny it with scientific coldness, with flippancy and cynicism, with cursing vehemence, men need God terribly, and that their souls beneath cry out for God, their Father. They know, these prophets of ours, that men have come a long way along the evolutionary road to where they now stand, and the sorry figure these pilgrims cut is due to the struggle through which they have gone, the mire of the road, the darkness and cold and fog through which they have passed. Such preachers realize that you cannot take these pilgrims back and make them traverse the same road in the form of dogmas and conventions and forms of expression that were natural to earlier stages of the journey. They realize that what were formerly helps on the upward climb may easily become shackles about the ankles later on. They know that men are divine, and that this divinity, which is like God's, is slowly but inevitably conquering the hindering flesh. So they keep alive men's faith in religion and the ministry. What makes such men different from other ministers? Why are they successes in the highest sense of that vulgarized word? What quality have they that the others know not? Why does God live for them, and why can they show him to others? What is the essence of the real call to preach?

The essential element in the call to preach is a thirst for Truth which is so great as to be an absorbing passion. By Truth

I do not mean facts, but spiritual principles; "those laws which govern our thoughts, our feelings, our actions, and which determine our relations to God and to each other." Nothing can stand in the way of this yearning for Truth; nothing else can be so dear. For the sake of finding out Truth, the preacher must be willing to sacrifice everything and endure anything. He must stand with his forehead lifted to the light, unmoved while men call him "radical," and "fanatical," a "heretic," a "dangerous enemy to religion," a "fool." By those who conceive men as made of intellect alone he will be sneered at as an emotionalist because he knows, and has taught that to perceive Truth demands feeling as well as thinking. To those who feel without questioning the justice of their emotion, he will seem an intellectual snob, throwing cold water on the fire of their enthusiasm. Men who devotedly follow science to the exclusion of all else will see in his intuitions only the unreliable visions of a dreamer. When the revelations of Truth flood his soul, and he is compelled to speak forth its majesty and sublime greatness to his people, letting its practical application to their lives come from within them, some of his leading laymen will be apt to feel that this preaching will not be as popular and pew-filling as some other. When Truth compels him to declare that churchmen are denying God by abusing the children of men, "sensational" and "socialistic" will arise the cry on all sides. When he sees that the church, with its dogmas, its sacraments, its interpretations, has become so outgrown a garment that it binds and fetters the souls of men, he must be willing to teach what he believes, although he will be accused of treason, and well-intentioned men of his denomination will look on him with dislike and distrust as a viper whom they have unwittingly nourished in their bosoms. For the sake of Truth, which is God's voice, he must forget himself. Honor and admiration and consideration, so dear to the human heart, even people's love —to a sensitive soul that most cherished of all possessions—he must turn from, if ever they have to be purchased at the cost of Truth. Hardest of all, he must be willing to cast aside what was once Truth to him for a larger truth, although the critic will call him fickle and the hostile will joyfully and maliciously point the

finger of scorn at his growth, which they call inconsistency. He must constantly enlarge his capacity for perceiving and receiving God's revelation. If emotional, he must bring up his thinking to render just his feeling. If, like Hamlet, all his life is inclined to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," he must compel himself to test what he thinks the Truth by putting it into action. If mental processes in him have a tendency to exclude feeling and intuition, he must struggle to make of himself a symmetrical vessel, fitly to represent the Divine Potter. In bringing forth Truth he must be as absorbed and solitary as the mother in travail, whose whole being is so concentrated upon enduring and accomplishing that she is unaware of her surroundings, even of the voices of those she loves, who would sustain and help her. Such a passion for Truth should constitute a man's call to preach.

One of the most sickening things in the world is the way churches and priests try to crush in neophytes this yearning for Truth. Many a time have I heard a bishop, consecrating young men to the ministry, pledge them in no uncertain terms to believe and teach as long as life shall last, not *God's* Truth, but the creeds of the church. How disgusting has been the spectacle, ever since Christ endured it, of an ecclesiastical body probing to find out how far the victim dared disagree with the dogmas of the organization. What farces trials for heresy are. You can't confine living Truth within a dogma. Religion is a life—the life of God in the soul of a man. You cannot bind it and keep it alive. It must grow. But into our churches we will receive only those who believe in a certain system, who will talk about God in the same terms that we use, who agree never to change. And so benighted have we become in our churches, and so unutterably selfish, that we would keep for our own uplift the modicum of truth we have discovered; and we look askance on others who in hunger of soul have asked to share the spiritual feast with us. And how widely spread the misconception of the ministry has become. Not many months ago two clergymen were discussing modern constructive Biblical criticism, and the new conception of life and of God that it brought. One was a Liberal and the other a Conservative. Suddenly the Conservative exclaimed,

"I believe you are on the right track. You have discovered the Truth. If I had time to study into it I would preach it too; but my routine keeps me so busy that I shall have to keep to the old theology."

Do you realize what this admission means? Having pledged himself to be the teacher of the souls of men, this preacher deliberately chose to teach what he was convinced was false because he wouldn't *make* time to seek and meditate upon the Truth. What matter if a whole month's pastoral work went neglected? What matter if the pulpit were unoccupied for several Sundays? What matter anything except the imperative necessity for the preacher's going apart into a desert place, opening books of the master thinkers who had already investigated, and, more important still, opening his mind and heart and soul to the great, good Father of us all, that by every means in his power he might know what is the Truth? And this in spite of the fact that most of his parishioners would infinitely prefer his former "soundness" on baptism and future punishment, to the new life he would bring back to them from his forty days in the wilderness.

A little while ago there came to this same liberal preacher a letter from an acquaintance, a layman, announcing that the pulpit of a certain church was empty and that the committee was considering the Liberal's name. At the end of the letter came this postscript:

"I didn't intend to mention what I am about to write, but I think I will, after all; for I like you and I'm interested in your success. You are severely criticized for being liberal. I agree with your beliefs; but why do you have to preach them? Why not avoid such subjects? Why not keep to the simple gospel? Why, if you must preach them, do you not slip them in, refuse to name them, sugar-coat them, so that people do not know what they are getting? You would go to the top much faster."

This man had no idea that he was insulting his clergyman friend. He would never dream of going to Dr. Carrel at the Rockefeller Institute and advising him to conceal the results of his investigations in typhoid, cancer, or pneumonia, while people sickened unnecessarily with these dread diseases. To all practical

purposes we place bodies so much higher than souls. To his friend the clergyman replied,

"You totally misunderstand my attitude toward my ministry. I am not at liberty to pick and choose what I like and call it from God. With all the powers I possess I must turn an open mind toward the Truth. I must not passively wait for it, I must seek it passionately. And when I am convinced I have found it it is not within my power to withhold it. I must preach the Truth."

To this letter, written months ago, there has been received not a line in answer. The vacant pulpit has been filled by another man, and the frank adviser doubtless regards himself as misused and misunderstood.

How the world needs Truth in its revelation of the relation between God and man! In many ways this is such a noble generation! There is so much honesty, such genuine interest in helping other folks, such a spirit of brotherhood, such wholesomeness, such efficiency. But most of life's problems are still unsolved. Grief and despair, sin and suffering, aspiration, doubt—all these still wrack and torment the human soul, and underneath it yearns for help, for something to reach for, somebody to aspire to. Men need God, but they do not know it. For many reasons they have turned away from organized religion. Sometimes they feel that preachers tell them things they know are not so, and they will not accept spiritual leadership from such men. Sometimes they feel an atmosphere of smugness and self-righteousness, of emphasis upon non-essentials, of triviality. And often they feel that the preacher knows little of God, that he has none of the prophetic vision in him that will inspire them for whatever life holds for them. They have asked bread and they are given a stone. So they renounce the church. I would have little blame for them if in giving up organized religion they sought for themselves communion with God. But they do not. For such communion they substitute golf, which is a wholesome thing for their bodies. Instead of getting spiritual inspiration they mend the closet door, or tinker up the yacht, or take out the week's ashes. They feast upon the Sunday supplement and the magazines. And the result is a certain loss of fineness, of depth, of spiritual quality. They

are more satisfied with themselves, more mentally and spiritually commonplace. They are material. They have no reach which exceeds their grasp. They have no vision, and it is God's truth that where there is no vision the people perish. May they not be won back to spiritual cultivation if they find in the ministry a return to the prophetic conception of its calling? This passion for Truth and its annunciation is the absorbing need of the pulpit.

The injustices and insults, the unreasonable demands, the insufferable patronage, the snobbery of parishioners, the poverty, the lack of opportunity—all these accompaniments of the ministry are well-nigh insupportable often. Mr. Sheldon has not exaggerated them a bit. The clergyman must shut his teeth and fight them to the death. But they are not the things that really matter most. They are the negative side. They must be fought with the left hand, as it were, while the right hand is left free for supreme uses. No man whose call to the ministry came from God will ever dream of letting the abuses of church and parishioner drive him into another life work. In his lesser way the Truth is worth the going to Calvary, as Christ went. It is the search for Truth and the preaching of it that counts. With this attitude of mind there can go no flippancy on the part of the preacher. He cannot say, as I have heard Liberals say,

"Well, I gave them one this morning. I guess that startled them."

Truth will be too sacred a thing to treat thus. It is holy, and demands to be handled with dignity and approached with reverence. If love of Truth has constituted a man's call to the ministry he cannot think of leaving it for more money, more opportunity, fewer annoyances, greater advantages. Business or educational work, even the executive and official side of his denomination, will have no appeal for him. Can you imagine Edison giving up his work to become a public lecturer or a Wall Street broker; or Isaiah abandoning his prophetic call for anything else that Israel had to offer him?

A friend said to me the other day,

"When your boy grows up you wouldn't want him to follow

in his father's footsteps and enter the ministry, would you—knowing as well as you do the annoyances and hindrances it offers?"

I answered her, and I answer you,

"I would be supremely content if my boy entered the ministry because he felt that his gifts fitted him to be a spiritual teacher, and because he sensed within himself, too overwhelming to be denied, a passion to know and teach God's truth."

Let no one pity him who has heard and answered this call; for to him has come the highest thing life has to offer. Poverty may pinch him until he feels excruciatingly the bruise it inflicts; insult may come upon him; he may be slighted or patronized by his inferiors until his manhood feels outraged. Humdrum may be his daily life, benumbing its external circumstances. But within he is conscious of a rich joy paralleled in prodigality. His soul mingles with the great souls of the universe who own him their peer in aim and in reach. No De Soto or Frobisher or Columbus ever set out on so stirring an adventure as his soul experiences. Life to this "divine fool" is a blessed thing—a wild exaltation of soul.

Eva Dustin Judkins

THE REACH OF THE CHAIN

He was carrying one end of a surveyor's chain when I met him. Obviously he was a novice. You could tell it by the pride with which he carried his head not less than by the care with which he handled the steel tape. None of your perfunctory work, such as many folks are guilty of once they leave behind the spirit of the amateur. I love the zeal of the beginner; and pray he may keep it inviolate through the sodden, unillumined stages of his vocation. This was, obviously, a beginner. He was helping to take the dimensions of a parcel of ground. Some day he will become proficient at the task. And then? Why, then he may imagine that one can measure a parcel of ground with a Gunter chain. But not for me. Not with a surveyor's chain. Not if my home is there, or my work, or my friend. Not if my heart is deeply there. Not if in some quiet corner of that parcel of ground lie the ashes of my mother. I do not measure such earth in rods and acres. Nor do I wish anyone else thus to measure it for me. I am too incorrigible a dreamer. It is home to me—and you might as hopefully attempt to appraise in sound-waves a "Moonlight Sonata," or in the typesetter's craft a poem, as to run a Gunter's chain down and across some sacred patch of soil and then say how big or how small it is. Lad with the chain, beware!

Quite recently a friend of mine was rhapsodizing, as sane men will, over his hailing place. Judging from his enthusiasm, it might have been as big a town as London. In his telling it had all the advantages a metropolis could lay claim to. Its thoroughfares, its commercial houses, its park, its churches—he described them all as if he were talking about the greatest city on the planet. And when, innocently enough, I asked the population, he looked aggrieved. What had the census got to do with it? What cared he how many other towns in the State were bigger—measured in figures on a page? It was *his* town. In similar mood another friend was showing me over the acres of his summer home. 'Twas the twilight hour, in which one ought not to discuss dimensions. I saw the garden, and the orchard, and the fields stretching away

toward the setting sun. And, like a fool, I asked him the size of his farm. And when he replied the answer seemed not to interest him. He hesitated—and I liked him better for the indifference of his reply. The place was *his*. It represented the fulfillment of his dreams. The number of apples on the trees meant far less than the fact of apples growing *for him*. Pity when a man must count the apples on his trees, or the shocks of corn in his meadow, before he can say how rich or how happy he is. Down the corridor of the intervening years I can hear my mother's lullaby. Yet I cannot recall the number of notes in it. Nor do I wish anybody to count them for me. That is no true lullaby which must be judged by the frosty standards of musical composition. Man with your Gunter's chain, please keep out of hearing just now: I cannot bear the sound or sight of it!

Yet I do not mean to be unfair to the man with the chain. In his legitimate place he is exceedingly useful; indeed, indispensable. All I ask is that he keep his place. We need his good offices in trade. We need him so much, and depend upon him in so many ways, that the law steps in to insist that his yard-stick be thirty-six inches long and his chain register precisely sixty-six feet. One end of the largest office building in a certain city had to be torn out and moved back some eighteen inches, as penalty for carelessness in the original survey. We need the man with the chain every time we buy carpets or suitings. We need him in every bank, and in every governmental department. Herbert Hoover is such a man. He is solemnly charged with the duty of determining how far the resources of America will reach in this time of world-stress. He must know how much sugar and butter we waste. His to understand the physical requirements of the man in the trenches and the man in the factory. With famine menacing the world we cannot afford to have him careless with his chain. Never before in the history of our government were given to any man such sweeping powers as we have conferred upon our Chief Magistrate. Their bestowal is an admission of our inability to estimate wisely the demands and resources of the hour. All we ask is that the chain be used without fear or favor; and that its user think of himself as servant, not master of men. He

cannot measure the true length of a prayer or the freight of a human heart.

The man of science is a man with a Gunter's chain. In another sense from that intended by the Psalmist, his "line is gone out through all the earth." He has achieved results almost incredible; has put the world in his debt. He has stretched his chain to the moon and jotted down in miles the footing: through the stellar spaces till we catch our breath at the reach. He knows the relative pull of each planet and the sweep of the wayward comet. And he is not less clever in the use of a chain almost incredibly tiny. He can count the red corpuscles in the blood as we count potatoes, and the hostile bacteria in a drop of water. Through the piercing eye of his X-ray machine he sees the heart pounding in the breast. Modern sanitation and hygiene, with their peerless service to mankind, are the work of the man with the chain. Most of the mitigations of suffering in this pitiless war are to be credited to him. The beautiful ministry of the Red Cross is directed and made effective by him. Gratefully must we asknowledge our almost incalculable obligation. But while we remember our obligation let him remember his limitation. For he may stretch his chain to the remotest fixed star, and back, and not hear the rustle of a wing or meet the Great Companion on the way. He may tally the blood corpuscles and altogether miss the secret of life. If he expects to discover soul with his instruments he will die in unbelief. All the finer mysteries of time and eternity—its heart-yearning, its penitence, its sense of the presence of God—lie quite beyond the utmost reach of his chain.

So we find ourselves back at the point of disgression; admitting the futility, the sometimes impertinence, of all conventional scales of measurement. In the art gallery of a friend hung two contrasting canvases. One was from the hand of Harpignies, and occupied a central space at one end of the gallery. It was vivid and big. The other bore the name of Millet. It was a tiny piece, twelve by fifteen inches, perhaps. You could not possibly make it conspicuous. Buying pictures by the square foot, you would take the Harpignies. Yet any tyro in art would give a dozen big Harpignieses for one small Millet. The latter *says* so much more.

And when you come to put a heart-price on a picture, or a poem, or a book, the man with the chain might as well roll up his chain and go home.

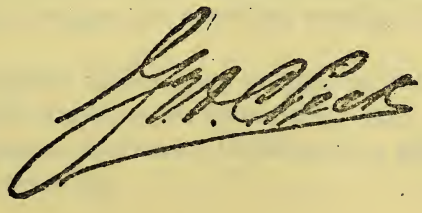
A picture or a book? And let the book be the Bible. One day a prominent insurance man, not a churchman—except, perhaps, by Lowell's test—thinking to surprise me, the preacher, pulled out of his pocket a copy of Isaiah which he was studying *as literature.* He said that he was reading the entire Bible thus —as literature. He had discovered a fact which not all churchmen have as yet hit upon: that, measured by the chain of literary appreciation, the Bible is a great Book. But when a man has gone so far as that with respect to the Bible he has not traveled far. Of course it is great literature; and as such it deserves a place—not frequently accorded to it—in educational curricula. O the absurdity of reading Cæsar and Sallust, Ovid and Virgil and Horace, and passing by David and Moses, Isaiah and Saint John, as literature merely. But the Bible is so much more and other than literature; more than history, more than biography, more than poetry and romance. It is spirit and life. It thrills with the heart-yearnings of the ages, and throbs with answers to the "hopes and fears of all the years." Not all other books in the best assorted library ever comforted so many broken spirits and dried so many tears and cleaned up so many lives. I am not afraid of any honest biblical criticism however unabashed. I am glad that scholars should apply to the Bible any criteria of appreciation or judgment used on other books. I am not disturbed at their scholarly findings as to its sources, its language—and all that. All I insist is that, after they have completed their mechanical measurements, they shall refrain from naming the size of the Book. Preeminently it is a Book for the soul of a man; not for his æsthetic tastes, but for the soul of him; for his conscience; for man as a son of the Eternal.

Or, consider the *place* of a man in the world. Why, you cannot even measure the size of the house he lives in. Up amid the granite of the Green Mountain State is, or was, a big white farmhouse. At least I used to think it big—as big as the White House doubtless. There were the usual outbuildings, and there

was the smithy by the gate. Under the eaves of the old homestead I gathered spearmint leaves long before Mr. Wrigley thought of his now infamous gum. In the brook, under the bridge, I fished fruitlessly, but always in hope. On the bank, in the meadow, I constructed my first telephone, with a cord for wire, and baking-powder cans for receivers. From the pasture around the foot of the hill—so black at nightfall—I brought home the cows; always in terror of bears. And the butternuts drying in the attic, and the "dutch cheese" at noon, and the grandfather's clock which I was permitted to tinker with. By and by they sold the place at a price *per foot:* drew a line on it, or set up a theodolite, and told its size and its value. Compute it—appraise it—you never can. There is not such another spot on earth—*for me.* House of my dreams, of love, of unsullied happiness. Men were made there. Life was lived there. Hope blossomed and withered there. How will you dare measure such a house? And if one cannot measure the size of a man's lodging how shall we run a chain around his place in life? Is the multimillionaire's bigger than his butler's? Or the statesman's ampler than his valet's? Or the general's more generous than his orderly's? The father of the Wesleys filled a more important sphere, apparently, than did the mother of the Wesleys. That was before the dawn of the day of feminism. If Susannah Wesley had been born two centuries later she might—but I hope she wouldn't! For the place she filled looks so much more commanding, seen in retrospect, than does the rectorship of Epworth. To find another incumbent for the parish would have been comparatively easy; but a woman to give such sons to the world! Let no man with a chain say that yours is an unimportant station. He cannot say. He does not know. His standard of values is as inept as a beauty-test applied to your mother's face. The man with one talent had as dignified a commission as his fellow with five talents. Maybe a wise investment of the single talent would have yielded a brighter result than did the five talents. The world is brilliant with such marvels. But, alas! the man with one talent accepted the cold judgment of the man with the Gunter's chain—at what cost the whole world knows.

And as with his place so with the *life* of a man. How shall we estimate that? By his stature? Or by his ancestry? or his fluency of speech? or his urbanity of manner? or the degrees he writes after his name? "*God* looketh upon the heart." There is no other place to look if we truly want to take a man's size. Is he big of soul? Does he know how to be patient with a redeeming patience? And brave with a spiritual courage? And forgiving with an all-compassing pity?

Or, *Jesus*—how shall we measure him? Once they said: "Never man spake as this man." But you cannot grade a man by his speech. On another occasion this was the tribute: "No man can do the things that thou doest except God be with him." But you cannot rate a man by his deeds plus his speech. There was Renan, with his æsthetic chain, confessing, "nothing will ever transcend the moral grandeur of the Lord Jesus Christ." And there was John Stuart Mill, with his moral scale, declaring that to so live that Christ would approve our conduct were achievement enough. Yet the Lord they thus announce the size of is not large enough to be a world's Redeemer. See him facing the multitude and refusing to send them away hungry. See him in the house of mourning giving noon for night. See him with Peter or the Magdalene, outwearing their sin with his compassion. See him in the Garden fighting your battle and mine. See him, at the end, dying for you and for me. See him gathering up into himself all the fevered yearnings, the spiritual homesickness, the tremulous hopes of a frightened world. How shall I measure him? Thomas brought his Gunter's chain one Sunday night. He was prepared to apply it to the hands and the side of our Lord. He thought he knew the exact distance from doubt to faith. But something snapped in his soul that night; and in an access of great gladness Thomas flung his chain away, crying, "My Lord and my God."



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

CHRISTIANITY THE RELIGION OF LIFE

"The Christian bell, the cry from off the mosque,
And vaguer voices of polytheism,
Make but one music."

So sang Tennyson, and so saying, sang amiss. There is no such equality among religions as his words imply. In no sense do the church bell and the muezzin's cry and the polyphonic Babel of polytheism sound alike to the ear or to the soul.

To note only one difference—not to woman's ears do the Mohammedan muezzin and the Christian church-bell sound alike. The muezzin means the Turkish harem, with its semi-imprisonment, its miscellaneousness, its lack of refinement, education, and purity. The bell means the Christian home, with its freedom, its dignity, its honor, and the sort of womanhood that made the Harvard College boys call the three daughters of a certain university professor "The evidences of Christianity." The cry from off the mosque suggests the difference between a harem and a home, a difference vast and abysmal.

And not to woman's ears do the "voices of polytheism make the same music" as the Christian bell. In India, that land which is a squirming nest of polytheisms, the Zenanas, with their shut-in and suppressed women, and the senselessly cruel customs which oppress widows and children, do not remind Rudyard Kipling of the home he was born in and the Christian homes with which he is familiar any more than the harsh conch-shells blowing from the temples their raucous call to come and worship idols which grated in his ears one Christmas Day, reminded him of the holy cheer of London's Christmas chimes, or than the vile rites of the obscenely hideous temples of Benares resemble the pure and ennobling worship of Westminster.

"Vaguer" is an apt adjective for Tennyson to apply to "the voices of polytheism," though their vileness is far from being vague. Even Rabindranath Tagore, though at times more Christian than pagan, is vague, dreamy, indefinite, rose-misty.

The laureate would have spoken truth if he had said that the ethnic and pagan religions compare with Christianity about as the music of their lands compares with the music of Christian countries. In the Metropolitan Museum of New York city there is the largest and completest possible collection of musical instruments, from many tribes and nations and lands, ancient and modern. Compare not only rude, primitive instruments of ancient barbarian peoples, but the gongs and tom-toms of modern pagan nations with the perfection achieved in the piano and the violin. What have the Christless nations to show alongside the orchestras and choirs which render the great Christian anthems and chants, and oratorios, like Haydn's Creation and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Handel's Messiah, with its Hallelujah Chorus, in which you can hear the morning stars singing together and the sons of God shouting for joy. Take the most miraculous of instruments and listen to its incredible capabilities. Imagine a Stradivarius in the hands of Ole Bull. See what Paganini can do with only a single string. To show what can be done, he stands before a great audience and draws his bow across the strings so sharply as to break one string. The audience mutters its surprise. He does the same with every string save one, while the angry audience groans its amazement and disgust. Only one string left, one string and Paganini. A hush fell on the crowded house, until in the painful silence the sound of that one lone, forlorn string was heard. "And now 'twas like all instruments, now like a lovely flute; and now 'twas like an angel's song that bade the heavens be mute." He worked miracle on miracle of instrumentation, simply to show how much music is latent in one string, and how easily a master can bring it out; just as the Master, Christ, can take one individual soul, like Charles Wesley's, or F. W. Faber's, or Mary A. Lathbury's, and evoke from it a music which shall ripple like the morning to the farthest horizons of the world, and live through ages, and wake the echoes of the stellar spaces.

We think it would not have been unfair to say to Tennyson that the cry of the muezzin from the minaret of the mosque and the polyphonic Babel of polytheism compare with the Christian bell about as their musical instruments and compositions and vocalizations compare with the high and exquisite perfection, the almost divine harmonies, suggestive of the music of the spheres, which human genius has achieved under the refining and elevating influence of Christian ideals, the stimulus of the Christian aspiration toward perfection,

and of the joyousness which has been singing in the world since the angels sang over Bethlehem on the night of the nativity—the joy begotten by the hallowed glory of the Christian faith, and by the knowledge that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. "Christian Perfection," which is the "Great Expectation" in character, is also seen in the superexcellence of Christian music. What non-Christian people have produced anything like "the molded notes of Mendelssohn"? A brilliant anti-Christian critic, speaking of art generically, whether in music, or painting, or sculpture, or literature, unconsciously offers testimony and tribute to Christianity when he says, "In judging artists of every kind I make use of this one test question, 'Has the hatred of life or the love of life been at work here? Is the artist cynical or enthusiastic, deficient or exuberant of life?'" The critic's doctrine is that high quality and potency in art are born of "superabundance of life." By his use of almost the exact words of Christ, even this Christless critic unintentionally brings into view and sets in the foreground Him who said, "I am come that the world may have life more abundant." Part of the fulfillment of that promise is seen in the primacy and perfection of Christian art in music and in other realms.

"The Christian bell," which Tennyson's careless words seem to lower to the Moslems' level, and lower still to the conch-shell's screech, has never yet been duly celebrated. Its melody and meaning cast a heavenly spell. What a subduing, solemnizing, and sanctifying spell fell over Syracuse in the evening half-hours, when, during the month of preparation for the Billy Sunday campaign, the chimes of the city shook down upon streets and homes in the twilight the sacred influence of such tunes as "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow." To a devoted daughter, watching for her sick mother's final breath, the bell in the tower of the village church at Clifton Springs, calling through the dusk to evening prayers, seemed like the bells of the Celestial City, ringing to welcome her saintly mother home to the life eternal. Conch-shell and Christian bell! Can any human being who has heard both and knows their meaning hesitate which of them to choose?

In numerous particulars Christianity is unduplicated, unapproached, unparalleled. The sum total of those particulars makes the gospel stand alone, gives it a place pre-eminent, transcendent, supreme.

It alone has the full, clear revelation of the fatherhood of God, with its corollary, the brotherhood of man.

It alone shows a Saviour who dies, the just for the unjust, to bring men to God. Neither Vyasa, Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, nor Mohammed makes for himself the claim, nor his disciples for him, that he is without sin, and that as the one sinless One, he dies an atoning death for the sins of the whole world. For no founder of any pagan or ethnic faith is such a claim made.

Because of these and other distinguishing contents and elements of the Christian Revelation, certifying its incomparable divineness, the gospel's gloriousness is unapproached.

But its most singular and separating claim is that a dead and buried Man is the source and ever-living sustainer of the world's spiritual life. This was Christ's declaration concerning himself: "I am the Resurrection and the Life," "I am the Life." This, also from the first, was the claim of his disciples and apostles for him: "He is risen from the dead, and is alive forevermore"; and they sealed that declaration with their blood. The great apostle testified, "It is Christ that liveth in me," and preached to the early Christians, "Christ is your life."

"Christianity the Religion of Life" is a claim not difficult to substantiate. No other religion so identifies itself with life, and is so vitalizing and energizing to all man's nobler powers, as is the religion of Christ. And this is one of the reasons why it will survive and spread and conquer. Andreyev, the Russian, says, "Life is bound to triumph, and only that which makes for abundance of life can abide. I never believed in the supremacy of life so much as when I read the works of Schopenhauer, the father of pessimism. Since a man could think as gloomily and bitterly about life as he did, and yet consent to live, continue to live and prefer to live, it is evident that life is mighty and unconquerable. . . . Not systems nor views nor theories will conquer. Only that which is united with life will conquer; that which strengthens the roots and motives of life and justifies it. Only that which is useful to life continues and remains; all that is harmful to it will inevitably perish, sooner or later. Even if it stands to-day as an indestructible wall against which the heads of the noblest peoples are breaking in the struggle, it will fall to-morrow; it will fall because it wanted to impede and restrict life, the fulness and freedom of life."

Is it not true that the most central, fundamental, tenacious, and

universal of human instincts is the love of life? Richard Jeffries, in his Story of My Heart, tells us that there was a time when a weary restlessness came upon him. He thirsted for some pure, fresh springs of thought and feeling. An instinctive longing drove him to the sea. To get to the sea at some quiet spot was his one desire. And this is what he did: "The great sun shone above, the wide sea was before me, the wind came sweet and strong from the waves. The life of the sea and the glow of the sun filled me. I touched the surge with my hands, I lifted my face to the sun, I opened my lungs to the wind. I was in love with life. Then I prayed; yes, I prayed aloud in the roar of the waves." And what was his prayer? This: *"Give me fulness of life,* like to the sea, and the sun, and the earth, and the air, clean and strong and sweet. And give me also greatness and health and perfection of soul above all things." That was the craving of the normal man. "Fulness of life" is his cry. Not to be less, but to be more! Life, the life which is life indeed? He cannot get enough of it.

A few repudiate and reject life; but that is unnatural and insane. The number of suicides does not exceed the number of lunatics. And no one, whether sane or insane, flings life away until it seems no longer life but a living death. It is not life that they hate. Mrs. Browning's lines are true:

> "Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
> No life that breathes with human breath
> Hath ever truly longed for death.
> 'Tis life of which our veins are scant,
> O, life, not death, for which we pant,
> More life and fuller that we want."

Buddhism, longing for non-existence, is subvital, a sickly mood, a soul-disabling depression, lacking hope and courage. It is melancholia made into a religion. A dejected lot are the pilgrims of Tibet, marching to Llassa, but seeking the road to Nowhere and Nothingness, droning their lifeless chant:

> "Turn the wheel and beat the drum
> Till we to Nirvana come,"

and worshiping by mechanism. Wheel-Prayer rhymes with Wheel-Chair and suggests invalidism and disablement.

Man wants a life which is real. "Lay hold on eternal life," wrote Paul to Timothy. "Lay hold on the life which is life indeed," the

Revised Version renders it. The demand for reality is instinctive. The craving is sometimes dormant, sometimes active and insistent, as seen not only in high-browed philosophers searching for the Ultimate Reality, sounding for the *Weltgrund,* but even sometimes in little children making first acquaintance with the world in which they find themselves. A baby was in his mother's arms at sunset. The mother tells the story:

"The sunset glow was fading. My baby boy, with me,
Watching the glorious shading of brilliant clouds parading,
Looked up; and then as if to ken what older eyes could see,
Said, '*Mamma, is it true? Is it true, all true—*
The purple and gold and blue?'

"And what could I say to my little boy blue,
Except, '*It is true, Sweetheart, all true*'?
And the dear head nestling upon my breast,
The eyelids drooping to joyful rest,
The lips, as if a tryst to keep,
Said, '*Please, mamma, put me up there to sleep.*'"

Another day when the baby was a bit older he was on his father's knee hearing the Christmas story read from the Great Book. The father says:

"The Bible closing, slowly, the boy upon my knee,
Seeing the manger lowly enfold the Christ-child holy,
Looked up again as if to ken what older thoughts must be.
'*But, papa, is it true? Is it all, all true?*'

"And what could I say to those eager eyes, blue,
Except, '*It is true, Sweetheart, all true*'?
And his eyes grew brighter with Faith's keen sight,
And his cheeks aglow with Hope's warm light,
His lips, with Love's unsullied joy,
said, '*Papa, tell Jesus I'll be His boy.*'

"So, with the old, old story, of unseen things above,
That blessed boy-time story of Jesus and His glory,
There came to me, from Galilee, in Jesus' voice of love,
His promise, unbeguiled, of Heaven, undefiled,
If I too became a child."

Thus mother, father, and child, seeking the true and the real, rested together on Jesus, the Christ, the real-life giver.

Take him, all in all, in superb physique, robust mentality, and affluent red-blooded temperament, Phillips Brooks, with the swift onrush of his impassioned speech and in the total power of his appeal, was probably the most majestic figure in the American pulpit in his

day. In Philadelphia and the regions round about, in the years when he was rector of Holy Trinity Church and Matthew Simpson was resident bishop, there was mighty apostolic preaching from those two royal ambassadors of Jesus Christ, both of them manifestly in the apostolic succession. Possibly Phillips Brooks knew as well as any man of his generation what Christianity is. The world recognized him as an embodiment of it. He was a massive and majestic Christian. Also he probably understood what was the mission of Christ in the world, the errand on which the Son of God came from heaven. He has left his statement. Toward the end of life he said he had had, in reality, only one text in all his ministry. He had been an incessant and insatiable preacher, eager to preach seven days in the week. Few men have preached as many sermons as he. Hundreds of them are in printed volumes on our shelves. Each sermon is headed with a different text. Yet essentially, substantially, in reality, one text would cover the whole, the words of Jesus in John 10. 10: "I am come that they may have life, and have it more abundantly." That was the meaning of the gospel Phillips Brooks preached. It was the gospel of a more abundant life.

Many centuries have passed since that declaration was made by the Man of Galilee. For every one who lives and thinks there can be no more interesting and important question than whether the expectation raised and the promise implied in that unparalleled announcement by one who claimed to be divine, have been met and fulfilled. Well, it should not be difficult to get an answer to that question. The truth is easy to find, for the facts are recorded in the most conspicuous and indubitable pages of history. Who was the Galilean who so long ago gave Phillips Brooks the one all-inclusive theme and text for his lifetime? Well, whoever he was, one thing is sure, he has made good on his promise wherever and whenever he has been allowed to try. "Has Christianity succeeded in the world?" asked a Yale student of a great church historian; and Professor George P. Fisher answered, "The world has not tried it." They who have tried it, and no others, are competent to testify. Produce the records and call the witnesses, and when you have examined both, fling out this challenge:

Never once since that announcement was made has Jesus Christ failed to give a fuller and more abundant life to any human being who honestly put him to the test and gave him a free chance by accepting and acknowledging him and cooperating with him.

Never in twenty centuries has one Home admitted Jesus to its love and worship without having its life made fuller, richer, and more beautiful.

Never has any Community regarded the wisdom and authority of Christ by applying his moral standards to the regulation of its affairs and customs without its communal life being cleansed, morally and physically. And the one great lesson taught by Christianity through the centuries, and equally in our day by science, is that cleanliness, physical and moral, means health for body and soul, and health means life, life more abundant and vigorous.

Never has any State or Nation embodied Christian principles in its laws and practiced them in its intercourse with other nations without uplifting and ennobling its own life and adding to its dignity, prestige, and power. Few names in the roll of American statesmen are so surely illustrious as that of John Hay, who as Secretary of State carried truth and honesty and justice and the Golden Rule into diplomacy. He lifted the international dealings of his country to the Christian level.

Christianity's superiority is shown in its holding up the noblest ideals of character and inculcating and enjoining the highest ethics. For example, Christ's Golden Rule surpasses that of Confucius as active doing good surpasses mere refraining from wrong and cruelty. Li Hung Chang confessed when in America that the urgent and stimulating Christian incitement, *"Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you,"* is a nobler and worthier teaching than the mere negative check against cruelty and injustice imposed by the Confucian *"Do not unto others what you would not wish them to do to you."* Confucius says, "Avoid being moral criminals, be half noble"; Jesus says, "Be moral benefactors, be all noble." In the one the life of righteousness is too feeble to be efficient; in the other it is energetic and active, the high tide of moral life flooding the coasts and inlets of human sentiment and conduct.

The Lifegiver who came to give the world a more abundant life has made good wherever he has been given a chance. Nowhere is there a single bit of testimony from individual, family, community, or nation, that Jesus Christ has failed in any instance to keep his promise of a fuller, happier, and stronger life.

What is the purpose of religion and morality? Its object is to cleanse, to purify, to strengthen life. The main proposition in Professor George H. Palmer's book on The Field of Ethics is that the

clearest statement of the purpose and effect of both morality and religion is found in the announcement made by Jesus, "I am come that men might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

It is not strange that He who is the source of religion and morality—who is the power that makes for righteousness in each soul and in society—could most clearly state, as the Harvard professor truly says, the purpose and effect of both. And the fact that he best knew and could most clearly state the object and purpose of morality and religion is confirmatory of his claim to be the source and the enabling power of both.

That he is that source of power was his announcement concerning himself. It has always been the claim of his disciples and followers for him. It is the testimony of all who have received his gospel and have let him try his power on them unhindered.

Through untold ages the tides of the restless ocean were ebbing and flowing on all the coasts of the world, without the tribes of men knowing or suspecting what power it really was that lifted and swung them to and fro. The natural idea was that the mighty movement originated within the ocean itself and was due to some tremendous force deep in the bosom of the sea. But in the course of time a day arrived when it was perceived that the cause of this great movement was not in the sea itself, and was not of the earth at all, but was up yonder in the heavens. A man pointed to the moon and said, "There is the shining cause of all the tides. The moon reaches down long arms and lays its mighty hands upon the vast waters and lifts and swings them back and forth from shore to shore."

In like manner, the hearts of men from the beginning were moved within them by some mysterious power ever since men were men and hearts were hearts; but they knew not whence it really came. They thought it originated within themselves. They never dreamed it was from above, or if they dreamed they did not know. Their restless spirits, stirred by longings, liftings, surgings to and fro, knew not that an eternal Spirit moves upon the minds and hearts of men. There was no one to say to them, "It is God that worketh in you." But the day of full revelation and illumination came.

Paul explained to the Romans that the cause of the life divine in the souls of men was that "power of Jesus Christ which was kept secret since the world began, but is now made manifest." And this is that "power which worketh in you," concerning which he

wrote to the Ephesians. From the infinite Father of spirits proceed the forces which rouse, regenerate, and transform human nature, and these divine influences are mediated to mankind for their salvation by Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, through the Holy Spirit. This is Matthew Arnold's "Power that makes for righteousness" in human character and conduct, which is "the power of an endless life," and which makes Paul exult in "the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe," the power divine, revealed and communicated from above by him who came down from above to show us the Father.

To whom shall we go? Not to Vyasa, or Zoroaster, not to Confucius or Buddha, not to the Greek gods or the Roman or Egyptian, but to Him whom we can worship saying, "Thou alone hast the words of eternal life;" to Him who says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me"; "Because I live ye shall live also"; of whom Paul says, "Christ who is our life," and in whom Whittier trusted in the last verses he ever wrote:

> "Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
> And live because he lives."

This is Christianity's explanation of all the moral and spiritual life of the world. Wherever on the earth there is a bit of life that is holy and happy, it is so because the power of the unseen Christ is at work there. He alone has said, "I am the Life," and only his presence brings "the life that is life indeed."

And looking abroad more widely, outside of the question of the genesis of the religious life, to this complexion will the world's philosophies come at last. Christianity's explanation of things, of the entire system of things, of things in general and of man in particular, will be found to be the most plausible, reasonable, provable, and convincing of all explanations, and even physical science will have nothing to say against it.

It was a sturdy master mind, not unaware of any knowledge, but holding in full survey the realms of modern science and philosophy, who made the stout and sweeping affirmation:

> "I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth and out of it,
> And hath so far advanced thee to be wise."

The solution of all human questions is in and from the revelation of God in Christ, and he who is the Light of the World will lead

a groping and bewildered race, sadly fumbling all its problems, out of darkness to sure solutions.

The supreme service to men is to make known the "Life which is life indeed," with its explanation and source. A few years ago the two leading philosophers of the Continent, Bergson of France and Eucken of Germany, came from Europe not far apart to lecture in America. Their themes were substantially identical. In an age infatuated with physical science and mechanical triumphs, and overweighted toward materialism, they lifted high and loud the spiritual note; they made men hear the cry of the spirit which is in man. They asserted the rights and claims of the human soul, the reality and indispensableness of the spiritual life. They illuminated the nature of that life and set forth its rational explanation; they declared and argued the divine authenticity, the intelligibility and validity of spiritual experience. With clearness and great intellectual force these two sure-footed master thinkers delivered their message to packed audiences, and made good on their mission, casting the spell of the spirit and making thoughtful minds aware of the things which are unseen and eternal. In their addresses, "the intellectual power, through words and things, went sounding on," not "a dim and perilous way," but a clear, straight, well-built highway, firm for the soul's pilgrimage. Reasoning in a realm where definite intellectual grasp and exact analysis are difficult even for the acutest and ablest minds, and where clear definition and convincing reasoning are achieved by few, a realm in which the main reliance must be on the self-evidencing power of its realities within the individual soul—reasoning in that sublimated realm Bergson and Eucken yet set forth successfully, with powerful and inspiring cogency, the Religion of Life. Wherever they spoke they clarified and freshened the atmosphere of thought and feeling. In the great battle always going on everywhere for the rights of the soul, Bergson and Eucken are at one end of the firing line, with Billy Sunday at the other; the philosophers in university halls and the evangelist in his tabernacle crying each in the dialect of his own training and each reaching his own public, "Life, life, eternal life!" and each rendering incalculable service to the world.

"Because your life is hid with Christ in God, therefore when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, ye also shall appear with him in glory," Paul wrote to the Colossians. When we take that message in, when the full force of its wondrousness breaks over us, our hearts cry, "Such creatures as we 'appear with *Him* in *glory*'? Incredible!"

How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to *glory* bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

Hence, our eyes melt, our hearts o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

We look up with adoring gratitude to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and say:

How thou can'st think so well of us,
  Yet be the God thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
  But sunshine to my heart.

We may share the well-reasoned confidence of the good old hymn:

And when I'm to die,
"Receive me!" I'll cry;
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why.

But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not stay in *glory*,
And leave me behind.

The reason which rules and the law which works in Christ's exaltation of those on whom he has set his love are not unfamiliar to us. We see it at work in human nature and relationships on all levels of our earthly life. The matter is not hard to understand. Whether on earth or in heaven, love always exalts and enriches to the limit of its power those on whom it bestows itself, and shares with them its own best fortune.

When King Cophetua loves a beggar maid, the beggar maid is lifted to the level of the king. Her life enters into the splendor of his life now. The poor old beggarly life is gone. She leaves her hut for his palace. The king has made life royal and rich for her. Henceforth, he shares with her *his glory*.

In Rome they used to show you the window at which Raphael wooed the Fornarina, the baker's daughter. It was not a lofty palace window, but a lowly lattice in a humble home on the level of the street. What cared Rome for that baker's daughter? Nothing. But a great artist crowned her with the dearest honors of his heart, and

because Raphael loved that simple maiden he put her features into the faces of his Madonnas, so that it is her face you see in his great paintings; therefore, so long as canvas lasts and art endures, so long as men remember Raphael, they must remember her. See, this is the point: he makes her as immortal as himself, he shares with her *his glory.*

Down the river Clyde to Greenock go tourists to see there the grave of Burns's Highland Mary. Little reason have we to suppose her superior to a hundred other lassies in other Scottish towns or countrysides. Then why do tourists care to find her grave? Because Bobbie Burns loved her and sang about her and wedded her; made her name as lasting as the undying poetry of Scotland's most gifted bard, the poet of the homely human heart. Of fame he had much, and he shared with her *his glory.*

One day a strong man stood on the portico of the Capitol at Washington to be inaugurated President of the United States. It was his day of glory. When the Chief Justice had administered to him the oath of office, and he had kissed the Bible in token of his reverence for the sacred Word and of the solemn sanctity of his oath, he lifted his lips from the Holy Book, and turning his back on the applauding crowd, stepped back to a white-haired little woman seated just behind him, and stooping, pressed his lips to hers in a kiss as reverent as he had pressed upon the Bible. She was his mother, a plain and simple woman, humble and unknown to the world, his widowed mother. When James A. Garfield's hour of glory drew near, his heart said to her, "When I shall appear at the top of human eminence in sight of the whole world, you also *shall appear with me in glory.*" That is the way human love does, and that, too, is the way divine love does.

"Appear with Him in *glory*"? That is the destiny of the great saints of the ages, and not less of the obscure and unknown and self-distrusting. When John Wesley was dying, one of his faithful friends, not present with him, knowing that a great soul was passing yonder into the heavens, kept saying, "Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and this heir of *glory* shall come in." And that is the lawful, warranted expectation of all who truly trust in Christ.

Of the father of William Hazlitt we are told that when he was nearing the end of life at the age of eighty-four, he "made no complaint, but went on talking of *glory,* honor, and immortality to the

end," in high and assured reliance on his Master's Word and the power of Christ to save.

Richard Watson Gilder remembered his godly old grandfather on his death bed murmuring as if in prayer meeting or class meeting phrases of Christian testimony and confidence, with much holy language, colored with the very life-blood of his soul, sanctifying his lips and ineffably dignifying his venerable countenance, as his spirit was entering Christ's eternal *glory*.

George John Romanes's wisest, noblest, and most radiant phrase was, "The hallowed *glory* of the Christian faith." Nothing else so hallows; nothing brings so much glory.

The Religion of Life is the religion of great expectations; the expectation in this world of perfect love, "Christian perfection," as it is called; the expectation in the world beyond of sharing in our Redeemer's glory. The least and lowliest of those whom he loves and who trust in him may say with boldness and without presumption:

> "Oh, think! to step ashore, and that shore Heaven;
> To clasp a hand outstretched, and that God's hand;
> To breathe new air, and that celestial air;
> To feel refreshed, and know it immortality.
> Oh, think! to pass from storm and stress
> To one unbroken calm;
> To wake and find it *glory!*"

"Your life is hid with Christ in God: when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, ye also shall *appear with him in glory.*"

THE ARENA

REV. DR. WILLIAM G. WILLIAMS ON THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS

I WONDER if many have looked into this rare commentary? If not, a treat is awaiting. I do not believe its equal exists in any language, as a luminous exposition of Paul's meaning. I now fulfill a long-cherished desire to say a good word for this able commentary. In his Preface, Professor Williams says: "If Paul is mistaken in his theology, as some 'advanced' critics assume, that is not my present concern. I do not hold myself responsible for a defense of his view, as if debatable, but only for an explanation of his views." No student of the New Testament should fail to study this book. It is a marvel of keen analysis, textual criti-

cism, and charming diction. Doctor Williams, for many years holding the chair of Greek in the Ohio Wesleyan University, had few if any equals as a master of classic and New Testament Greek. As Butler's Analogy was the product of a lifetime's study, so this commentary is the critical outcome of a life study of this epistle, central and fundamental in importance in the New Testament.

The author does not hold, with some, that this epistle is an epitome of Christian theology, but is what the burden of the apostle's teaching and preaching was, a claim and defense of the equality of the Gentiles with the Jews before God, and of faith, not works, as a means of justification and salvation. It is a defense of God's plan of saving all men, as against Jewish exclusiveness. The exegesis of chapter 9 is an ample and lucid statement of all this. Of course in the development and conclusion of the epistle, sundry collateral statements and exhortations come in, but by keeping the main thesis in view, the discussion is luminous. The author gives an elaborate preface and introduction, as a setting for the epistle, and an indication of his aim and method. These are worth careful study. Before the textual comment, he adds an exact translation of his own, well worth careful reading.

The author makes some critical strictures on the Revised Version, and expresses regret that when the revision was undertaken it was not done more faithfully. He writes of the "imperfections" of this version, as what "we may call its deliberate departures from the apostle's meaning and language." "The errors of King James's translation were less to blame 300 years ago; but the Canterbury revisers, in the year 1881, are not pardonable for perpetuating all these old and sinistrous blunders in the English of the twentieth century." The author's discussion of Greek prepositions, conjunctions, and particles is interesting and satisfactory, and intelligible, even to one not familiar with the Greek.

There is a wealth and fertility of illustration of the author's points in quotations from classic Latin, Greek, and English writers, which adds much to the value of the book. Shakespeare, Milton, and other poets are made to illuminate the Epistle to the Romans. There are interesting scraps of criticism, showing the professor's profound insight and bold contradiction of current opinion. On the word "Gentiles," chapter 2: 14, he writes: "Indeed, this very word 'heathen' is itself derived from the Greek word *ethne*, and not, as Vassius, followed by Trench and the English dictionary, from the local word 'heath,' as if the dwellers on the heath."

As an illustration of the way some very perplexing passages are cleared up, take the author's discussion of the word "creature," in 8th chapter, verse 19. The only satisfactory explanation of the word in this puzzling passage I ever found is from Williams, who interprets the creature as the body or flesh, as associated with the spirit. This is but a sample of his lucid, satisfactory exegesis of many difficult passages. Another case is the supposed arbitrary and absolute predestination of the eighth and ninth chapters, and thought to be illustrated in the case of Rebecca's children, and of Pharaoh and the potter's vessel. Williams

reviews the now quite outgrown fight with Calvinism, with a cogent beautiful logic that gives the argument to the Arminian. In a masterful way he makes these chapters spell a different theology from the quondam fatalism, now well nigh abandoned. This epistle, formerly the stronghold of predestinarianism, is simply an exposition of justification—not by works of law, but free to all, conditioned on faith in Christ. This expert commentary on the most important doctrinal epistle of the New Testament should be in the hand of every student of the Word, lay and clerical.

T. J. Scott.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

TENNYSON'S POETRY OF NATURE

In the volume of 1830 we may already discover the characteristic traits of Tennyson's imagery. It is never concise, like Arnold's; it is profuse, detailed, and accumulative. Tennyson preferred two epithets or images to one, if both were beautiful. He seldom by one imaginative flash reveals the whole scene. Browning's method, if not more faithful, is broader. By a few suggestive touches he sets you *in* his scene—you feel you are out-of-doors. Tennyson, on the contrary, instead of setting you in his scene tells you about it, outlines the curve of hill and scoop of valley, gives you the precise depth of shadow or tint of flower, or recalls the very number and kind of trees that stand before a cottage door. He gives an easy task to the illustrator; a draughtsman could reconstruct these country pictures with exact fidelity. As an instance of Tennyson's minute observation, look at the lyric which seems to me the most successful of the volume, "Mariana." Here the poet, above an underlying sentiment, heaps all the lovely imagery possible. There are over thirty distinct pictures; more than four to each stanza. The images, however, grow out of the feeling, and gain for the poem an artistic unity which seems wanting in most of the Juvenilia. The impression of the slow creeping of day after day and night after night provides a perfect neutral background for the melancholy languor of the woman. Such a lyric, regarded as the work of a young fellow half way through college, is a most astonishing performance. Tennyson's imagery, then, is patiently minute, but it has another side. It is passive and quiet. Tennyson loves the calmer aspects of nature—English meadow scenery, parks and lawns and hedge rows, equally distant from the smoky metropolis and from the crags or naked heaths of Westmoreland. "Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it, blooms the garden that I love." Tennyson refrains from describing Alpine storms or tempests at sea; he leaves lonely mountain heights to Scott or Wordsworth. His conscientious artistic sense leads him to confine his powers of delineation to the few scenes he really knows—to the few country, cultivated, midland counties and shore scenery of southern and central England. Tennyson, in more than one respect, was thoroughly insular. The self-judgment, however, which led him to

recognize his limitations and so seldom stray beyond them, was itself a sort of genius. The places he knew at all he knew intimately and could depict with immense accuracy.

> "And one, a full-fed river winding slow
> By herds upon an endless plain,
> The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
> With shadow-streaks of rain."

There is an English meadow for you, with all its quiet and magic, as thousands of tourists have seen it, but as no one ever did or could paint it before.

Tennyson's choice of placid scenery rather than restless or boisterous reminds one of Arnold's similar preference. But there is a difference. In part, of course, Tennyson described quiet scenes, because he had known more of them, but the character of his imagery is due also to his own temperament. He loved repose and calm and order; these he found in the rural but cultivated landscape of middle England. Arnold, on the other hand, did not see in nature the reflection of his own peace of mind so much as the peace he wished were there. His disturbed heart sought nature as an anodyne. Surely, among her unmoved restful valleys, if anywhere, he could find the balm for pain, for that "something that infects the world." It remains to say that Tennyson found the consolation which Arnold only sought. In the end we discover no more peace in nature than we bring to her. In Arnold's most perfect descriptive verse there is still that poignant personal cry. Such poems as "The Lotus Eaters" and the "English Idyls" could be written only by a man whose soul was, like the landscape, "A haunt of ancient Peace."

Tennyson, like Ruskin, had the descriptive type of imagination. His quiet gaze missed nothing. It noted the undergrowth as well as the giant tree. It was as receptive as a mirror. By means of a brooding half-indolent reception of effects from every source Tennyson produced a harmony of picture which an impatient intellect like Browning's—ever on the alert, eager to save the integrity of his central impression, willing to emphasize symbolic high-lights, contrasts, and color—is certain to miss. Tennyson trusted with no misplaced confidence to "that inward eye" on whose retina the whole diverse scene is photographed. For this task Tennyson had the material equipment as well as the spiritual sensibility. For one cannot render sentiments or emotions into the language of associated images until one first sees and studies the object itself. Now Tennyson's investigations into the phenomena of natural science were more thorough than those of any poet in the present century except Goethe. His acquaintance with geology and astronomy was more than superficial, and the lore of the birds and trees was even more familiar to him than it was to Wordsworth. Mrs. Ritchie gives this charming reminiscence: "Almost the first time I ever walked out with him (Tennyson) he told me to look and tell him if the field-lark did not come down sideways upon the wing." Charles Kingsley pronounced Tennyson "the

greatest naturalistic poet that England has seen for several centuries." It is certainly no common observer who notes the

"lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves,"

or sees that

"The magfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike."

There can be no doubt that the riches and wide range of Tennyson's imagery depend immediately upon his scrutiny of nature in all her "visible forms." I think of no modern poet who can so translate a cloudy, half-defined emotion into an image and capture the intangible mood in his fingers. His imagination becomes then interpretive, and his verse the very language of our feeling.

I turn from Tennyson's descriptive method to a brief glance at his conception of Nature herself. Nearly all the great poets of our century have had a definite nature-philosophy. Wordsworth and Shelley attributed to nature a distinctly personal, if not conscious, life; Keats peopled nature with mythical beings apart both from human life and her own; Coleridge conceived of nature as sharing human existence—it has no independent life, but, since it is the image of our thoughts, those thoughts, and therefore the apparent world, are, with us, parts of Universal Spirit. To Tennyson, it is safe to say, all this would seem moonshine. These poets give us nature as spirit, Tennyson as picture. To them it is alive; to him a beautiful set of phenomena—matter clothed upon with forms of beauty. Tennyson has the temper of a scientist plus a lively æsthetic faculty. Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge, all of them, share more than he

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

Let us turn to Scott and Byron. These two poets, the most popular of the early century, do not formulate any definite philosophy, but they differ from Tennyson in this: they loved lonely communion with Nature. Isolated scenery is portrayed with a delight which could not have been counterfeited, no, not even by Byron. Tennyson, however, took no pleasure in solitary landscapes. His fields are always humanized—we look for the gamekeeper about. He never gets really out of call of men without seeming ill at ease. Almost as much as Andrew Marvell he is the poet of a garden. When Tennyson describes landscape by itself it is cold; accurately sketched, but lacking in sentiment or sympathy. Only as it is a background for the joys and sorrows of man does it become vitalized.

FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

CULTURE OF PIETY

THERE is a lure about the word culture very fascinating to those who aspire after the true, the beautiful, and the good. It is a word that is difficult, if not impossible, to define satisfactorily. Its applications are quite diversified.

There is the culture of the intellect. This is more than the mere use of the intellect. It is devotion of the mind to high ideals of human life. The mental powers must be balanced by thought and use until their harmonious attitude keeps them from wandering into that which is low and mean. It expresses itself in the power and graciousness of the deep emotional nature, and in such feelings as are related to the noblest actions for human good. It includes the training of the physical nature, the body, that its impulses may all turn to that which is noble. It includes the refinement of tastes, the appreciation of everything that makes for the best in thought or action.

Matthew Arnold, the apostle of modern culture, said that the aim of culture is "not merely to render an intelligent being more intelligent, to improve our capacities to the uttermost," but, in words that he borrows from Bishop Wilson, "to make reason and the kingdom of God prevail." He holds that it places human perfection in an internal condition of soul, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality." We are not now discussing Matthew Arnold's view of culture in its relation to religion, but of the culture of the Christian life. He gives, however, three considerations of culture in which he says it harmonizes with religion. First, perfection does not consist "in any external good, but in an internal condition of the soul—'the kingdom of God is within you'"; secondly, "it sets before men a condition not of having and resting, but of 'forgetting those things which are behind and reaching for those things which are before'"; thirdly, "a man's perfection cannot be self contained, but must make and embrace the good of others equally with his own and as the very condition of his own: 'Look not every man on his own things, but also every man also on the things of others.'" (See Shairp.)

The other important word with which we have to do is the word "piety," which is difficult to define. It is a part of the nature of a man to want to be pious, however far short he may come of attaining it or defining it. It has to do with the attitude of the soul toward God as the Supreme Being, as the All-Holy One, as well as toward man in his relation to God and to each other.

The word piety is found but once in the King James version of the New Testament, and that is in the first Timothy, fifth chapter, fourth verse, where piety consists in the care for others, those of one's own household. The Greek term has been variously interpreted. Piety is also a growth and demands culture. Its origin is of God. It has its root in conversion. It has a definite influence on the human soul. It is the

Holy Spirit inspiring the heart and moral life. Piety can be cultivated, and there are helps to the culture of piety which God has provided for us.

The first method of the culture of piety is by prayer. This is the immediate contact of the soul with God. How to cultivate prayer in the daily life of the individual is one of the important things which the Christian needs constantly to consider. It, first, must be habitual. The power of habit in this, as in other things, is very great. Rev. Dr. Charles Lewis Slattery, in a book full of spiritual suggestions, entitled Why Men Pray, has given as his final topic, "Prayer Receives God." He says, "Whether prayer changes events or not, of one thing they are sure—it has made beautiful souls out of those who lift their hands in supplication. What would Saint Paul have been had he not prayed? And who can imagine a Saint Francis without prayer? The modern saints, too, have been what they were because they prayed—men of action like John Bright and 'Chinese Gordon,' men of thought and emotion like Tennyson and Browning, men of science like Asa Gray and Louis Pasteur. Their faces shone because they talked with God."

Piety may be cultivated by a study of the experience of those who have lived in fellowship with God. There have been in every age elect souls who, like Enoch of old, walked with God. In the Epistle to the Hebrews we read of the heroes of faith who are cited as examples to their generation. The influence of the biographies of saintly men and women has been felt in every period of Christian history. Next to personal intercourse with good men and women is well-written biography. John Stuart Blackie wisely expresses the value of personal influence which may well be applied to the study of Christian biography. "To have felt the thrill of a fervid humanity shoot through your veins at the touch of a Chalmers, a Macleod or a Bunsen, is to a young man of fine susceptibility worth more than all the wisdom of the Greeks, all the learning of the Germans, all the sagacity of the Scotch."

Meditation is an important aid in spiritual growth. Meditate, although a familiar word, is difficult to define. Its nearest synonyms are contemplate, deliberate, consider. Meditation is the soul's musing in the quiet hour alone with God. The world is for the time forgotten. In communion with the Holy Spirit the Christian feels the sacred influence. The heart goes out in loving adoration and praise. Set times for contemplation are desirable, but not essential, as the occasion may be furnished in the performance of daily duty. There may well be special subjects and fixed times for their consideration with much spiritual profit.

The psalmist magnifies meditation. He describes the blessed man as one who "delights in the law of the Lord and in his law doth he meditate day and night" (Psa. 1. 2). "I will meditate in thy precepts" (Psa. 119. 15). Paul's advice to his son in the gospel, Timothy, was "Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all" (1 Tim. 4. 15).

To secure time for meditation men have gone into the deserts to be alone with God. They need not have done that, for God is everywhere and hears our faintest whisper and knows our deepest thoughts. It is

the simplest of religious exercises. "Utter simplicity is the first mark of meditation. The reason why it is not easy is that, being a method of reaching after contact with God, it requires all the preliminary conditions of penitence and humility."

Baxter in his Saint's Rest, which is still a classic, has a chapter on heavenly contemplation in which he strongly urges meditation as a Christian duty, and defines its nature. "This meditation is the acting of all the powers of the soul. It is the work of the living and not of the dead. It is the work of the most spiritual and sublime, and therefore not to be well performed by a heart that is merely carnal and earthly. Men must necessarily have some relation to heaven before they can familiarly converse there. . . . Other meditations are as numerous as there are lines in the Scripture or creatures in the universe, or particular providences in the government of the world. But this is a walk to Mount Sion; from the kingdoms of this world to the kingdoms of the saints; from earth to heaven; from time to eternity; from earth it is walking upon sun, moon and stars, in the garden and paradise of God."

The special means of spiritual culture in the means of grace, such as the preaching of the Word, the stated meeting for prayer and praise, and personal testimony of believers and supplication for the Holy Spirit in the stated services of the church, are constant public expressions of dependence on God at every stage in the Christian life.

The view we have tried to express may be summed up in the words of Principal J. C. Shairp, already quoted (Culture and Religion): "Culture when it will not accept its proper place as secondary, but sets up to be the guiding principle of life, forfeits that which might be its highest charm. Indeed, even when it does not professedly turn its back on faith, yet if it claims to be paramount, it will generally be found that it has cultivated every other side of man's nature but the devout one. There is no more forlorn sight than that of a man highly gifted, elaborately cultivated, with all the other capacities of his nature strong and active, but those of faith and reverence dormant. And this, be it said, is the pattern of man in which culture, made the chief good, would most likely issue."

On the other hand, when it assumes its proper place, illuminated by faith and animated by devout aspiration, it acquires a dignity and depth which of itself it cannot attain. From faith it receives its highest and most worthy objects. It is chastened and purified from self-reference and conceit. It is prized no longer merely for its own sake or because it exalts the possessor of it, but because it enables him to be of use to others who have been less fortunate. In a word, it ceases to be self-isolated, and seeks to communicate itself as widely as it may. So culture is transmuted from an intellectual attainment into a spiritual grace.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

ANTICHRIST

THE word Antichrist is found nowhere in the Holy Bible, except in the Johannine epistles (1 John 2. 18, 22, 24; 4. 3; 2 John 7), but it is unmistakably referred to in the Gospels, the Pauline epistles and the Revelation of Saint John. Our Saviour on more than one occasion speaks of false prophets and false messiahs, who "shall show great signs and wonders, so as to lead astray, if possible, even the elect." He also quotes the prophecy of Daniel, referring to the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place (Matt. 24. 12ff.). Saint Paul, too, though not employing the word Antichrist in any of his letters, speaks of a time when there shall be a great apostasy, when the "Man of Sin," or the Lawless One, shall be revealed, when the Son of Perdition shall oppose and exalt himself against all that is called God, and who even sits in the temple of God, setting himself forth as God, as one who comes with the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders and with all deceit of unrighteousness.

If we turn to Revelation the same type of wickedness and opposition to Christ and his Church is met in John's visions of the "*Wild Beast*" with seven heads and ten horns, of the Dragon and the Old Serpent, of the one called Devil and Satan, the one deceiving the whole world, and of Satan loosed from his prison to deceive the nations (see Rev. 12. 9; 13. 1 and 20. 7).

These various conceptions of the Antichrist, though expressed in different terms, evidently refer to the same subject; namely, to some great power hostile to religion and God. Nor were these ideas original to New Testament writers, but are all based upon the Book of Daniel and other Jewish apocalyptic writings. Our Saviour, as already stated, referred directly to the prophecies of Daniel, and the similarity between the beasts of Revelation and Daniel is such that no one can for a moment deny the source of the former. And as for the passages in Saint John's epistles, they are such as to presuppose the reader's knowledge of them: "Ye *heard* that Antichrist cometh" (1 John 2. 18); "and this is the *spirit* of the Antichrist, whereof ye *have heard* that it cometh" (1 John 4. 3). And as for Saint Paul, no one can doubt that this scholar was well read in Jewish literature and theology.

Thus we see that these New Testament writers were not dealing with a new idea, but rather reiterating what had already occupied the minds of the Jewish people in ages past.

Indeed, many modern theologians go so far as to maintain that the doctrine of Antichrist was not original to the Jews, but that Daniel and others had borrowed and adapted it from heathen sources, either from the Iranians or Persians, with their Ahura-Mazda and Angro-Mainyush (Ormazd and Ahriman), that is, the principles of right and wrong, or God and Satan; or from the Babylonians, with their legend of Marduk (the supreme God) and Tiamat, that is, chaos. In support

of the Babylonian origin, appeal is made to Rev. 11. 7, where we read "of the beast that cometh up out of the abyss" to make war and to slay the two witnesses, and which is finally overcome and with his followers is cast into "the lake of fire that burneth with brimstone" (19. 21).

Without going further into this phase of the subject and discussing an extra-Jewish origin, we may safely conclude that the New Testament conception of Antichrist is based upon pre-Christian foundations, especially upon the visions of Daniel; and, without discussing the date of the Book of Daniel, we may say that the Antichrist typified in this book has been identified by both Jews and Christians with Antiochus Epiphanes, so justly hated by all pious Jews. He not only despoiled the temple at Jerusalem, but set up an image of Jupiter in the holy of holies, commanded swine, an abomination to Jews, to be offered upon the great altar, and was guilty of many other outrages. Indeed, he was so intolerant as to cause the Jewish people under the Maccabees to rebel against him (1 Macc. 1. 41ff.). The Jews had no difficulty in applying the words of Daniel to Antiochus, for was he not a "king of fierce countenance," who did "according to his own will exalt and magnify himself above every god," and who spoke "marvelous things against the God of gods" (Dan. 11. 36ff.). "When the end of the world foretold by Daniel did not take place," it became necessary to look for some other tyrant in whom the prophecies might be fulfilled, and thus Jewish fancy suggested, in their turn, Pompey, who put an end to Maccabæan rule, Herod the Great, and Caligula, "who is known to have given orders, never carried out, to erect his statue in the temple at Jerusalem."

The question naturally arises, have we in the passages above cited a reference to an individual, a distinct person, or simply an impersonal tendency, a spirit of malice and enmity against God and all goodness? Theologians have been divided in their views. Those of the earlier centuries, and down through the Middle Ages and till some time after the beginning of the Protestant reformation favored, as a rule, a real person rather than an impersonation of evil, a malicious spirit, rather than a spirit of malice and hostility to Christ and the Church. In later times the opinion has been growing more and more that the Antichrist, or the Man of Sin, cannot be applied to any individual, but rather to an impersonal tendency, to a condition of excessive wickedness and opposition to the principles of right. Indeed, it is not always easy to dissociate wicked men from wicked deeds. In all apostasy and rebellion there has always been some one or more prominent promoter. Even when we submit the passages in John and Paul to a careful examination we find ourselves in a dilemma, and know not whether or no the apostles had some particular person or persons in mind. The apostles were writing to those whom they had addressed by word of mouth personally, and perhaps often. It was, therefore, not necessary they should be as explicit as if they were writing to perfect strangers. Besides, they were writing at a time and in places when free speech was practically unknown. The words of Professor Plummer deserve consideration: "If we confine our attention to the passages of Saint John in which the

term occurs, the balance in favor of the view that he looked to the coming of a personal Antichrist is far from conclusive, especially when we remember that he says: 'Even now there are many antichrists'" (1 John 2. 18).

And yet, while saying this, it is not impossible that both Paul and John, who were witnesses of such extreme persecutions, had in mind some one responsible party. If so, the former might have thought of Nero, and the latter of Domitian, both arch enemies of Christianity. It is well known that Domitian was the first Roman emperor to arrogate to himself divine honors. He caused himself to be called "Our Lord and God."

As already stated, the great majority of early Christian writers centered upon some one person, though by no means on the same. Thus it happens that almost every Roman emperor has been identified with the Antichrist of the Johannine epistle, or the Man of Sin of Saint Paul, by some writer of distinction. Some of the Fathers, like Origen and Gregory of Nyssa, treated the subject allegorically and drew the most fantastic comparisons and conclusions. Jerome said that Antichrist was a man in whom Satan dwelt bodily. Here we might refer to the legend current among Romans and Christians that Nero did not die in 68 A. D., but had in some mysterious way simply disappeared for a time, but was to return and rule with far greater cruelty than he had at first, or as Antichrist.

When the empire of Rome had become nominally Christian it was natural that the term Antichrist should not be applied any longer to the emperor, and as the power of Rome diminished from day to day, and barbarians from the north grew more and more of a menace, the opinion gained currency "that Antichrist was an individual destined one day to overthrow the Roman Empire and to establish a rule of consummate wickedness, which would quickly be terminated by the appearance of the Lord Jesus from heaven." It has ever been a favorite view that Antichrist was to appear and for a season reign with utmost cruelty and ferocity, but was finally to be vanquished at the second coming of Christ. Such a view finds support in the answer of our Saviour to the question of the high priest: "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" And Jesus said, "I am, and you shall see the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven" (Mark 14. 62).

The connecting of Antichrist's rule with the end of time, as well as with some particular individual, always led to confusion, especially if after the death of such a person things continued as before, and the end of the world had not come.

When Constantine moved the seat of government to Byzantium, or Constantinople, Rome naturally lost in secular influence, but as time went on the power of the bishop of Rome grew apace, and all other sees had to acknowledge the supremacy of the pope. Not only was there antagonism between the papal authority and the bishops and rulers north, but the emperors at Constantinople suffered likewise. The term Antichrist became freely used. "The pope bestowed this title upon the emperor, the emperor upon the pope, the Guelphs on the Ghibellines, and

the Ghibellines on the Guelphs." In short, all the rival powers in church or state made free use of the epithet. All heretics of any prominence were dubbed Antichrists. There are, however, two sides to every question; it is, therefore, not strange that the Waldensians, the Albigenses, Huss, Savonarola, Wickliff and others were all convinced in their own minds that Antichrist sat upon the papal throne.

While fierce theological contests were raging in the Western Church, a force appeared in the East which threatened the very existence of the "New Rome on the Bosporus," and shook the very foundations of the Church. Mohammedanism, in its greed for dominion, played havoc with the Christian Church in many lands. The Moslem hordes treated their opponents with extreme ferocity and vanquished many provinces. It was then that the love of many grew cold, that might triumphed over right, and that the Eastern Church received a blow from which it has not recovered to this day. No wonder that the theologians of that period should identify Mohammed and his system with Saint Paul's Man of Sin and Saint John's Antichrist.

But there was an end to Moslem conquest. Brutality had spent itself and violence had become enfeebled. The dark night of the Middle Ages settled down to sleep and dream. Secular power became subservient to ecclesiastical assumption and the most powerful princes bowed in awe at the feet of popes. In short, the pope was the king of kings. Rome became more and more arrogant in matters of religious belief and less tolerant in secular matters, demanding absolute obedience to papal law and doctrine. Under such conditions the number of sycophants and cunning flatterers increased greatly. The more devout and independent either suffered in silence or withdrew from the world and gave themselves to study and religious contemplation. The study of Apocalyptic books became popular once more, and the unraveling of the numbers and mysteries of Daniel and the Revelator were indulged in as never before. It was not long till some of these had, by careful computation, satisfied themselves that the 1290 days of Daniel (12. 11), and the 1260 days of John (Rev. 12. 6), were at hand, that the end of time was near and that Antichrist, who was no other than the occupant of the papal throne, was to be overthrown.

A new day was dawning. The seed which had been scattered toward the close of the long night of the Middle Ages was beginning to sprout. The time was ready for a change when Luther and other kindred spirits appeared on the scene; with these the period of controversy reached its climax. The great German reformer, his associates, Calvin, Zwingle, and other lesser lights among the Protestants, hurled their anathemas against the Romish Church and clergy, and charged both with all manner of corruption and evil influences. The pope, the head of the hierarchy, was once more identified with the Antichrist, the incarnation of deception and tyranny. From that on for generations it remained in Protestant circles a "fixed idea that Antichrist would be found on the papal throne."

It is needless to say that the Roman Catholic divines, especially the

Jesuits, were not slow in trying to turn the tables on the Protestant theologian and to prove that the "great apostasy" was no other than the Reformation, and the "Man of Sin," or "the Antichrist," the arch enemy of the Catholic Church, was Martin Luther. Thus, no doubt, both sides, Protestants and Catholics, were convinced and satisfied with the interpretations of their respective friends.

Professor Findlay, of whose article in the appendix to his commentary on 2 Thess. 2. 1-12, we have made liberal use, has very wisely said: "This is one of those dark passages of Scripture which in ordinary Christian teaching, and in peaceful and prosperous times, receive little attention. . . . But in seasons of conflict and danger, such as those which gave them birth, and when some critical struggle arises between the kingdom of God and Satan, the Church turns to these neglected prophecies."

It was no wonder that theologians of all creeds saw the fulfillment of the above-discussed prophecies in the French Revolution, with its horrors and inhumanity, and especially with its antagonism to revealed religion and the Cross of Jesus Christ. But the Reign of Terror, with its destructive passions, its ferocious crimes and wanton massacres, was a mere drop in the bucket in comparison with the atrocities and nameless crimes of the present awful war, which has embroiled the entire world in a carnage of such gigantic proportions, which has no regard for age or sex, and in which old men and women, defenseless non-combatants, and innocent, helpless babes have been ruthlessly murdered by the thousands, and when women and young girls of tender years have been subjected to indignities worse than death, and when the veil of the nun in the seclusion of the convent, or the garb of the sister of charity on missions of mercy offered no protection from the bestiality of libertines, who prided themselves that they were human beings of superior rank, members of the oldest and noblest (?) families of their fatherland.

Surely this is Armageddon, foreseen by the seer from the lonely isle of Patmos, the abomination which maketh desolate, the mystery of iniquity which tramples upon all that is holy, the reign of the Lawless One, which exceeds in its horrors the boldest flights of the imagination. Surely no one ever dreamed when reading the prophecies of the past that such a present was possible. The story of Belgium, Syria, and Armenia, recording deeds of unparalleled atrocities and acts unworthy of wild beasts, cannot but shock and paralyze all who are not utterly diabolized; for the records show such contempt for morality, religion, the Ten Commandments, to say nothing of the loftier teachings of the Prince of Peace. Surely the person or government responsible for this carnage, excessive brutality, and beastly corruption must be regarded as the incarnation of all that is evil, as the arch enemy of God and humanity. Is this then not Antichrist? Why should we look for another?

But blessed be the Lord who giveth us the victory. God lives and rules. He will not be slack to fulfill his promises. Has he not said, "Yea, I come quickly"? Let us, therefore, not despair, but rather say, "Amen: come, Lord Jesus."

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

"THEOLOGY WITHOUT GERMANY"

It is most natural that the war should have occasioned a general revolt against all things German, in particular against German theology. For it has been felt that there must be something very wrong with the religious life and thought of Germany, else that country could never have waged war as she is doing. Doubtless in this thought there is a large measure of truth. Even before this war broke out many grateful admirers of certain large elements in German theology had clearly recognized the sore hurt done to German Christianity by the enforced subservience of the established churches to state authority. No small part of what is wrong with German theology is chargeable to this unfortunate relation. But of course there are also faults that must be traced to other sources.

It is hardly to be doubted that large circles of American and British theologians have shown a more or less abnormal dependence upon German theology. When, therefore, the watchword, "Theology without Germany," is given out, as was recently done by the Rev. E. S. Waterhouse, in the Contemporary Review of August, 1917, we understand and in no small measure sympathize with the thought. Mr. Waterhouse points out several very serious faults in German theology. He also, of course, freely acknowledges certain marked excellences in the same. Apart from the merits of the case against German theology, Mr. Waterhouse is doubtless right in his conviction that the bond of fellowship in the realm of theology between Great Britain and Germany has been almost entirely severed for a considerable period to come. This he seems to regard as not only natural and inevitable, but also eminently right. This attitude we regard as deplorable and unsound. The just reproaches that must lie against much of modern theology and philosophy are very serious indeed. But the utter severance of the bond of fellowship between the *Christian* thinkers of different lands is impossible and unthinkable. We must distinguish. The real Christians of Germany are as truly members of the one body, along with the real Christians of other lands, in the midst of the war, and shall be so after the war has ceased. *Whence come wars?* Not from the excess of Christian fellowship, but from its defect. The church of Christ is a unity of believers from every land and tongue; and against this fellowship the gates of hell shall not prevail.

It is justly charged that German theology is much vitiated by questionable speculations and presuppositions, and that its fruits are sometimes quite unwholesome. But is "German theology" all of a piece? Is it *all* the abomination of desolation in the holy place? Are there no sound, wholesome, and strong Christian thinkers in Germany, who are fighting the good fight of faith—fighting valiantly against the evils which we so much deplore? If there are such, it will behoove us to make all haste to extend them the right hand of fellowship and join them in the good fight.

That there are in Germany many exponents of a pure and noble

Christianity, and many eminently sane and well-balanced theologians, seems to us to stand beyond dispute. Outside of Germany no doubt, but also—and perhaps especially—in Germany may be found the antidote to certain baneful tendencies in modern German theology. But in the last two or three decades we have chiefly turned our ear to the left wing, often the extreme left wing, of German theologians. We are fain to quote on this point the testimony and admonition of Dr. P. T. Forsyth. After recognizing the useful function of historical criticism he says: "But it is a misfortune to us, which is also almost beyond reckoning, that most of the translated works are those of a more or less destructive school. For extremes are always easier to grasp and to sell. . . . The misfortune to the partially educated in this subject, who only read English, is great; especially as the popular impression is produced (and sometimes pursued) that all the ability and knowledge are on one side. Certain nimble popular journals live on the delusion; and they have not so much as heard whether there be alongside of brilliants like Wernle and Schmiedel giants like Kähler and Zahn. It would not be too much to say that the latter two are among the most powerful minds of the world in the region—one of theology and one of scholarship. Yet in this country (Britain), and certainly to our preachers, they are almost unknown" (Person and Place of Jesus Christ, Preface). To Kähler himself it was something of a riddle and a matter of deep regret that nearly all recent American students of theology in German universities attached themselves to the teachers of pronounced liberal tendencies. "They have not thought it worth while to listen to our answer to the 'modern' theology." Yet Kähler was such a man as attracted, during the score of years when he stood at the height of his influence, more hearers than any other systematic theologian in Germany. Mr. Waterhouse exemplifies his thesis that German theology tends to extravagances by mention of Schweitzer's The Quest of the Historical Jesus and Arthur Drews's Christ-Myth. But he did not tell us that Schweitzer's extreme eschatological interpretation of the activity and teaching of Jesus has been explicitly repudiated by virtually all the liberal theologians, to say nothing of the conservatives, in German universities. And Drews has been overwhelmed by the most complete refutation of his vagaries by nearly the whole phalanx of liberal theologians as well as conservatives. He is in no sense a theologian, either by profession or by training. Mr. Waterhouse was right in citing Drews, if his object was to show how sadly philosophical speculation can vitiate historical criticism; but if he meant to set forth Drews as a typical illustration of German theological tendencies, he overshot the mark. At all events Drews had English and American as well as German precursors in his particular folly.

Our thesis is not that German theology presents a picture of normal health and development. Far from it. There are tendencies in German theology which we regard as seriously harmful and even destructive. Against these tendencies we would now, even more clearly than in the past, utter the strongest possible protest. Let it not be supposed, however, that we are attacking all so-called liberal theology in Germany. Much that is commonly called liberal theology seems to us to have within it

the vitalizing and controlling principle of a sound evangelical faith. It is liberal only in some conventional sense of the word. But there is a liberal theology, of various shades of thought, that professes to be modern in the sense of no longer affirming the finality of the biblical revelation, but recognizing the principle of the perpetual evolution of "the Christian idea." Against this modern theology we protest—the theology that would put a religious idea in the place of the historical, biblical Christ. But while we so unconditionally oppose these negative tendencies, it is a great comfort to reflect upon the fact that there are still in Germany mighty witnesses to the pure Christian faith and upholders of the highest principles of Christian morality. In spite of the sad perversions of religious thinking as revealed in the well-known book, Hurrah and Hallelujah, we are glad to assure our readers that we know of many utterances of a wholly different tenor. There is encouragement in this when it sometimes seems as if the Christian foundations in Germany were crumbling or had crumbled.

We often declare that, while we are fighting against the execrable system of autocracy and militarism, we are not really fighting to hurt the German people, but rather to help them to realize their true liberties. Doubtless we are quite right in hoping to see the dawn of a better day for the German people. May we not in like manner hope to see a better day for German theology? To some of us the voices of such men as Kähler and Schlatter, as Ihmels and Heim, have seemed almost like the voices of prophets. May they not prove to be heralds of a new day? For our own part we look forward with eager anticipation toward a to-morrow when a liberated German Christianity shall again become a tower of strength for a positive, evangelical theology. So let our program be that of independent research and thinking, yet of Christian fellowship with all that is good, even though it may be found in Germany.

THE REFORMATION QUADRICENTENNIAL AND RECENT LUTHER LITERATURE

Until the outbreak of the war the whole Protestant world had looked forward with a lively anticipation toward the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's break with Rome. Protestants of every land would have entered into this celebration with great enthusiasm. The war has rendered impossible the full realization of this design. Yet, in spite of the war, Protestant Christians the world over are devoting no small attention to the occasion. In the Scandinavian countries a fairly worthy celebration may be possible, but nowhere else. German Protestants will do a good deal in spite of the war; but it must be little in comparison with what was intended.

Just as the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Luther in 1883 called forth various highly important historical and literary productions, relating to the reformer's life and work, so it should have been in the present case. Not only have historical researches been very largely advanced since 1883, but new problems of the interpretation of history have come to the front. If there were no war we should expect to

find that few of the really influential theologians of Germany and of some other countries would omit to make some contribution to the researches or discussions relating to the Reformation and its significance for the present age. As matters stand, the literary output will be greatly curtailed. Sooner or later, however, the leading church historians will be heard from, for they have had this celebration in mind for years past. Even before the war the relevant literature was rapidly swelling. Much of this is of unusual interest and importance. Of such we may mention a few works. Böhmer's Luther in the Light of Recent Research has passed through three editions in the original and has been widely circulated in this country in a good English version. It is to be highly commended (along with the fine works in English by McGiffert and Preserved Smith). Paul Wernle of Basel has published an attractive and illuminating series of six lectures: Reformation und Renaissance. In 1916 Professor Scheel published the first of two volumes on Martin Luther: Vom Katholizismus zur Reformation. These are a few among many.

A feature of unusual significance in the recent Luther literature is the appearance of several Catholic biographies of Luther; namely, by Denifle, Grisar, and Weiss. The last has attracted but little attention among Protestants. The first compelled attention, because of its mingling of learning and extreme abusiveness. Grisar's biography, in three volumes, is a work of still better scholarship and of fair and judicial spirit. It has been translated into English.

Special interest attaches to the recent controversy over "the old and the new Protestantism." The thesis, that the new Protestantism is separated from the old Protestantism by as real a revolution as that which separated early Protestantism from mediæval Catholicism, is one of the most significant features of the thinking of that very vigorous thinker Ernst Troeltsch. Not that Troeltsch is strictly the author of the idea. The origin of the idea is to be found in the speculations and researches of Hegel, Schelling, and Baur. It was still further developed by Rothe. Troeltsch, however, by a sharper definition of the issue and by a vigorous emphasis upon its significance, has forced the problem upon the attention of all theologians. His view is set forth at length in his work on Der Protestantismus der Neuzeit, in the collective work Die Kultur der Gegenwart, edited by Hinneberg. Of the many criticisms of Troeltsch's position the most thoroughgoing is probably that by Loofs: Luther's Stellung zum Mittelalter und zur Neuzeit. Also excellent and more accessible is Kattenbusch's article on "Protestantismus," in Hauck's Realencyklopädie (including the supplement to the same in volume 24). Harnack, also, in the fourth edition of his History of Dogma, rejects the main contention of Troeltsch. The discussion of such problems of historical interpretation and evaluation is naturally of more moment than the elucidation of historical details. We believe Troeltsch to be wrong in his position; but there can be no doubt that he himself represents a theology that has become largely estranged from the principles of the Reformation.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Faith in Christ. By JOHN J. MOMENT. 12mo, pp. xii+255. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.35.

The Cross at the Front. Fragments from the Trenches. By THOMAS TIPLADY, Chaplain to the Forces. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.

IT is a wholesome sign of the times that Christian thought is deeply engaged in meeting the problems which have been precipitated by the present abnormal world conditions. The most hopeful feature about it is the open-minded spirit in which facts and solutions are submitted. Mr. Moment is modern to the finger tips. His chapters carry conviction because he has thought out some of the fundamental truths of Christianity and expresses them with persuasive clearness and in a refreshingly breezy style. The fact that he is a Presbyterian minister is nowhere in evidence. The same may be said of Mr. Tiplady, who is a minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, but whose impressions and conclusions, hot from the seat of war, deal with the positive message of the gospel without any sectarian bias. The two books are worth reading together. "Faith in Christ," writes Moment, "is nothing unless it begin with such a recognition of him as the only true and adequate revelation of human life, with the vision of him not only as supreme beauty, but as the *light of the world.* But those who do thus believe in him, accepting the valuations disclosed in his life, and sharing the faith that was in him, will find themselves at once not only Christian, but Christlike, actuated by the motives which actuated him, his character becoming reincarnate in them. Christian faith does not so much *produce* Christian character; of itself it *is* Christian character." There are many forceful statements as to the conclusiveness of religious experience. For instance, the doctrine of the inspiration of Holy Scripture is a truth "mined out of experience, to be certified only by experience. Through the Bible men have found that their eyes have been opened to spiritual facts which otherwise they had missed, but which, having once seen, they can no more deny than they can deny their own existence." The chapter on "Modern Bibliomacy" utters some timely thoughts. "The Bible is the last book on earth of which to try to make a fortune-teller's manual. From cover to cover there is no place for magic cryptograms and Circean ambiguities. If John was careful not to mention the name of the Beast that he denounced, be sure the purpose of his omission was not to mystify his 'little children.' More credible is it that he was discreet enough not to incite the Beast to speedy vengeance. In any case, whatever obscurity we find in the apocalypses exists for us largely by reason of our ignorance of the times for which they were written; it did not exist for the original readers by reason of their ignorance of our times." A different kind of counsel is given in the

chapter on "Signs." Those who appreciate the character of Christ, his supremacy in the spiritual world, will not find it difficult to accept the miracles at his hand. "Our knowledge is far too limited for us to attempt to bound the power of the spiritual over the material, or to determine the extent to which we ourselves may lay hold on the power of God. Christ's evident spiritual superiority makes it by no means incredible that his activities should have transcended our experience. Whatever their evidential value, in any case the miracles are our wholesome reminder that there are a number of things still beyond our foot-rule philosophies." It is not often that we think of Paul as a poet. As a matter of fact, whenever the apostle speaks of the Cross, he is never the logician, but always the poet. "I doubt if there is a single passage in which he deals with the death of Christ that might not properly be set to music." The Cross gives us a sense of the dignity of human life; it awakens us to a knowledge of where lie the true values in life; it makes clear the love of God, which shines in the midst of all the injustice and the pain. This central truth of Christianity is receiving luminous illustrations during these tempestuous times. Tiplady writes from intimate knowledge. Referring to the men who bear on their bodies scars from the war, he writes: "By their unselfishness, these men of the limp have brought back our minds to the redeeming work of Christ. They have given us a deeper insight into the Atonement, and it will have a larger place in the thought and preaching of the future. When we see them limping through our streets or into our churches, we shall think of Him who trod the way of Calvary, that we might tread the way of peace." These men at the front know that Christ has not fallen, but has stooped to be nearer the timid and wounded and sorrowful. Their favorite hymn on the Somme was: 'When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.'" In one of the villages which he visited everything was in ruins except a large wooden cross, fastened against the wall of the church. The appeal which this fact made to him is best given in his own words: "In the midst of our civilization the Cross stands untouched. Christ has stood in the midst of the fiery blast with outstretched arms, calling the stricken peoples to the shelter of his love. His arms are outstretched still, and there is room for the world between them. Broken business men, bereaved parents, lonely maidens, fatherless children, there are shelter and solace for all beneath the shadow of the abiding Cross. It towers above the wrecks of time. If that had gone all had gone. We could not have replaced the Cross. We can build new churches, new homes, and new businesses, but not a new Cross. If the Saviour had perished, all had perished. If it had not been for the vision of him, I should have gone out of the advanced dressing station and wept when, on that Saturday, I saw the wounded come back to us in such numbers that they had to lie down by the wayside and wait for us to deal with the worst cases first. I had seen them marching out singing a few hours before, and to see them come in wounded so soon after would have broken me down had I not seen a vision of Christ broken on the cross and saving the world by

his bleeding wounds and cruel death." A great deal can be quoted from this stirring volume of notable incidents. It will be read with the same zest as A Student in Arms. One chapter, which should be thoughtfully read by those concerned in the responsibilities after the war, is "The Chivalrous Religion Our Citizen Soldiers Will Require," "The moral greatness of our citizen army is at once a tribute and a challenge to the church. The Christian conception of life and conduct has been generally accepted as the ideal, and we have to make it the real. Christian conduct must no longer be merely conventional. It must be creative. There is a call for spiritual daring and adventure. We need spiritual pioneers, investigators, and discoverers—men who will experiment in the application of Christianity to our complex social life." The fact that this subject is receiving more than passing thought is seen in yet a different type of book. "Sapper," the soldier-author, in his latest book, No Man's Land, intersperses his versatile sketches with searching observations. Here is as fine a definition of discipline as can be found anywhere: "Discipline is merely the doctrine which teaches of the subordination of self for the whole; it teaches the doctrine of playing the game; it teaches the all-important fact that the fear of being found out and punished should *not be* the chief force in a man's life, but rather that the realization of his responsibility should be the guiding factor." When those who have learned this lesson return home the church must be prepared with a message big enough and comprehensive enough for every demand.

The Human Element in the Making of a Christian. Studies in Personal Evangelism. By Bertha Condé. 12mo, pp. x+161. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1 net.

This book deals with the dynamics of evangelism, and has little to say about the mechanics of the enterprise. The latter is of secondary consideration. What is most needed is a compelling understanding of the motive of evangelism and of its imperative urgency. The bigness of the task and its manifold bearings on life are discussed with quiet impressiveness in nineteen chapters. At the close of each chapter there is a Bible study which gathers up appropriate Scripture passages that bear on the particular subject discussed and so gives the biblical focus. We do not know of a better book for training classes in the noble art of personal evangelism. Preachers will find it of special value, and every Christian, who must needs be by virtue of his very calling an evangelist, will find the book replete with most stimulating suggestions. It is "concerned chiefly with the human side of Christian experience, the moral situation we have to face in our own hearts, and the personal challenge that we meet in the teachings of Jesus Christ." It is moreover a book out of the ordinary, because it combines the best results of psychology with the burning conviction that if people are to be won to Christ it must be by the efforts of individual Christians. "There are

thousands of people who have never heard the message of Jesus Christ interpreted in human ways through daily fellowship with their friends. If they are ever to hear it we shall have to be true to those things that we have seen and experienced, and be willing to share them with our friends. The more natural we are the better we shall succeed. If we value at all our experience with God and our relationship to Jesus Christ, we shall find it more difficult each day to keep it to ourselves." It is especially gratifying to note how Christian faith and experience are socialized and how the obligation is laid on each Christian to give expression to the Christian life on peril of suffering from spiritual atrophy, which, alas! is the pitiable condition of many. The need for engaging in personal work is convincingly demonstrated by the fact that "there are those who make no professions of faith and have never become open disciples of Jesus Christ because they honestly do not know the way and have never seen any one who cared enough about it, seemingly, to teach them, or they have been repelled because people assumed that they were not interested." An important qualification for this great service is the readiness to live a sacrificial life. "It is only when we practice self-denial for a purpose that it is worth while. Our ability to help another depends on our power of spiritual discernment. Such discernment depends largely on our sensitiveness of spirit toward God, which may be cultivated or dulled by our habits of life. In fact, much of our shrinking from the task of helping others to know God comes from the consciousness that we are not ready, that our garments are not 'unspotted from the world,' and that our communion has been interrupted by what we have been doing." Four chapters on "The Challenge to Service" are followed by five on "Guiding Principles," which have to do with mental reactions, the development of a normal Christian experience, the unity of personality, spiritual comradeship, and prayer. The chapter on the last subject, entitled, "Releasing Spiritual Energy," lays special emphasis on the practice of intercession as an essential factor to success in personal evangelism. Intercessory prayer kills selfishness in us and reveals the sincerity of our interest in people; it quickens love in us, makes us sensitive and susceptible to the needs of others, and is the best way to gain a spiritual point of contact with those we would help. The third section of the book discusses with insight several types of religious experience, with suggestions how the approach is to be made to people. The nominal Christian is finely characterized as "a dreary spectacle of arrested development." The claims of the personal Christ must be presented to the non-Christian rather than any principles of Christianity. The same course should be adopted in the case of those with intellectual difficulties. Equally helpful are the penetrating and sympathetic counsels concerning those who are fighting besetting sins, who face problems of conduct, who live an unbalanced life, and who are feeling after reality. Parents and Sunday school teachers will be stimulated by two chapters on the religious life of children. What is written on "The Perils of Success" is a warning note to all personal workers, since it calls attention to the

need for vigilance. "Many an earnest Christian has begun a career of unselfish service for Christ in which evidences of spiritual power and leadership have not been wanting, and the lives of many have been enriched. But after a time the power of God may seem ineffective in the life, and all the activities may seem benumbed by a subtle paralysis. The service may go on as usual, but it seems more like marking time than making progress. Fortunate is that one who has the sense to stop at once and take a day off for prayer and self-examination to discover the spiritual foe." This book deserves a wide circulation among all who realize that evangelism is the first and the last work of the Church of Christ.

When Christ Comes Again. By GEORGE P. ECKMAN. 16mo, pp. 287. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

Studies in Recent Adventism. By HENRY C. SHELDON. 16mo, pp. 160. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

THE persistent and sustaining hope of the Christian Church in every generation has been the return of the Lord Jesus in triumphant glory. In periods of world crises the thoughts of believers have naturally turned to this perennial expectation. It has, however, frequently happened that the second advent, which should bring comfort, has rather produced confusion by reason of fanciful and fanatical interpretations. The great war has called forth a large crop of prognosticators and alarmists, whose doctrines are scripturally unsound and spiritually damaging. Professor Sheldon's little volume is an admirable historical and critical study of those adventist movements which have distracted the church instead of strengthening hope and establishing faith. After a thoroughly searching review of the entire subject, he shows conclusively that recent adventism has exposed itself to severe criticism on many grounds. It has shown lack of perspective; depreciation of the universalism of Christianity; an undue reliance on physical agencies so inconsistent with the spiritual program of the gospel; a tendency to abridge missionary incentive; and a spirit of overtechnical biblicism, which neglects historical and scientific considerations. We summarize his conclusions: (1) Attempts to determine the time of the second coming have no longer any credible basis. (2) There is no good warrant for associating the second coming with a visible earthly reign of Christ. (3) In the scriptural references the stress is laid, not on the precise form of the second advent, visible or otherwise, but on the certainty that the Christ would reappear in a way that would enforce recognition. (4) The millennium denotes an era of special ascendency of Christ's kingdom in the world. (5) The coming of Christ is a union of process and consummation. He comes in every great crisis of the Kingdom, but beyond all these preliminary advents he will come in that transcendent visitation which is to signalize the ushering in of the perfected Kingdom, the ideal order

of eternity. In connection with a careful reading of Sheldon, we would suggest Dr. Eckman's clear exposition of the Scripture declarations on this absorbing theme. He refers to it as "a plain book for plain people," but it is, nevertheless, a volume which can be read with advantage even by those who have made a special study of the subject. Dr. Eckman reminds us that one of the temptations of earnest Bible students is to be "led away by the fascination of a difficult passage." We must be careful not to regard Christ's command to evangelize the world as though it were literally fulfilled, "while in immense areas of heathen blackness there are but little pin-prick holes through which the light of the gospel may shine with feeble ray." "The second coming of Christ will be at the climax of Christian development and not at the collapse of the Christian Church. His second coming is the goal of human history, and not the gulf into which all human development is buried." When some writers are competing with each other to defame the church, it is well to be reminded of what it has accomplished and of its present outlook. "The church as a whole was never more earnest and never more single in its devotion than at the present moment. . . . The church of our times is not only the most aggressively evangelistic of any period in its history, but it more nearly approximates the fulfillment of Christ's prayer that all his disciples might be one, than at any time since our Lord ascended from the slopes of Olivet." This argument could, however, have been made more convincing if Dr. Eckman had taken occasion to point out some directions in which the church must adjust itself to the new world conditions. Rev. 20. 1-10, which has been the happy hunting ground of millenarians of every type and stripe, is expounded in a satisfying chapter on "The Millennium." The binding of Satan, as the author rightly contends, has continued since Christ began his ministry, and the marks of the Redeemer's progressive conquests are found in every land. Another discerning chapter answers in the affirmative the question, "Is the World Growing Better?" The bearing of the war on this subject should have received fuller consideration. One of the best discussions of this particular phase of the problem is splendidly treated by Harry E. Fosdick in his little book, The Challenge of the Present Crisis, which we heartily commend. Much of the controversy about the second coming of Christ overlooks the great ethical principles which are distinctive of the gospel of redemption. Subordinate and irrelevant issues are, therefore, made central, and a spirit of pessimism and fatalism finds expression among millenarians of every class, so contrary to the courageous optimism of the New Testament. Dr. Eckman has written a timely book, which should be issued in a cheaper edition and scattered broadcast in our own land and on the mission field.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Fundamental Questions. By HENRY CHURCHILL KING, author of The Laws of Friendship, Rational Living, etc. Crown 8vo, pp. 286. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

DR. KING says: "This volume aims to deal, in not too technical fashion, with some of the most fundamental questions, theoretical and practical, which are involved in the Christian view of God and the world. It is naturally intended, thus, both to answer difficulties and to suggest lines of thought which may help to confirm and to clarify Christian faith. Its chapters take up in order the perennial problem for all ideal views—the question of suffering and sin; the difficulties for any religious view which gather around prayer—the central relation of revelation and response between God and men; the question of how we may best think of Christ—the central fact of the Christian religion; and then, in the light of these conclusions, four large problems for Christian thought and life: the questions of life's fundamental decision, of life's fundamental paradox of liberty and law, of Christian unity, and of Christianity as a world religion." On the question of suffering and sin this book offers such thoughts as these: "I see no conceivable way of accounting for error and for sin in the world without making God directly responsible for both, if *genuine creative freedom is not assigned to man.* We must be dead in earnest as to man's real initiative, if we are to solve the problem of suffering and sin. As Bowne says, concerning error, 'Every system of philosophy must invoke freedom for the solution of the problem of error or make shipwreck of reason itself.' James vividly sets forth the same difficulty as to sin: 'When, for example, I imagine such carrion as the Brockton murder, I cannot conceive it as an act by which the universe, as a whole, logically and necessarily expresses its nature without shrinking from complicity with such a whole. And I deliberately refuse to keep on terms of loyalty with the universe by saying blankly that the murder, since it does flow from the nature of the whole, is not carrion. There are *some* instinctive reactions which I, for one, will not tamper with.' On the completely deterministic theory, every fact, however horrible, must be regarded as a necessary step in the development of the universe; in other words, from the religious point of view, God is absolutely and directly responsible. If, then, we are to be able to keep our faith at all in the broad rationality of the universe, we must assume man's real freedom. . . . An imperfect developing world, therefore, in the sense of a world in which many things may occur, because of men's choices, which in and of themselves ought not to be, is needed for the development of moral character in man. Even those other natural imperfections that belong to an earth in process probably make an actually more suitable environment for a creature developing toward character than a world conceived on more final lines. An imperfect developing world is fitted to an imperfect developing man. The imperfect here is the more perfect. Such a world calls out man's powers, challenges him to achievement, stimulates him to moral purposes, trains him in moral action. And, as to the prerequisites of moral character, we

know no way of growth in character that does not involve struggle, resistance, repeated choosing of the right against the solicitation of the wrong. This is quite in line with the psychological fact, that man is made, in every fiber of his being, for action; that his ideas and ideals become truly his, only through increasingly complete expression of them in work. And the imperfect developing world of which we have spoken, on this very account, becomes a peculiarly good world for moral training. So that we may well believe with Martineau that even 'the ills of life are not here on their own account, but are as a divine challenge and Godlike wrestling in the night with our too reluctant wills.' This need of struggle and resistance seems to be an inevitable law of life. Growth and discipline of character require it. And it is this law that Browning makes the old rabbi so effectively voice:

> Then, welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
> Be our joys three parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!
> For thence,—a paradox
> Which comforts while it mocks,—
> Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail.

Must this necessity of struggle and resistance be still called a psychological defect in our natures? The question may indeed be raised. But once more it seems fairly clear that, so far as human insight is able to go, one is obliged to conclude that if the conditions were otherwise, it would be only a play-world in which we live; that character is too stern a thing for one pleasantly to drift into; and that a good that could be so achieved would seem to us too cheap a goal, quite unworthy of our steel. The heroes, some one has insisted, are those who can stand the world as it is. It is hardly too much to say that the whole solution of the problem of evil depends primarily upon a proper estimation of the prerequisites that are necessary to the development of moral character. For the man who clearly sees what those prerequisites are, and what possibilities of suffering and sin they involve, and who believes at the same time in the infinite value of character, will find in these very facts a comprehensive answer to his questioning." Then comes the following: "Modern science, in the immensely longer stretches of time and space which it opens out to men, brings real relief to thoughtful souls by throwing some additional light upon the probable trend of the world's development. Similar light has come from a greatly enlarged historical perspective. In the light of evolution we can survey a far longer period, and can see what appears to be a 'dramatic tendency'; and the goal to be achieved seems to be worth its cost. Evolution may thus be said to give to men the vision of a larger portion of the world's orbit in the inorganic, organic, and historic, and so to enable men better to estimate what kind of a curve it is to describe. While we still feel keenly the smallness of our view, there is given at the

same time, thus, some added insight into the direction of the purpose of God, and so some better possibility of judging of the meaning of the whole process, and of even consciously and intelligently cooperating with God in the carrying out of his purposes. So John Fiske feels that he is justified in contending that the 'cosmic process exists purely for the sake of moral ends,' and in asserting 'the omnipresent ethical trend' of the universe. Though in many ways God's work is above our comprehension, yet those parts of the world's story that we can decipher well warrant the belief that while in Nature there may be divine irony, there can be no such thing as wanton mockery, for profoundly underlying the surface entanglement of her actions we may discern the omnipresent ethical trend. The moral sentiments, the moral law, devotion to unselfish ends, disinterested love, nobility of soul—these are Nature's most highly wrought products, latest in coming to maturity; they are the consummation toward which all earlier prophecy has pointed. We are right, then, in greeting the rejuvenescent summer with devout faith and hope. Below the surface din and clashing of the struggle for life we hear the undertone of the deep ethical purpose, as it rolls in solemn music through the ages, its volume swelled by every victory, great or small, of right over wrong, till in the fulness of time, in God's own time, it shall burst forth in the triumphant chorus of Humanity purified and redeemed. More important still is the help from man's faith in immortality. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that we should be obliged to give up any solution of the problem of evil, if faith in immortality were impossible. No supposed substitutes for immortality seem to me at all to suffice at this point. They must appear only 'words, words,' to the souls wrested away from a noble friendship. Nor does this imply an essentially pessimistic view of life. Indeed, one might be quite ready to say with Le Gallienne: 'Man is born to be in love with life, and in spite of all the sorrow that life brings along with its joy, it is only an occasional pessimist here and there that becomes estranged from it. The saddest will usually admit that it has been good to live.' Still, one would have, even in that conviction, no sufficient answer to the problem of evil. It is just because men are made on so large a plan, with such capacity for endless growth, that we do not know how to harmonize with the wisdom and goodness of God the abrupt snuffing out of their lives. The more life means, the deeper its joys, the more inexplicable is its utter ending. The goal which the universe has reached in man seems too great and too precious, and its cost too inestimable, to make rational or right the flinging aside of human lives into the waste heap of the world. We cannot, then, solve our problem at all, if we may not keep our faith in immortality. It is because we can believe that this life is only a fragment of a larger whole, that we can still keep our faith in the love of God. Thoughtful men have come to feel that they may well thank God that they live in a world in which there is a problem of evil, a world in which uncalculating, disinterested love is possible. For, as I have elsewhere said, 'the greatest evil, after all, would be that conditions of genuine character should fail.' Every such true soul is a new witness for the reality of God and the spiritual world—'Jehovah's champion.'

'Reactions,' eh? Well, what's your formula
For one particular kind—I won't insist
On proof of every theorem in the list,
But only one—what chemicals combine,
What CO_2 and H_2SO_4,

To cause such things as happened yesterday,
To send a very gallant gentleman
Into antarctic night, to perish there
Alone, not driven nor shamed nor cheered to die,
But fighting, as mankind has always fought,
His baser self, and conquering, as mankind
Down the long years has always conquered self?

Where are *your* tests to prove a man's a man?
Which of *your* compounds ever lightly threw
Its life away, as men have always done,
Spurred not by lust nor greed nor hope of fame,
But casting all aside on the bare chance
That it might somehow serve the Greater Good?

There's a reaction—what's *its* formula?
Produce *that* in your test-tubes if you can!"

The author gives us Horace Bushnell's account of his own experience of passing from doubt to faith, and finding God. In the year 1831 Bushnell was a tutor in Yale College. He describes himself as if writing of another: "The winter was marked by a religious revival. What, then, in this great revival was this man to do? and what was to become of him? Here he was in the glow of his ambition for the future, tasting keenly of a new success, his fine passage at arms in the editorial chair of a New York daily, ready to be admitted to the bar, successful and popular as a college instructor, but all at sea in doubt, and default religiously. That baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire compassed him all about. When the work was at its height, he and his division of students, who fairly worshiped him, stood unmoved apparently, when all beside were in a glow." Bushnell goes on writing of himself as if of another: "A kind of leaden aspect overhangs the world. Till, finally, pacing his chamber some day, there comes up suddenly the question, 'Is there then no truth that I do believe?' 'Yes, there is this one, now that I think of it; there is a distinction of right and wrong that I never doubted, and I see not how I can; I am even quite sure of it.' Then forthwith starts up the question, 'Have I then ever taken the principle of right for my law? I have done right things as men speak; have I ever thrown my life out on the principle to become all it requires of me?' 'No, I have not, consciously, I have not. Ah! then, here is something for me to do! No matter what becomes of my questions—nothing ought to become of them, if I cannot take a first principle, so inevitably true, and live in it.' The very suggestion seems to be a kind of revelation. It is even a relief to feel the conviction it brings. 'Here, then, will I begin. If there is a God, as I rather hope there is, and very dimly believe, he is a right God. If I have lost him in wrong, perhaps I shall find him in right. Will he not help me? or perchance, even be discovered to me?' Now the

decisive moment is come. He drops on his knees, and there he prays to the dim God, dimly felt, confessing the dimness for honesty's sake, and asking for help that he may begin a right life. He bows himself on it, as he prays, choosing it to be henceforth his unalterable, eternal endeavor. It is an awfully dark prayer in the look of it; but the truest and best he can make, the better and the more true, that he puts no orthodox colors on it; and the prayer and the vow are so profoundly meant that his soul is borne up, into God's help, as it were, by some unseen chariot, and permitted to see the opening of heaven, even sooner than he opens his eyes. He rises, and it is as if he had gotten wings. The whole sky is luminous about him. It is the morning, as it were, of a new eternity. After this, all troublesome doubt of God's reality is gone, for he has found him! A being so profoundly felt, must inevitably be." The light would not, in all cases, come at once, so clearly and fully as here; but it will come! To bow oneself with all one's soul on this basic decision to do the right, this is the challenge. All else can wait. From another chapter we quote the following: "As surely as man is made capable of religion, so surely is the largest life not possible to him until he opens his being to the tides of the divine life, to the inworking of the Spirit of God. The New Testament emphasis, therefore, upon the doctrine of the Spirit, is an inevitable emphasis. And the so-called 'new thought' of our time is only a less rational putting of the sense of our absolute dependence on the Spirit of God. That the New Testament should insist that we are to be born of the Spirit, that we are to walk in the Spirit, that we are to have in us the witness of the Spirit, means, not that there is the magical application to us of some thing or patent process, but the bringing in of a great new personal relation that becomes the source of all else in life—a new force, a new capacity, a new hope. And this new force of life counterworks the forces of death. In the moral as in the physical life, the only real protection against disease and decay is abounding life. And in the light of the doctrine of the Spirit, God's free forgiveness is seen to mean, not the magical setting aside of the consequences of our evil choosing, but the counterworking of those consequences by a new tide of life with its own consequences of further life. It is only to put the same great method of life in slightly different form, when it is insisted, with Paul and with Drummond, that men's greatest need is persistent association with Christ. And it is no outworn way of life, which is so suggested even to the man of the twentieth century. For that simply means that acquaintance with God, as with any other person, must be obtained through his greatest and most significant self-manifestation. It is because men have felt that they found just this in Christ that he has come to have for them such supreme significance. That this is a real experience and not a vision (says Professor Drummond), that this life is possible to men, is being lived by men to-day, is simple biographical fact. From a thousand witnesses I cannot forbear to summon one. The following are the words of one of the highest intellects this age has known, a man who shared the burdens of his country as few have done, and who, not in the shadows of old age, but in the high noon of his success, gave this confession to the world: 'I want to speak to-night only a little, but

that little I desire to speak of the sacred name of Christ, who is my life, my inspiration, my hope, and my surety. I cannot help stopping and looking back upon the past. And I wish, as if I had never done it before, to bear witness, not only that it is by the grace of God, but that it is by the grace of God as manifested in Christ Jesus, that I am what I am. I recognize the sublimity and grandeur of the revelation of God in his eternal fatherhood as one that made the heavens, that founded the earth, and that regards all the tribes of the earth, comprehending them in one universal mercy; but it is the God that is manifested in Jesus Christ, revealed by his life, made known by the inflections of his feelings, by his discourse, and by his deeds—it is that God that I desire to confess to-night, and of whom I desire to say, "By the love of God in Christ Jesus I am what I am." . . . In looking back upon my experience, that part of my life which stands out, and which I remember most vividly, is just that part that has had some conscious association with Christ. All the rest is pale, and thin, and lies like clouds on the horizon. Doctrines, systems, measures, methods —what may be called the necessary mechanical and external part of worship; the part which the senses would recognize—this seems to have withered and fallen off like leaves of last summer; but that part which has taken hold of Christ abides.' 'Can any one hear this life-music,' Professor Drummond adds, 'with its throbbing refrain of Christ, and remain unmoved by envy or desire? Yet, till we have lived like this we have never lived at all.'" This also is worth telling: In the Young Women's Christian Association of Boston at a recent gathering, some one asked whether we could not sing something together. "Why," I exclaimed, "how can we? There is no language all of us speak." "But," suggested a French girl, "tunes are the same, and there ought to be a tune we all know, even if we have to sing different words." "Everybody knows 'Holy Night,'" said a woman of large musical ability, born in Russia, of English and German parentage, with own cousins in each of the three armies. She sat down at the piano and began to play the song. An American concert singer with a rare voice, invited in for the occasion, stood by her and led. One after another the others joined, till French, Swiss, German, Austrian, Belgian, Pole, Russian, and Italian were all singing together the same message to the same music—but each in her own tongue. If all start from Christ, the nations can come into harmony, even though each sings in its own tongue. President King closes his book with the following appeal to American youth: "When I think of this new civilization which I must believe lies ahead, I am not anxious for our national physical safety, but I am anxious for our moral life. I am anxious that America take a part worthy of her in that new civilization, and in bringing it to pass. That will depend most of all upon American youth. I bring back to them especially, therefore, once more, Christ's challenge at a like world crisis: 'Take heed to yourselves.' First of all, with all your souls *believe* in the possibilities of the new civilization, and throw your whole selves into the struggle for its oncoming. Do not be cynics nor standpatters. In the second place, accept your special obligations as Americans to-day. *Be* intelligent, thoughtful, unselfish American citizens,

with world vision, ashamed not to think in world terms, in terms of humanity. So thinking, you will remember that no generation since the world began has ever witnessed such a destruction of youthful leaders as has yours. That tragic fact lays hands of solemn consecration upon your heads in this hour. In the third place, forecast with all the help you can obtain from the clearest-sighted and farthest-sighted social prophets of our time, the demands of the new age, that you may dedicate yourselves wholly to them. Be sure, therefore, first, that the new age will have a new sense of the inescapable grip of the laws of God in the life of nations as well as of individuals; and keep it in remembrance for your own nation, as you do what in you lies to guard her seed-sowing. Be sure, second, that the nation that means to be ready to play its full part in the new civilization, must, with stern self-discipline, thoroughly reinvigorate the whole range of its life—physical, political, economic, social, intellectual, moral, and religious. The time for slovenliness of national life in any realm is gone. 'Take heed to yourselves,' therefore, for the higher glory of your own nation. Be sure, third, that you keep your vision of the organic view of truth and of human society, and so preserve a lively sense of the value of the contribution of every man and class and nation and civilization, in that new dawning world of cooperating, mutually respecting nations. Be sure, finally, that your Christianity is the Christianity of Christ, of no make-believe and ineffective type, but purged clean of shallowness, of hatred and of arrogance, capable of application to the whole life of nations no less than of individuals, and capable, above all, of the sacrificial spirit. 'He was shot, my last boy' (said a French officer to Mr. Frank H. Simonds), 'up near Verdun, in the beginning of the war. He did not die at once and I went to him. For twenty days I sat beside him in a cellar waiting for him to die. I bought the last coffin in the village that he might be buried in it, and kept it under my bed. We talked many times before he died, and he told me all he knew of the fight, of the men about him and how they fell. My name is finished, but I say to you now that in all that experience there was nothing that was not beautiful.' Its beauty was the awful, the sanctifying, the consecrating beauty of self-sacrifice. Its terrible price the fathers and sons, the mothers and daughters, the age and youth of more than half the nations of the world are still steadily paying, in the name, they believe, of something more than a selfish patriotism. Is this sifting searching world-crisis to pass, and bring no like sacrificial baptism to your country and mine? This is our threatening danger. For its forefending there must be the high beauty of sacrifice for the transcendent aims of the Kingdom of God on earth. We must be genuine citizens of the new civilization. Only so can Christianity prove itself indeed a world-religion."

The Bible in English Literature. By Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D. 12mo, pp. 287. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

The Book of Free Men. By Julius F. Seebach. 12mo, pp. 235. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

The Expository Value of the Revised Version. By George Milligan, D.D. 12mo, pp. 147. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

The quickened interest in the study of the English Bible is an occasion for much optimism. The way this subject is being received by educational circles is seen in a recent volume, School and College Credit for Outside Bible Study, by Clarence Ashton Wood. This survey of a movement, which is making headway throughout our land, should be carefully read by preachers and teachers. A knowledge of the Bible is indispensable for a just understanding and appreciation of English and American literature, and no one should be thought of as educated who is not familiar with the Bible from cover to cover. Dr. Work has produced a most timely volume showing how completely the Bible has permeated our literature. A close student of history, literature, and religion himself, he writes with a thorough mastery of his subject. In a previous volume on The Fascination of the Book, he dealt with some of the outstanding features of the Bible, as the unique example of the literature of power, and exercising an intellectual and spiritual influence over every realm of life. That excellent exposition is now followed by a volume of equal merit. Nowhere has a similar attempt been made to cover the ground with such detail, conciseness, and fullness. No fact has been overlooked, and he makes out a splendid case for the imprint of the Bible on our best creative literature. "We hold that in nothing has the influence of the Bible been more manifest than in that evident desire of English writers to reach out after ideals of beauty, truth, justice, peace, righteousness, and usefulness. That sense of moral restraint and longing, and still more, that heat of moral passion in the best prose and poetry of our language—where else could these have their source than in the Bible?" This statement is fully illustrated from the writings of Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Whittier, among the moderns; and from those noble pioneers like Caedmon, Cynewulf, Bede, Alcuin, down to Langland, Wycliffe, Tyndale, Milton, Bunyan, not overlooking Shakespeare, who is neither ancient nor modern, but the most brilliant perennial in the world of letters. Biblical thought and style have both influenced and regulated the language, expression, and tone of English literature. The Bible has also sharpened and determined the very genius of English-speaking peoples. This thesis is well set forth in chapter two, while the last chapter, on "Biblical Idealism in Literature," closes the argument with a convincing summary of the creative results wrought by the Bible. The elements of biblical idealism are the vision of the Unseen, the sense of awe, the mysterious import of human life, the longing and passion for life, the power of spiritual reverence, and

the ever-present emphasis of destiny. Throughout the volume there are passages worth quoting, but we must content ourselves with just a few sentences from the nineteen chapters: "Shakespeare is so deeply read in the Bible as to have absorbed it in his intellectual and moral frame. To take out of his plays their deep biblical strain, their scriptural tone and color, their flavor and fragrance of the Garden of Spices, in which his feet had walked, would be like expunging the colors of the rainbow, or separating the fragrance and beauty of the rose." This is the conclusion of a fine chapter on Shakespeare and the Bible. The chapter on the Puritans is judicious and discerning. "Puritanism committed many extravagances; it was guilty of many faults of emphasis. Nevertheless, it succeeded in grounding the life of England very thoroughly on the Bible; it produced a fuller saturation of the English mind with the Word of God. The Puritan might make many false applications of the teaching of Scriptures; his emphasis might frequently be upon the wrong point. At the same time the power of the Bible flowed into and through him, and from him." What the Bible has done for literature, it has also done for life in general. Mr. Seebach's volume traces the influence of the Bible on the civilization of the world, and more particularly in the making of America and the development of democracy. His story of the composition and growth of the Bible, and of the numerous translations is both succinct, readable, and informing. Of particular value is the interesting way in which he relates the influence of the Book to the rise and progress of Protestantism. The chapters of special importance to students of American history are "The Book in Catholic America," "The Book in Protestant America," and "The Book of Liberty." They contain information not generally accessible, and yet very valuable, as throwing light on some of our own problems as to the right direction of Bible study in public schools. A distinction not commonly recognized is thus stated: "Over against the Roman doctrine of the church's authority, the Protestant places the sonship of believers. Since God is our Father, there can be no difficulty in believing that he can speak to his children. And so the Bible has a peculiar value for the Protestant, not only because it contains a record of God's dealings with his people, but also because he speaks directly through it in a progressive revelation that culminates in Christ. The Roman Church uses it as an arsenal of proof texts for its theology and law; the Protestant finds in it a simple and natural means of communication with God." In order that the last sentence may become more widely true in all circles of Protestantism, a better knowledge of the Book is necessary. We are all agreed that the Authorized Version has captured the heart of English-speaking people. But we are more interested in the actual message of the Bible than merely in the literary form in which it has come to us. Dr. Milligan discusses the decided superiority of the Revised Version for expository purposes, and urgently commends its larger use. He makes a series of comparisons between the two and shows how numerous are the advantages of the later version in removing obscurities, in correcting erroneous ideas, in making vivid the thought of the original.

Of even greater worth is the way it helps to a more adequate understanding of the person and work of Christ, and the character of the Christian life. All Bible students will find his suggestions and directions very helpful in their own study of the Book of Life.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Franklin Spencer Spalding. Man and Bishop. By JOHN HOWARD MELISH. 8vo, pp. 297. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.25.

JOHN MORLEY, in his luminous Recollections, mentions one of the canons of biographical writing, in accordance with which he wrote his notable life of Gladstone. "If those are right who say that the worth of a biography depends on its being done by one with whole-hearted and candid attachment to the man whose life he writes, then I am safe, *aut laudatus aut excusatus.* In biography the old rule for imaginative creation holds equally good—all depends on the subject." These words fittingly apply to the biography of Bishop Spalding. It is not an adulation, but an appraisement of one of the outstanding characters of the church. He was a unique product of American Christianity, with its increasing trend towards a socialized democracy. The fine photograph facing the front page is a speaking likeness of this noble servant of humanity, who combined the qualities of a hero and a saint. Even those who disagree with his socialistic interpretation of Christianity must acknowledge his manliness and Christlikeness. "Diplomacy seemed to him too much like compromise, and compromise of conviction was abhorrent to him. He was ever eager to get at another's point of view, and to learn from an adversary. The intolerant man is always a contentious man. He regards the expression of a difference of opinion as a personal insult, and always expresses his own opinion in such a way as to reflect upon the good sense of his neighbors. However deep Spalding's convictions were, in debate he always occupied a certain objective attitude toward them. The consequence was that debate, which he dearly loved, never degenerated into bickering. It was an intelligent exercise, never a quarrel. As for his lack of diplomacy, it sprang from one of the most beautiful traits that a strong nature can be possessed of, a simplicity that was almost childlike." He is described as "a sermon on reality." Whenever he spoke it was primarily as a prophet, to tell men what they needed, not what they wanted to hear. Some of his utterances were not welcome, particularly those on the social applications of the gospel. We recall the storm that was raised by his fearless and searching message on "The Church and Democracy," delivered in the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine during the sessions of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of 1913. One who knew him best said: "We can think of few men whose influence is so likely to live, and few whom the coming years are so likely to justify." Large sections of this book recall the militant career of Hugh Price Hughes, of whom it was said that he restored to Methodism its evangelistic pas-

sion. Spalding was misunderstood, but that has been the fate of many another prophetic pioneer. There were some who declared that he was neglecting his chief work in the interest of socialism. As a matter of fact, he was primarily a preacher and missionary, and lectured only because he could reach men that way. Indeed, when he became well known, he received frequent invitations to preach, which were declined. "When one is preaching to a handful of people out here it is an opportunity or a temptation to address a crowd in the East. But I'm clear in my own mind, one cannot be the bishop of a Western diocese and an eloquent preacher in New York." He was elected bishop of Utah while serving a flourishing parish at Erie, Pa. He accepted the call and went, with the resolution to stay, refusing many flattering offers of attractive fields of labor. The spirit of the man is seen in a letter to his mother at the time of his election. "The two things I've done here, preaching and pastoral work, are worth little in a bishop, while the things I've failed at—money-getting and winning workers for the church—are all important. The only reason I'm going is because the church must have a man out there, and she has asked me to be that man, whether I like it or not. And I don't much like it. The honor is nothing. But having burned the bridges behind me, there is no use belittling the land I must travel through, and so I'm trying to believe, with you, that it is a great honor and a grand country and a perfect life." The chapters dealing with his debt-raising and money-begging campaigns will be read with interest by those of us who are only far too familiar with this phase of church activity. The way this valiant soul tackled the financial problem was really noteworthy. There are several cordial references to Methodist preachers and the generous way they helped him in his missionary work in Utah. In the mining camps of the Western States he rendered true Christlike service. He insisted that the men who would minister to these must have a message they believe in, and without cant or indifference live themselves the life they recommend. This is a call to virile manhood with the inevitable demand for sacrifice, but what Spalding expected of his preachers he himself exhibited on a heroic scale. This volume is of value to those who are interested in Mormonism and Socialism, both of which were searchingly interpreted by him in the light of the teachings of the gospel. "In advocating Socialism Bishop Spalding was far removed from the dreamy, visionary theorist. He used his reason and observation freely and bravely, and found out the cause of evil, the tendencies which make for cure, and then by faith accepted them and made every effort to enforce them. While he honored all generous and kind-hearted men and women, and was grateful to them for rising above the sordid selfishness about them, he felt that human society will not be organized according to the will of God until justice takes the place of charity, and the cooperative commonwealth replaces the régime of individualistic competition." The platform which he eloquently espoused is finely expounded in a recent volume, The Christian Ministry and Social Problems, by Charles D. Williams, also a bishop of the same church. Spalding was a large-

minded churchman, and held that the basis of union is Christlike living and loyalty to Christ. How unlike many a priestlet whose pompous pretensions are as vain as his limited outlook. This biography will bring courage to lonely workers who feel they are not appreciated, who realize they are misunderstood, but who, nevertheless, have convictions which are both vital and stimulating. It will also brace up those who are at the storm centers and kindle the fires of apostolic consecration and service. It will give to everyone a vision of the great possibilities of the church in the new day.

Recollections. By JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY, Q.M. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. x+388, vi+382. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $7.50 net.

THESE two volumes strike the high-water mark in autobiographical writing with the notes of honesty, dignity, and modesty. Lord Morley was at the center of the political and literary movements of the last fifty years, and what he has written in these pages is distinguished by candor and insight. He thus throws light on many of our pressing problems and suggests how the next steps of progress must be taken. This is, moreover, an optimistic record, what might well be called a history of our own times, that is, up to August, 1914, for with the outbreak of the war Lord Morley retired from public life. Compromise was the arresting title of one of his earliest books, written when he was thirty-six years of age. It sets forth high principles for the guidance of men in public life. Let it be said to his honor that during his long and varied career he courageously adhered to these stern and sober principles, turning away from both mistiness and expediency in policy, and not swerving from the path of duty. He has exemplified in a notable way the spirit of the Puritans whom he so well described in his study of Cromwell, "Mockers say that men of principle are dispensed from the necessity of succeeding; principle is its own reward. But the ironic point depends on your standard of success. We may perceive plenty of wrong turns taken at the cross roads, time misused or wasted, gold taken for dross and dross for gold, manful effort misdirected, facts misread, men misjudged. And yet those who have felt life no stage-play, but a hard campaign with some lost battles, may still resist all spirit of general insurgence in the evening of their day. The world's black catastrophe in your new age is hardly a proved and shining victory over the principles and policies of the age before it." This is from the Introduction. Morley undertook his tasks with quiet gravity and a sense of high responsibility, and even in the face of defeat he exhibited self-control. When ousted from his seat at Newcastle he took his loss with such comparative serenity that Mr. Gladstone, who was quite wrought over it, said to him: "This is really carrying *σωφροσύνη* a good deal too far,' that being one of Aristotle's first-class virtues, meaning temperance and sound-mindedness. Morley was a liberal in politics and religion. He held to that type of liberalism which has respect for the dignity and worth of the individual and which stands for pursuit of social good against class

interest or dynamic interest. Chapter two, on "Spirit of the Time," deserves careful study. It passes in review the currents of influence of the middle of the nineteenth century. "Tide swept upon tide—Evangelicalism, all the movements of liberal theology, Catholic reaction within the Anglican communion, stay of ultramontane leanings among English Catholics, the school then so popular in our middle class of High and Dry. Those who are most alive to the great human impulses that reared the Christian fabric, will most readily recognize the analogy between this age and that which witnessed the introduction of Christianity, as it was put by Leslie Stephen from a point of approach opposed to Arnold's—much empty profession of barren orthodoxy, and, beneath all, a vague disquiet, a breaking up of ancient social and natural bonds, and a blind groping toward some cosmopolitan creed and some deeper satisfaction for the emotional needs of mankind." Although he early departed from the faith of his Methodist parents (his mother was a Wesleyan class leader), Morley always heeded the voice of conscience and was guided by the highest of all high motives. If he gave more heed to the austere morals of M. Aurelius than to the sublime truths of Jesus Christ, we can yet say of him what John Wesley said of M. Aurelius, who has been well called the saint of agnosticism: "I make no doubt but this is one of those 'many' who 'shall come from the East and the West and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob,' while 'the children of the Kingdom,' nominal Christians, are shut out." Interesting sidelight on the character of Morley is found in the life of Charles Stewart Parnell by Katherine O'Shea. She was quite a young girl when John Morley visited in the home of her father, Sir John Page Wood. "He was a very brilliant young man, and my elders explained to me that his tense intellect kept them at too great a strain for pleasurable conversation." But she found him to be altogether different. "He had (to me) a kindly manner, and did not consider it beneath him to talk seriously to a girl so young in knowledge, so excessively and shyly conscious of his superiority, and so much awed by the mission of keeping him amused and interested while my elders rested from his somewhat oppressive intellectuality. I remember wondering, in some alarm, as to what topic I should start if he suddenly stopped talking. But my fear was entirely groundless; he passed so easily from one thing interesting to me to another that I forgot to be self-conscious, and we discussed horses and dogs, books and their writers—agreeing that authors were, of all men, the most disappointing in appearance—my father, soldiers, and 'going to London,' with the greatest pleasure and mutual self-confidence." Others found him to be equally attractive. It was no small tribute to his character that men of different political parties gave him their confidence. With charming naïveté he writes: "Looking back I only know that men vastly my superiors alike in letters and the field of politics, have held me in kind regard and cared for my friendship. I do not try to analyze or explain. Such golden boons in life are self-sufficing." Chamberlain once said to him: "You have two faults, you are sensitive and you are reserved." To this Morley replied: "A man's weak points are usually parts of his strong ones; if he is lucky enough to have any. Sensitiveness is an element or counterpart of sympathy,

and a gift of sympathy either in a public man or anybody else is a tower of strength. Reserve, again, is an element in pride, and pride of the right sort is a tower of strength too." Rosebery once wondered how so many members of Parliament went to see Morley so much, and to talk so freely to him. "They never come to me," he said. "You're too big a man for one thing," explained Morley, "and for another you are uncertain—not always to be found. I am always there, you see." To this Rosebery rejoined, "O, that's not it. When I was in every morning at Lansdowne House, 'twas just the same. No, you are sympathetic." It is certainly edifying to read the opinions of a man of such acknowledged qualities. What he writes about contemporary notabilities is all the more valuable because he was intimately associated with them. There are living pictures of Cobden, Bright, Chamberlain, Stead, Parnell, Asquith, Goldwin Smith, Goschen, Curzon, Disraeli, Acton, Balfour, Carnegie, Roosevelt, Gladstone, and many others. He has also a great deal to say of men famous in science and literature. The section on George Meredith is specially fine. It is not superficial eulogy, but constructive criticism. "Meredith was not meant for pure contemplative: he was the born and lifelong athlete, both in art and career. . . . It was his buoyant energy, his sincerity of vision, his spaciousness of mind and outlook, his brave faith in good, in the rise of good standards, in the triumphs of good—these it was that made him a rare moral and intellectual force, the teacher of many a sane and wholesome lesson, among those who had the happiness to be his friends, long years before the world found out the fire and strength and richness in his genius." He refers to Mazzini as standing for the voice of conscience in modern democracy. As might be expected, he has much to say of J. S. Mill. "Strange is the spell of personality, and Mill's personality was transparent. In his collective influence he made innumerable pulses of knowledge and thought vibrate in his generation. Respect for him became an element of men's own self-respect." Concerning Matthew Arnold he hits the nail in a few sentences: "As critic in an epoch that stood in peculiar need of criticism in its largest sense, Arnold must be called incomparable among Englishmen of his day. In the region of bookish taste, and in vision for the right tests, alike in prose and verse, he was admirable, if not always absolutely sure. In application of such tests from rich historic stores, along with insight for the temper and needs of his time, he was sane, measured, just, competent." We can fill many pages about Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Carlyle, Browning, Ruskin, Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Bagehot, George Eliot, Alfred Lyall, Tennyson, and many more. Referring to the men who were associated with Chamberlain in Birmingham, he writes: "Before them all in strength of caliber was R. W. Dale, the embodiment in its full strength of the spirit of free churches after the New Model, a true Cromwellian in vigor of political imagination and virile sense of the trumpet-call of public duty. Dale's voice, his look, his gesture, his outspoken courage, were all Cromwellian. The procession of the ages had added in him the grace of tolerance, so fatally absent from his Protestant forbears of the seventeenth century." Indirect testimony to the sterling worth of Morley as an editor

is given in the life of Principal Fairbairn by Selbie. When Dr. Fairbairn returned to London from a trip in Russia he was eager for news and no paper would satisfy him but the Pall Mall Gazette. The reason for this: "Let men say what they like about the religion of John Morley, I feel I must always go to his paper to get the actual truth." Book III is devoted to his service as Irish secretary, and there is much else in the two volumes on the problems of Ireland which bear on political and social conditions. Morley was also Secretary of State for India, and was associated with Lord Minto, the Viceroy of India, in accomplishing many urgent reforms in the Indian Empire. Book V is devoted to this subject, and is fittingly entitled "A Short Page of Imperial History." The six chapters consist largely of correspondence with the Viceroy, and constitute a running commentary on the problems made acute by the unrest among the natives. It was an earnest and successful attempt on the part of these two men to cope with a complicated situation. There is a surprising omission in this entire section. Nothing is said of the important activities of the missionaries. One of the leading natives said of Dr. John Wilson concerning his educational work in Bombay in the early nineteenth century and founder of Wilson College: "Since his arrival in India, no less than eighteen governors have ruled over the Western Presidency, but Dr. Wilson did more for the Presidency of Bombay, in the way of educating the people, composing books suited to their wants in the various languages, inducing them to be loyal subjects of the British crown, than all the eighteen governors together." Even after allowance is made for Oriental hyperbole, the same can be said of a host of missionaries. And yet no reckoning was made with them and their great work apparently counted for nought toward the solution of the difficulties in India. Probably this is explained by the limitations of political leaders, whose desire for religious impartiality has frequently led them to miss the mark.

A READING COURSE

The Religious Education of an American Citizen. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The sumptuous volume, Drew Theological Seminary—1867-1917, is an impressive record of fifty years of self-sacrificing service for the kingdom of God. It brings forcibly to our attention the pressing importance of an adequately trained Christian ministry, to meet the complicated problems of the new day, and to secure for the church the leadership in all world affairs. There is no writer who has done more to emphasize this truth than Professor Peabody. He has written a series of volumes which breathe the spiritual and social passions of the gospel, and which helpfully suggest some of the ways by which the church must discharge its commission. We can only mention the titles of his books in the order of their publication: Jesus Christ and the Social Question, 1900; The Religion of an Educated Man, 1903; Jesus

Christ and the Christian Character, 1905; The Approach to the Social Question, 1909; The Christian Life in the Modern World, 1914; The Religious Education of an American Citizen, 1917. Any one who makes a careful study of these volumes will have a clear understanding of the nature and gravity of our difficulties and how to meet them. Let it be said at the outset that we do not accept Dr. Peabody's theological position. His interpretations of the teachings of Jesus Christ do not reckon with the whole message of the New Testament. At important places his argument halts and grows weak because of his failure to emphasize the evangelical doctrine of redemption through our Lord and Saviour. He, however, has a discerning appreciation of the complex facts of life, and brings to his discussions broad scholarship, penetrating vision, and a warm religious spirit. His apt quotations from the best writers of every school of thought are as valuable as his own luminous utterances. He is one of the finest representatives of ethical idealism, and he never tires of ringing the many changes on that great principle of Jesus: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the teaching." "The primary test of discipleship is in the discipline of the will." Another of the words of Jesus which Dr. Peabody has made vivid in his several books is this: "For their sakes I sanctify myself." Just as we think of Professor James in connection with the wonderful chapter on "Habit" in his Psychology, so we associate Professor Peabody with these two sentences of the Master. Greater praise cannot be given any thinker. We introduce our reading course with his latest volume. Here he utters the thoughts of many hearts and gives expression to our latent convictions and desires with unique lucidity of literary style. He considers with insight the conditions and institutions of American life among which the stream of religious experiences has its origin and from which its course must be directed. How can these influences be cleansed? Can American citizenship be made a medium of religious education? What are the defects and virtues of American character of which religious teaching must take account? In answering these questions he talks plainly and outspokenly, with prophetic unction and impartiality. The home, school, college, business, politics, citizenship, internationalism, militarism—these are urgent themes, not only for these days of war, but also for the coming days of reconstruction, which, please God, may not be far off. The Christian minister must then be prepared with a program adequate to every situation, and with a motive whose stimulus will bring supply where the need is pressing. Dr. Peabody's volume gives satisfactory direction. "Religious education means, as the words imply, the drawing out of the religious nature, the clarifying and strengthening of religious ideals, the enriching and rationalizing of the sense of God. It assumes the susceptibility and responsiveness of human life to the approaches of the divine life, and by every influence of suggestion and environment clears the way by which the love of God may reach the soul of man. Education thus becomes, as Lessing announced it to be, revelation—the disclosure to the will of man of the will of God. . . . A life which has thus acquired a quickened and

active sense of divine control becomes inevitably associated with God's purpose for the world, so far as that may be revealed. Revelation thus passes over into dedication. The end of education is service. The consciousness of God directs one's will to the establishing of the kingdom of God. The life that is sanctified becomes sanctified for others' sakes." This quotation finely summarizes the message of the book. While Dr. Peabody holds that the earliest communication of religion to a child is not by instruction, but by contagion, he also holds to the principle of growth with its increasing social responsibility, which is so convincingly set forth by Professor Coe in his recent volume, noted in the Side Reading below. Among the principles which should direct the religious education of an American child are reality, personality, democracy. Note carefully his interpretations of these ideas and see how you can apply them. The home is given a conspicuous place in the solution of our problem. Homelessness is a greater peril to which the boy and girl are exposed than bad companions, bad books, or bad habits. He means by this the isolation of the child's soul, the lack of some one to listen to him, a life without roots, which hold him in his place and make him grow. Follow the argument, which is really a plea for simplicity, consistency, and piety in the American home. Supplement this chapter with Dr. Coe's searching chapter on "The Christian Reorganization of the Family," which summons the family to prepare children for democracy by being itself a democracy. Dr. Peabody's chapter on "The Religion of a College Student" deals with problems of the adolescent age, whether college-trained or otherwise. Read what is said of the efforts of the church to win young people with the bait of socials instead of honestly and intelligently offering a religion which can stand the tests of reality, reasonableness, and practical service. Is it actually the case that when the youth between seventeen and twenty-two asks for bread we give him a stone, because we do not know any better? Is he not right when he declares in the chapter on "Universities and the Social Conscience" that what our humanitarian enterprises need most of all is expert leadership, marked by sympathy with wisdom? Read how he meets the charge that academic people are theorists and that what we need is practical men. "Theory is the capacity for vision; the seeing things as they are; the survey of truth with a large horizon. Doers we have in plenty; but where are our seers? Action is eager enough; but where is vision? Views there are in abundance; but where are the leaders who have a view of life, its motives and aims, its incidents and enterprises, seen from the height of scientific detachment and judicious temper?" While he does justice to the springs of American idealism, he also points out that we suffer from a lack of *discipline*, which gives self-control, patience, poise; *power*, which brings initiative, endurance, authority; *perspective*, which offers capacity to set things in their true proportion. Each of these qualities, which comes from a liberal education, is discerningly expounded in separate chapters. Here are two sentences worth pondering: "When one considers the moral blunders and disasters which happen among decent people, he cannot help observing that they occur, for the most

part, not because wrong is consciously preferred to right, but because the proportions of right conduct are confused or blurred. . . . History is strewn with the mistakes of conscientious people, who have been all the more persistent in their blundering because they were quite sure that they were doing right." The chapter on "The Expansion of Religion" advocates a type of life which is concerned in the entire area of human experience and need. This is indeed the program of the religion of the Incarnation, although it has received scant justice until recent times. The provincialism and sectarianism of the average Christian can be supplanted by the universalism of Jesus only as we are thoroughly subdued and controlled by the spirit of the Christ. It is for this reason that we are disappointed with the closing chapter. True, the author recognizes and exalts the many-sided appeal of Jesus Christ to every sort and condition of life—rationalist, mystic, and idealist; but there is lacking the triumphant note of faith in the living Redeemer. Note how the argument is thin and supply the truth which gives a complete Christianity with its inevitable swing of conquest.

Side Reading

Religious Education and Democracy. By B. S. Winchester. (Abingdon Press, $1.50.) Discusses the type of religious education that can further the interests of democracy, in harmony with the vital principles of Protestantism.

A Social Theory of Religious Education. By G. A. Coe. (Scribner's, $1.50.) Shows with characteristic ability the bearing on religious education of the social interpretation of Christianity, and how to readjust our teaching, especially in the Sunday school, so as to get the best results.

Personal Appeals to Sunday School Workers. By Oscar L. Joseph. (Revell, $1.) Every interest is considered with clear insight into present conditions and a vision of better things to come.

For information about books of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1918

RELIGION, SCIENCE, AND WAR

We are now sounding the depths of the twentieth century upon whose surface two decades had found us merely floating. At last we have a century of our own, and a very bloody one at that. The "so-called nineteenth century," with its wide but desultory activities, is forgotten in the present drive. In our day, people of a serious turn of mind close the "Origin of Species" and open anew the "Apocalypse." We are looking for last things, and seeking the chill poles of human existence. If it was plausible when men looked toward the year one thousand as the Ultima Thule, it is more reasonable to conjecture how the year two thousand may mark the limits of life on earth, except that the end of the century seems to be anticipating itself in its younger years. Humanity has gone too far, has overestimated its strength, exhausted its credit. In the midst of our melancholy calculations, we begin to wonder whether life is not worn out, and man come to the end of his reign. In some quarters, it is suggested that religion is now an overcome standpoint; but it is just as reasonable to inquire whether the same spirit of deathly calm has not come upon science also. Faiths and facts are both at the mercy of war. At any rate, the war has wiped out the one-time conflict between science and religion. The petty revolutionists must cease from their internecine intellectualism, and meet the common enemy. The old conflict is now but a painful reminiscence.

Agnosticism An Overcome Standpoint. The nineteenth-century conflict between science and religion now looks like a battle with blank cartridges, an affair of mock heroism, or a municipal campaign. The epic struggle of the day, when we fight not with

flesh and blood alone but with spiritual wickedness in high places, makes the earlier quarrel appear banal and grotesque. The character of that struggle was purely physical and superficial; it knew nothing of submarine or aerial encounters. When science did make its attack, the thrust was into the cosmological area, into which the forces of religion had strayed, and from which they retired to straighten out their lines. Science was destined to arrive in the course of time, but mankind was so impatient to effect an understanding with the exterior world that it used its intuitions instead of waiting for science to come with its more exact calculations. Then, the ecclesiastical organization of European culture had the effect of substituting dogma for hypothesis; but if theology dabbled with physics it was only because there was no other form of intellectualism which was ready for such work. At the same time, it is well to note that theology had certain interests invested in the cosmos; it came to nature with an ax to grind.

The cosmic grindstone which theology approached was two-edged; it was meant to sharpen the ideas of God and the soul. The religious belief that the whole order of things rests, not upon its own responsibility, but upon spiritual life beneath, behind, and beyond it, led the mediæval thinker to turn poetry into prose and dream into dogma when he asserted that the extensive physical order was made and completed in six calendar days. Saint Augustine, with his notion of the "eternal generation of the heavens and earth," was singularly free from such naïve calculations, but less wise reasoners sacrificed the idea of Creator as such to the brevity of his creative work. In the same spirit of exaggeration, the thinker of those days and the teacher of us moderns felt impressed with the idea that the human soul has the will and the power to wrap itself up in imperishable garments; but this bit of genuine belief assumed the unwarranted notion that such an immortal soul realizes its timelessness by attaining to a home at the zenith of the heavens. Had there been sufficient missionary enterprise with such ardent speculators, they would have discovered that, with disciples at the antipodes, the notion of immortality by means of spatial elevation could not have

sufficed, since the antipodal believer would have down for their up, and up for their down. Upon such cosmic walls did the vines grow, but when the old walls began to totter, there was lack of adequate horticulture to transplant those vines to more appropriate gardens. The believer urged himself to assert that the dead prop for the vine was more than the vine itself; he fought for his astronomy instead of keeping up the contention for his theology. The marvel of it is that religion survived in the hands of its enemies and friends, but Christianity is so versatile a faith that it shows no real surprise when scientific, social, and economic changes take place. Its immortal actors refuse to leave the play upon a change of scene; its laws hold in spite of the change of venue.

Christianity has ever been in the habit of initiating various forms of culture and civilization, which later on pass over into social life generally. It began with the economic experiments of the church at Jerusalem; it showed itself in the founding of school and hospital; it appeared in the premodern stage of the miracle-play. But bank and stage, hospital and school were destined to thrive more vigorously without the wall, so the church abandoned its innovations, just as the future may see the church forsaking the institutional concern and the board tabernacle. The lively sympathies of Christianity and its restless genius have more than once laid it open to flank attacks. In the instance of the church's physical speculations, the noble exaggeration and the equally noble retrenchment of faith assumed the form of a conflict. But the church knew how to conduct a successful retreat from a non-strategic point, and that without the loss of men or arms. If science desires to style all this a victory for its forces, it is welcome to its elation, although a reflective person will be likely to regard it as a "German victory" of the Crown Prince, well known in the region of Verdun. It is to the genuine glory of science that at length it established the principles of physics and biology, not that it removed by force certain naïve notions of earth and man.

Scientific Tenderness and Timidity. The work of science, viewed as so much shell-fire, has been but a half-work; its attack

has concerned no more terrain than that of religion's eastern front. Science has never had the will or the wit to disturb the ethical principles of religion. It may have felled the poles; the live wires of moral truth were left untouched in their writhing. Religion is two-poled; it premises physical principles and postulates moral values. To remove religion from the seas and leave it *spurlos versenkt,* its adversary must penetrate the double bottom of the faith-craft. The pathetic result of the scientific attack of frightfulness calls attention to the further fact that the moral lining of religion was never pierced by scientific criticism. Speaking generally and broadly, religion has the audacity to suggest to the brutal forces of the world that such principles as justice, gentleness, and love are the things of value and validity; clouds like these, be they no broader than a hand's breadth, are the ever overshadowing signs of human faith. If science had ever subjected religion to attack, it had Belgiumed these beliefs with their soft defenselessness. If science had been half as bold and tough as its agnostic adherents suggested, it would have been sufficiently Teutonic to torpedo both battleship and merchantman, both fortress and hospital. The fact is that science felt at home and at ease in attacking the physical camp of Christianity, but strangely timid and ill at ease before the terrible red-crossed banners of Christian morality. Science smote one cheek, but withheld its hand from the other; the cloak it took, but not the coat also. Science succumbed to the tenderness of Galilean maxims; its forces halted at the base of the mountain.

The abiding morality in the common domain of science and Christendom is the law of Christ, whose every jot and tittle stand intact. Religious tenderness still obtains in the midst of scientific severity. That this is as it should be we will not attempt to deny; no, we are anxious only to note a strain of inconsistency and a tone of insincerity in the scientific plea for plausibility. Science removed the earth from the splendid position in which a thoughtless faith had placed it, and sent it flying to the suburbs of the universe. Copernicus was responsible for the commonplaceness which attached itself to earth when earth was relegated to the *faubourg* of creation. But the moral conclusion to this bit of

scientism was never drawn by science, which had been more consistent if it had counseled man to eat, drink, and be merry, if it had allowed its physical premises to pave the way for a life regardless of ethical restraint. The timidity of science shows its blush again in the biological considerations of recent memory. Since man is no longer the stately creature of ancient classicism or mediæval Christianity, but the product of purely faunal forces beneath him, it would seem as though this physical animalism should bear a similar inscription upon the reverse side of the coin. If we are far from our fancied home in the universe, and if the blood of beasts works in our veins, why should we not have the courage to draw the moral conclusion, and thus live like Cossacks, Huns, and Prussians? What science did when the moral crisis arrived is a matter of pleasant recollection.

As far as science has anything to offer by way of moral injunction, its maxims are strangely Christian. Religion asserts, "We live in a spiritual order, whose living synthesis so binds us heart to heart that we should love one another." On such a pair of principles hang both law and prophecy. Science places man nowhere in particular, but somewhere in the world of things; then it begins to moralize in a manner which suggests imitation, if not plagiarism. Science plays nothing but the canned music of Christianity. The principle of love, which struggled toward the light in the cellar of the law, and blossomed unreservedly in the Gospels, becomes for science a herding principle known as "consciousness of kind," "social organism," or "altruism." That is to say, "birds of a feather flock together," or sheep will huddle in the fold when dark, cold night settles over their heads. This is far from suggesting the religious idea that the sons of men are citizens of the kingdom of God, and just as far removed from the notion that the heirs of this realm are leading citizens in the free city of the universe. That which is noteworthy in the mutualizing morality of science is the fact that it exists at all; the just conclusion from naturalistic principles should have been correspondingly hard. Religion, then, seems to have won this battle in the air.

If you are wholly disinterested, if you assume no moral re-

sponsibility whatsoever, you will see how science and religion are practically one in their respective moralities. "They have acted in concert," said Nietzsche. "Science itself stands in need of vindication." But that is not the point just now. The question is whether science was strong and consistent when it asserted that religion was untrue and then recommended that, nevertheless, one should follow its precepts. May one spurn the True and still follow the Good? This is what science has done. A real adversary would have destroyed the tree root and branch; but all that science indulged in was a bit of judicious pruning. In this semi-Christian fashion, Darwin spoke fondly of "conscience," whose roots he sought in lower orders of animal existence. In the ultimate conception of things, Darwinism abandoned the struggle for existence for "sociability." Spencer's agnosticism, which in truth smothered the symptoms of moral life in man, looked forward toward the coming of a "code of amity." Haeckel's history of creation, which is pursued in interesting independence of the Creator, stops when it reaches the Sermon-Mount, and concludes that the Golden Rule is the highest moral ideal. This is a strangely vegetarian diet for such scientific carnivora, and makes one feel that those who thrive on the milk of the word were not so serious after all when they tied a tail to mankind. The bark has been worse than the bite; perhaps the canine of scientism have hesitated before the granite fiber of religious morality. But, one will ask, were there those in the nineteenth century who did apply naturalism to morals, and who thus sought to inculcate hardness and cruelty into the will, just as science was sclerotic with the intellect? There were indeed; æstheticism was more dreadful than scientism.

Æsthetic Cruelty and Scientific Compassion. Art has opposed science just as science opposed religion. The "artist-cruelty" of the nineteenth century has been lost to view or hushed up in the midst of the more spectacular "conflict of science and religion." Certain men of letters, dramatists, musicians, usually considered harmless, drew the conclusion that, if the metaphysical yoke be removed, the moral goad is similarly discarded. Strangely enough, and yet with wisdom, these æsthetes refused to indulge

in agnosticism and higher criticism, since they saw that, if you remove religion, you will have nothing left to accept or reject. Science rejected religion as false, and accepted its morals as good; art accepted the reality of religion, and then proceeded to oppose its moral ideals. More dangerous than science, perhaps, art was more consistent, more courageous. Science was purely agnostic, art was nihilistic. Science looked for order, art for disorder. Science bade each individual restrain his impulses for the sake of the race; art aided and abetted the instinctive tendency toward self-assertion. Science sought to apply a narcotic to the animalism of man, art plied this animalism with stimulants. Science was willing to halt after its attack upon the True, art pressed on and attacked the Good also. Science was an unbelieving British gentleman, art was a believing Tartar. Viewed from the moral angle, it is remarkable that Spencer should have been agnostic, and that Ibsen should not have been so. Spencer was satisfied with an unbelieving goodness, Ibsen with a believing badness. For the man of science, religious ideals are surprisingly real; for the man of letters, they are but "ghosts," whose deathly haunting must be driven from our dreams of obedience. Art, then, seems to draw the naturalistic conclusions of the premises so blandly laid down by science.

The relentlessness of nineteenth-century æsthetics cannot escape one who knows the poetics of Poe and Baudelaire, the dramas of Wagner and Ibsen, the philosophies of Emerson and Nietzsche, the romances of Stendhal and Dostoievsky, to mention only the most vivid names. Varied their themes, as independent were the sources of their several inspirations; for such rulers took no counsel together when they tacitly agreed on "strength" as their watchword, a strength which harbors violence, which in turn suffers the vipers of anticonscience and anticompassion to nest in its branches. Thrown upon the ground, their light, æsthetic rod became a serpent; into the moral field they sowed their tares; upon the flames of disobedience, they cast their fuel. Strength was their sole counselor; to be weak was to be miserable and meritless. Thus they begat egoism and reared the superman. It is with such intellects that the church must settle. If science was

ever terrible, it is terrible no longer; if agnosticism threw dust into the eyes, it did not drug the moral will. Art versus religion is the problem of the day; science has used up its ammunition, and must retire from the field. The treatment of æsthetic individualism, which Christianity has set aside as meaningless, will come when the church sees how the harmless disciples of Spencer have become the more threatening followers of Nietzsche; for the rising generation prefers to believe in God that it may have the wild pleasure of disobeying him.

The treatment of æsthetic disobedience will be careful to see that there is some justice in the individualistic contention of the new sect, if sect it be, just as it will see that the isolations of individualism may be less harmful practically than the solidifying assemblage of men, which latter makes possible what is so unspeakable as war, and which in essence is responsible for Prussian militarism. Given Nietzsche, Ibsen, or Emerson as Germany's guide in morals, and the "call to colors" would have meant no more than bird-calls, not half as musical as the fire-music in Wagner's *"Walküre."* The impassibility of Nietzsche's individualism, once applied, would have saved Germany, and with it the whole world. The business of assembling men looks pleasant and useful in times of peace, but not so pleasant just now in times of war. Perhaps religion itself can find some ground of affiliation with a rash, æsthetic individualism which twists the gospel maxim "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" until it means, "Man, be thyself!"

Just now, however, we are dealing in retrospections, visiting the Gettysburg of science and religion, so that we cannot consider whether art be friend or foe. We desire to assure ourselves that the controversy so distressing in the former century has no meaning now, just as we desire to learn what quarrels of this sort really mean.

Science and Religion One in Humanity. With the old controversy ended, and its wounds healed, what were some of the strategic errors in which both scientist and religionist indulged? How may such conflicts be avoided in the future; or, if not avoided, how may a decision be reached? Done as we are with

physical and biological criticisms of religion, it is well to draw a temporary conclusion concerning such logical litigations generally. In the future, if we are to have such a privilege, let controversies of this kind take no more serious form than that of a friendly suit. One in ethics, science and religion should be one in the whole range of human problems, and it was the common humanity of man which was lost to view in the historic controversy. Let your scientist be relentless in his physical logic, let your theologian be stubborn in his spirituality, and both of them are reduced to a common humanity, when the ills of life overtake them. In the presence of a doctor, a sick scientist is in no wise different from a sick theologian. Before the bar of justice, the claim to eminence in science or prominence in church-matters is of no avail. Clinic and court see no difference between man and man, for disease and distress are great levelers. It is only in piping times of peace and prosperity that the members of the human family are allowed to quarrel, so that the war situation is quite likely to do away with local and temporal disputes for a long time to come.

The scientist is by nature a religionist, even when he may not see fit to collect his claim. The religionist is obliged to admit the stubborn presence of the exterior world, with which he is expected to come to some sort of an understanding. Man thinking must believe, and man believing think. Moreover, the extensity of the universe is so great that both scientific and theological guesses may find ample room to display themselves, while the intensity of human life is so marked that, again, the considerations of both laboratory and pulpit are likely to be needed. The things of this world and the thoughts of the spirit make up such a complete order of existence that it were well for man to unify his life to the extent of avoiding all such divisive notions as the one-time conflict sought to engender. In the past, let it be said, religion attempted too much, so that it was unable to keep its promises. In the present, science has been excessive in its overtures, so that one cannot fail to draw the parallel conclusion that science has assumed responsibilities which, in the future, it will never be able to discharge. Evolution has been especially sanguine

in its Utopian suggestions, and if its promises were judged as advertisements and labels are now scrutinized, it is a question whether the better class of papers and periodicals would accept scientific advertisements. Life itself seems to have taken too deep a thrust into existence, so that the war has come to teach humanity its place. One grand retreat seems to be the order of the day.

Science as Religion's "Fat Friend." As if in recognition of its excesses in criticizing human faith, science has of late been found in partial agreement with religion. Having made over-vigorous warfare, science now proposes a kind of scientific peace. Scientific pacifism shows itself in the less inimical use of physics and biology, which wounded the old views of the world and man, and a more friendly application of psychology and sociology to the apparent needs of the religious consciousness. Science is now willing to admit that human belief creates psychological and social data which science itself may well study. The lion of science will lie down with the lamb of religion, whose bleating is at least interesting. No longer is it asserted that the believing mind and praying will are absurd, for it is admitted that wondering eyes and bending knees may become a matter of scientific investigation. Accordingly, the facts of faith are studied with the hope of discovering their mental setting and their function in social life. There is even a sort of biology of religion, which tends to look upon faith as an asset in the general struggle for existence. Where once science flouted all idea of Deity, it is now ready to consider to what extent the primitive belief in such a God as that of Mr. H. G. Wells may mean for the human mind.

Such scientific sympathy is quite alarming, and the religionist who used to go armed through the dark alleys of materialism is now puzzled when he finds that the suspicious scientific character is anxious to show him the way to his destination. No longer need we choose between science and religion, since we have a science of religion. Such a reconciliation, which suggests German peace, will bear watching. Those who had a sneaking fondness for disputation are now at a loss for an adversary, since science is willing to admit that there may be a kind of truth in all the phenomena of religion. Under scientific auspices, religion

may be less spirited than it was before the adversaries laid down their arms; as a result the believer may take his faith too lightly. When one sees the religionist walking by the side of the scientist, he is justified in putting Beau Brummel's question, "Who is your fat friend?" The fat friend of religion is the psychologist or the sociologist, who wishes to entertain and perhaps aid him who would walk the streets of faith.

The manifest objection to the science of religion is that it may present the play without Hamlet. Scientific religion is bound to be superficial, since it must be more concerned with the accompanying phenomena of religious consciousness than with religion itself. Such scientism feels no wounds, and can but jest at scars. In the midst of scientific explanation of states of faith, the content of religious feeling is likely to slip through the scientific sieve. It is undeniable that science has the right to analyze human soul-states, but from this it does not follow that scientific psychology and sociology will be able to lay hold of that which is dear to men and races. As an example of a new attitude, the science of religion is especially stimulating to those who uphold the idea that, since man's mental life is one, the consideration of that life and all its issues should be conducted in unity and amity. At the same time, one cannot avoid the conclusion that the scientific treatment of age-old religion is akin to French strategy in simulating the natural effect of hill and dale—a species of camouflage.

These are indeed "the times that try men's souls." Military dispatches from various fronts keep us asking ourselves, "How long will this last? How long can humanity hold out?" All cables are ticking off apocalyptical material, so that we are in no mood to criticize fanatics who entertain the idea of a general termination of human affairs. If one believes in property, he will do well to take pencil and paper and calculate just how soon the wealth of the world will be spent for shells, leaving mankind in the impecunious condition of the small boy at the end of a glorious Fourth with its pyrotechnic finale. "Can the modern world come to an end simply through finance?" asked Dostoievsky more than a generation ago. The times are bad for banks and thrones, for

souls and bodies too. Perhaps the salt of the earth is losing its savor, and man is about played out. But our present inquiry concerns two forms of human life—the scientific and the religious. Both must have grown somewhat tough in their mutual encounter; which of the two has the toughness to stand up against a common adversary in the grim form of war, so disinterested in its destructiveness? Much compassion has been expended upon what looked like a dying religion, but few tears have been shed at the bedside of science. When peace comes, as come it must somewhere, somehow, and some time, it is not likely to behold a de-religioned world, since religion has usually been at its best when mankind was at its worst in states of sin and distress. Then there will be little but religion to engage the attention of a stricken world. The case of science is otherwise. This form of faith requires food from earth and an outer semblance of order, so that one may advance the interesting hypothesis that science, in the form of intellectual pride and sufficiency, is approaching its end in the world. If science had not been so Hohenzollern in its systematic treatment of men, we would willingly draw a different conclusion. Defeated in its desire for world-dominion, science is now proposing a kind of peace; towering head and shoulders above all others in Israel, science cannot escape the question, "Is Saul also among the prophets?"

Charles Gray Shaw

WORLD DEMOCRACY AND THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH

On the 9th of December, 1620, the good ship Mayflower cast anchor in Plymouth Bay. It had been a long voyage. Three months of tossing on an uncharted sea in a fishing smack, blown by contrary winds from their purposed landing in the quiet harbors of the Hudson to the bleak roadstead of Cape Cod—and they were homesick for the soil. But the next day was the Sabbath Day, and rather than desecrate its holy hours these storm-beaten sea-weary fugitives put up flimsy and temporary shelters on Saturday afternoon and shivered and prayed in these shacks until Monday morning. Then they set out to plant a continent.

It was to be the world's most ambitious experiment in democracy, and no possible element of success must be ignored. According to this page of the log book of the Pilgrims, the first essential element of democracy is a carefully guarded and a sacredly honored Sabbath.

I. *The World is to be a Democracy or a Despotism.* The issue is finally joined. There is not room in one world for a government that gets authority from the many and a government that gets its authority from a man. Moreover there can be no amicable relations between the two. They cannot be correlated. There is no common ground of action or of understanding or of confidence. President Wilson has sensed the situation when he declares that there can be no lasting treaty between democracy and autocracy; that the ruler who represents the people cannot treat on equal terms with a ruler who represents himself or a select class.

The ruler who is responsible only to himself may at any time call a treaty a "scrap of paper"[1] and be immune, for there is no one to whom he is accountable. He may desolate an unsuspecting kingdom with fire and blood and call it "a military necessity." Democracy can make no terms with irresponsibility. The man who does as he pleases, who cannot be prevented from doing as

[1] Frederick William IV. in a speech from the throne, 1847.

he pleases, who cannot be punished if he persist in doing as he pleases is not a safe man to run at large in a world where there are other men.

One of the present-day rulers announced his program to his soldiers one day as follows: "From my boyhood I have been greatly influenced by five men: Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Theodoric the Second, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon. These men all had dreams of world empire; they failed. I too dream of a world empire. I shall succeed." And so subtle are his plans and so vast are his preparations that if he be defeated, it will take the world in arms to defeat him.

But what does this world empire mean? It means autocracy. It means the despotism of one and the dependence of many. It means the turning back of the pages of history; the wreck of the United States Constitution, the crumbling of Plymouth Rock, and a government by royal decree or back-stairs diplomacy, in which you and I can have no voice and no standing. This is what threatens the world at this moment. This is the dream of world empire that has turned loose a million cannon and broken a world of human hearts. When England was an autocracy it was death for a peasant to shoot a rabbit on the king's preserves. It was death to steal goods to the amount of five shillings. There were plenty of common people and a few more or less did not matter. It was criminal for factory workers to meet and discuss wages. All that was settled for them in the king's cabinet. Mary Antin in her famous book The Promised Land writes that her father sometimes had to leave home to visit an out-of-town place called Russia. That is, he just left home on a business trip. And she writes, "There were so many things happened in Russia that one's mother and grandmother and aunts cried at the railroad station, and one was expected to be sad and quiet all day when one's father went out into Russia." A Russian farmer who would meet with his neighbors to protest against sundry taxes would be on his way in chains to Siberia before the next sun had set.

Autocracy has turned Europe into a hell inconceivable in horror; strikes a medal in honor of the sinking of the Lusitania and the drowning of a thousand men, women, and children; con-

fers the order of the Red Eagle upon the man who wrote the frightful Hymn of Hate; and now says to the Bulgarians, "United in hatred of the enemy, we will with God's help resist without faltering until the ideal for which we have gone to war is won." It says by the lips of Pastor Baumgarten, "We are compelled to carry on this war with a cruelty of ruthlessness unknown in any previous war, and whoever cannot prevail upon himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the Lusitania, and give himself to honest delight at this victorious exploit, is no true German." It reviews the gruesome record of the past year, the violated treaties, the mutilated children, the dishonored women, the despoiled cathedrals, the savagery by official rescript, and it says with the Kaiser, "The year 1917 has proved that the German people have in the Lord of Creation above an unconditional and avowed ally on whom we can absolutely rely." The world is to be democratic or autocratic, and twelve months will perhaps decide the issue.

II. Perhaps the best definition of a democracy was given by Abraham Lincoln in one of the high passions of his life. It is government by the people and of the people and for the people. Daniel Webster as early as 1830 had said, "the people's government made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people"; but his words needed the skyline and the shadows of tragedy to bring them into relief and to make them immortal. Mr. Lincoln further says, "As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy." The people create the government; the people judge the government; the people change the government; the people are the government. If there are laws to be made the people make them through their accredited representatives. If there are taxes to be assessed and a portion of their possessions to be sequestrated for the benefit of the state, the people sit in judgment upon those taxes, and the manner of their collection, and the attitude of the collector, and register their verdict at the next election. If there is war to be declared, that will mean men in the trenches, and women at the plow, and a service flag in the window, and an empty chair in the home. It must not be declared by any one man, who is in office

for life, or by any body of men appointed by this one man; it must be declared by men who owe their position of authority to the will of the people, and who exercise this authority until the people will to take it from them.

This is a democracy, and in a democracy each man is king. His ruler is his servant: *servus servorum Dei.* Not by divine right, but by the people's permission; not because he was born to the purple and there is no alternative and no appeal, but because other men have said, "Go and serve us for a day, and the sort of service you render will decide your service for another day."

III. *Toward This the World is Growing.* The hardy barons met King John at Runnymede in the thirteenth century, and before the bewildered king could get back to his dice and his hunting dogs he had thought it prudent to sign an innocent looking little paper the barons presented. In this paper are these words:

"No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or be disseized of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, or be otherwise damaged but by lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land."

The English yeoman and the English aristocracy are beginning to stir restlessly under the yoke of age-old customs and hereditary outlawry, and uneasy days are ahead for kings. So came the Magna Charta, and this was the evening and the morning of the first day.

In the seventeenth century the second day dawned. Parliament passed the Bill of Rights, in which it was declared that "the power of suspending laws by royal authority is illegal." Then came our own Declaration of Independence, an advancing wave of the tide that was rising along all coasts, and close upon it came the pronouncement of the National Assembly that "the ends of the social union are liberty, prosperity, security, and resistance to oppression; that sovereignty resides in the nation, and all power emanates from it." And so we come into modern history and the reign of the individual. This not for one people but for all peoples. Not now nationalism, but internationalism. Not now

a selfish patriotism, provincial, chauvinistic, insolent, but a brotherhood of man, a federation of the world.

And this the great world war will effect. This struggle will be a draw, and the nations will settle back exhausted and broken to prepare feverishly for another and a still fiercer struggle, or it will mean constructive democracy in some form from the North Cape to the Yellow Sea and from the Aleutian Islands to Cape Town. It must be a war to the finish, or it will mean another war in ten years, and a war to the finish will bring the people to the front and give them their long withheld rights.

IV. *But as Rulers the People Must be Trained.* The Ship of State must not be committed to the care of extemporized pilots. The men who are responsible for national policy, who employ other men to make treaties for them upon which the destiny of the republic depends, who may at any time be required to sit in judgment upon affairs of world-wide moment—such men should be trained men. In the darkest hour of 1863, when the President had called for 300,000 men, and again 300,000, and in the midst of Pope's retreat 300,000 more, and Fredericksburg had well-nigh crushed an army and wrecked a campaign, then John Bright said, "Will anybody deny that the government at Washington is the strongest government in the world? And all for the simple reason that it is based on the will, and the good will, of an instructed people." Instruct your democracy, and you have a safe democracy. Mold your public opinion into the right shape, and there is no danger from the threat of external foes, no peril from seditions and treasons within.

Whatever, therefore, makes public opinion makes history. Talleyrand, the subtle-brained Frenchman, says that there is more wisdom and more power in public opinion "than in Napoleon or Voltaire or all the king's ministers" that ever helped to solve a problem or confuse a political situation. The difference between the tenth and the twentieth century is the difference in public opinion. But what makes this maker of states, this overlord of national destiny, this umpire of all the yesterdays, this field marshal of all the obedient to-morrows?

Laws do not make public opinion; public opinion makes

laws, and a law is a dead letter which does not have public opinion as its sponsor and justification. Newspapers do not make public opinion; they voice it. They are mouthpieces, not monitors; they would rather be popular than progressive; they listen to hear what the people are talking about and rarely attempt to coerce their *clientèle.* The theater does not make public opinion. It panders to the supposed taste of its patrons and is ready to tramp through the mire if the crowd seems to be going that way. The school alone is not safe. The colleges and universities of Middle Europe developed a Kultur which they claim to be "above morality, reason, and science." And they hold that "Kultur must build its cathedrals on hills of corpses, seas of tears, and the death rattle of the vanquished."

The great public opinion maker is the pulpit. Here there can be no bid for popularity, no concession to prejudice or expedience. Without the pulpit, public opinion at one time tolerated the coliseum where men butchered one another "to make a Roman holiday." The best men of Athens, when Athens was at its best, building her Parthenon and founding her schools, if these best men persisted in the habits of their everyday life, would not be received at our hotels to-day. The Christian religion has kept a clean school, and the motto of that school written large and luminous upon the walls of the school room has been: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, think on these things," and public opinion has washed her face and put on clean garments, and has moved up out of the slums forever.

When William H. Taft was in the White House he said, "When I am charged with the accomplishment of some grave duty, it comes over me how absolutely essential it is that we have the church behind everything we do." President Wilson before a Southern convention declared that "the churches make for the stability of our moral processes. If I can represent you, and hand on the moral force you represent, I shall indeed be powerful. If I cannot I am indeed a weakling." The public opinion, then, that makes democracy safe is itself made by the churches, and just now as never before there is need of this infusion of power.

New problems have already risen because of the war. Democracy is strained to the breaking point, and after the war the problems are to be increased. If the democracy is to be world-wide it must have behind it a mighty sentiment that shall be equally wide. If democracy is to be safe, that sentiment must be sane and healthy; and if this sentiment is to be sane and healthy it must be through the agencies that make for sanity and health.

V. *The Church only can do this, but it needs the Sabbath in which to do it.* This is the Rest Day. On all other days

> ". . . the wheels are droning, turning;
> Their wind comes in our faces,
> Till our hearts turn, and our heads with our pulses burning,
> And the walls turn in their places."

On this day the wheels may stop and we may find ourselves, and find time to get acquainted with ourselves, and to think of the best things.

This is the Home Day. It is not good that a man should be alone. It is not good that the world be too much with him. Behind his front door he may get balance and tenderness. The home and the Sabbath are twins. They were born on the first day of the world's history, and the upward path begins at their cradle.

It is the Soul's Day, the one day when the carpenter may leave the twenty-four-inch rule out of his pocket and the grocer forget to balance his scales. Matters that may not be measured or weighed are at the front to-day, matters that are

> ". . . larger than the sky,
> Deeper than the ocean, or the abysmal dark
> Of the unfathomed centre,"

and matters that mean more for the stability of our institutions, and the reign of law and liberty, than cities and mines and reserve bank promises to pay. The soul needs a day all to itself, and this day must come once a week, and must have the right of way, if democracy or the rule of the people is to be safe. Said the Supreme Court in 1885, every member assenting, "Laws setting aside Sunday as a day of rest are upheld by the right of govern-

ment to protect all persons from the physical and moral degradation of uninterrupted labor." Said Blackstone, "Profanation of the Sabbath is usually followed by a flood of immorality." Said Voltaire, "There is no hope of destroying the Christian religion so long as the Christian Sabbath is kept as a sacred day."

The Lord's Day Alliance and affiliated local organizations exist to that end. They have their place in the front line of the agencies that are stripping themselves for the new strain and travail of the new day. The Young Men's Christian Association and the Knights of Columbus are looking after the welfare of the soldier lads in camp and ship and trench. The Red Cross Society ministers to them when broken by contact with the enemy. The churches go on keeping the home fires burning, and stiffening the morale of the home land which will stiffen the morale of the firing line; while the Lord's Day Alliance guards the sacred day, gives the preacher his hearing, and checks the tendency to that profanation of the day which would mean national ruin.

What has this organization been doing? Until 1912 there were more than 100,000 American citizens in the employ of the government who were compelled to spend certain hours of the Sabbath Day in performing the duties of their office—the post office employees. They must break the fourth commandment or surrender their position. The government was saying, "If you break the eighth commandment I will send you to the penitentiary; if you break the sixth commandment I will send you to the electric chair. But I have put my livery upon you and demand that you break the fourth commandment or else give place to some other man who is not troubled with a conscience." The Lord's Day Alliance helped to stop all that. The post offices were closed on the Sabbath Day and 500,000 persons were released from Sabbath bondage and enabled to worship in the churches if they saw fit. The National Convention of Post Office Clerks resolved that "this is largely the work of the Lord's Day Alliance, and we cannot find words which will adequately express our thanks for Sunday rest." The motion picture business set out to have the Sunday law which closes places of amusement on that day repealed. Most likely it would have succeeded, but this same

organization sent out its S. O. S. signals: "Save our Sabbath"—"Save our sanctuary"—"Save our State." And the attempt so far has failed in New York State. But in State after State the battle is raging, for millions are at stake; the Sabbath pennies of the Sabbath school children are a fat prize. But from Long Island to the Golden Gate the Alliance covers the republic and it stands ever and everywhere for a Sabbath Day that makes for a democracy to which the fortunes of the world may be intrusted.

VI. *Peculiar evils arise from the war conditions themselves.* The Geographic Magazine of November, 1917, contains a most readable article on the new soldier cities of the United States. The author in speaking of the construction of these cities writes with enthusiasm: "The men at Camp Funston did not stop for Sunday, but worked ten hours a day seven days a week, with Saturday afternoon off." That is, four thousand eight hundred men, under government contract, building homes for the young soldiers who are to represent the highest ideals of the Republic, in the midst of a struggle that shall change the face of the world for better or worse, are publicly deliberately breaking the law of God and the law of the land, and all for the sake of five hours a week, as the afternoon off could just as well have been given on the Sabbath. This same magazine refers to the essential importance of cultivating the soul of the soldier. "It will be news to the layman that there is now a corps of psychologists in the army who are to make a study of the mental and spiritual side of the organization. When he takes up the physical training of his new recruit the officer begins the training of the soul. . . . It is the fundamental quality of success in this war." Yet the first impression received by the young soldier when he reaches the camp is that of law-breaking, with not even the German plea of "military necessity" as a cloak for this law-breaking, and his government, which he is being taught to idealize, the responsible agent in this law-breaking.

They are holding bazaars and golf tournaments for the benefit of the Red Cross Fund on the Sabbath Day. In spite of the disclaimer of Mr. Taft, chairman of the National Red Cross Society, "The American Red Cross Society does not approve of

the violation of law by any of its chapters, and this without regard to the fact that the proceeds of the violation may be devoted to Red Cross purposes." Jacob has adopted sundry and divers masquerades for his hands, but he cannot disguise his voice, and he always means trickery and the despoiling of the birthright. Who shall say to the dear industrious women whose knitting, knitting, like the flippant complacent little brook, goes on forever, into the Sabbath Day and into the sanctuary—who shall say to them that they are just as surely breaking the Sabbath as the tailor would be who might persist in his work of making the soldier boy's suit on the Sunday, or the cobbler who goes right on mending his shoe?

After the war it will be a new world, a larger world. We must be ready for the soldiers when they come marching home. The church must be a big church, of big ideals, and with a big program. The returning fighters will not be content with little things. They have been thinking in terms of continents. They have been part of a world prospectus, and they will have lost their patience with trifles. They will not be satisfied with dead things. They have been facing things that are alive. Every German howitzer, every stealthy torpedo, every ounce of T.N.T. is tremendously, fearfully alive. The church must be full grown. It must be alive. No dead creeds; no shelfworn traditions; no petty economies. And it must have the great day which belongs to it, intact and guarded, in which it may hold its councils, and announce its platform, and map out its campaigns. It will take the whole Sabbath Day. It will take the real Sabbath Day, just as God gave it when there were no kings, and each man did that which was right in his own eyes; just as it must be if we are to have a safe government that takes its character from the people, and that leaves the people supreme. President Wilson is intent upon making the world a safe place for democracy. Let us see to it that democracy is made a safe policy for the world.

John A. Kelley.

CHARACTERISTIC CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE CHURCH IN THE ORIENT TO THE CHRISTIAN MESSAGE

Speaking at the Jubilee of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, Bishop W. F. Oldham gave expression in his own striking way to a most significant generalization touching the characteristics of the three great mission fields of our Church in Asia. These were his words:

> If you wish to find the keen intellect of Asia you will meet it in Japan; if you look for the strong busy hand of Asia you will see it in China; but if you seek the great throbbing heart of Asia you will find it in India.

Each great race has a genius, an individuality of its own. Each great branch of the human family places its own peculiar emphases. A question that has often occurred to thoughtful men is whether the same tendency is not manifest in the attitude of the nations toward the Christian religion. Have India and China and Japan, in adopting Christianity, placed any emphases on the message of the gospel different from those that have come to be recognized as characteristic of the Occident? Or, to put it still differently, have these Oriental races any characteristic contribution to make to the fuller understanding of the essential Christian message and life? This question has not yet received an answer—save by those who dismiss it with the statement that there is no such thing possible. It probably cannot be rightly answered until the indigenous Christian churches in the Orient are more fully developed. Still, there may be indications of what is taking shape, and some interest attaches to even a premature and imperfect answer.

Japan. One does not need to reach Japan before knowing that the greatest national ideal of that empire is patriotism, or loyalty. In some form or other this dominates the life of Japan. It calls forth the highest admiration of her people, and has had remarkable exemplification, particularly in time of war. Will

this ideal, carried over into Christianity by Japan's sons and daughters, result in giving color or tone to the Christian life of that land? When the Japanese Christian church has come to flower and fruit, will this ideal that so dominates the people produce in the national church and in the typical Japanese Christian a result in keeping with this essential national trait? If so, how will it manifest itself, and what will be the significance of it for Christianity as a whole?

In a very real sense can we not already see in Japanese Christianity the working of this ideal? Does this not, in some measure, account for the existence in that land of the sure beginning of a national, indigenous Christian church? How is it that a field so much less developed as to missionary operations than, for example, India has already produced an organization that bears so many marks of indigenous thinking and is so largely controlled by the Japanese themselves? The answer seems to be within reach when we bring to our help this great characteristic patriotism of her people. For a race so imbued with their own importance as the Japanese, so fired with enthusiasm for their own institutions and ideals, so devoted to *themselves,* it was only a question of a short time until the indigenous Christian church, through her own leaders, should assert her individuality, and her members yearn for a church organization that they could truly call their own.

Now may we expect any further exemplification of this national trait of the Japanese in the development of the Christian church? Without presuming to say what *will* come, it is possible to state what perhaps *ought* to come. The Japanese Christian church ought to give a new, a noteworthy illustration of a church, a people, wholly devoted to the great Head of the church. Loyalty to Christ ought to be the very fiber of Christian life in those islands. May we not hopefully look in Japan for a devotion to the Lord Christ which will not stop to count the cost, will not think or talk of sacrifice, will leap over all bounds of human selfishness? If we were to look through all the words of Christ to find some that Japan might take to herself, and live out with a glory and gallantry that would move the admiration of the whole Christian world, and constrain to new and deeper loyalty every-

where, might we not take these words of the Master: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it"? We have seen the typical patriots of that island-empire spilling their blood with a perfect *abandon* for the sake of their country and emperor, and glorying in this losing of themselves. Shall we not see Christian Japanese spending themselves, *losing* themselves, in an equally glorious *abandon* for his sake, the King of kings? Will not even the women of that race of patriots, who have so nobly in the past complemented the sacrifices of their sons and husbands, have their full share in the great Christian enterprise of that land?

China. If China is to make any contribution to the essential life of the church universal, her share will probably be greater and more important than that of Japan. We have in her a race that is not only vaster than her island neighbor, but one that is potentially greater. What is the dominant note of Chinese life? What is the controlling idea of that people? In a field so vast one moves with some difficulty and with considerable caution. And China's people are so inscrutable! Are there traits in common over all those great distances and among those many millions?

Will not Bishop Oldham's fine generalization help us at this point? Let us think of the "strong busy hand." *Work* seems to be the greatest single fact in the life of China's multitudes—toil that knows no remission, labor that has no ending, no outcome save in more labor. Has any land borne greater burdens through the centuries and said as little about them? The question that emerges for us is as to whether this great fact of China's life will appear in her religious system; whether it will dominate her religious life. It has had a place in the religions of China's past. For a people of this type the emphasis ought naturally to fall on duties to be performed, on external conduct. This has been the case. Who can read after Confucius and have any other thought? What are regarded by the Chinese as the greatest virtues? Any list would contain filial piety, humility, seemliness of behavior, or etiquette founded on dignity. On analysis we do not find these to be the kind of things that a more philosophical, introspective, emotional race would set up as ideals. The emphasis in these virtues is placed on the externals, for is it not the very

essence of the Chinese thought to discount anything subjective that is not properly set forth objectively? Would a Chinese man rather entertain noble thoughts or "save his face"? The question itself is preposterous! Think what you please, but do not indulge in such folly as to forget your "face"! Which is greater, the inner, hidden, controlling motive, or the outer expression in conduct? For China there can be but one reply. It comes down through the centuries, it will probably persist through coming centuries: Conduct is supreme.

This brings us to the question directly before us: Will this realism, as distinct from idealism, will this emphasis on the objective rather than the subjective, will this glorifying of conduct, have any shaping, controlling power in the Christian church among the Chinese? Shall we at this point look for China's characteristic contribution? Here again we do well to remind ourselves that it will be better to attempt to say what *ought* to come rather than what *will*. If our analysis be correct we are justified in expecting from the Chinese church a *practical* Christianity of a high order. In that church it ought to be unnatural, almost impossible, that a man be content to live a life of religious theorizing, where thoughts are not translated into deeds. In China, above all lands, it should be difficult to find men content to know much about Christ and do little for him. In no other country should that individual, be he foreign or native, be more contemned than the one who, after giving expression to glowing thoughts, should act without letting them assert themselves in life and conduct.

If then *work* be the great fact of China's life, and *conduct* be the supreme moral ideal, shall we not expect the Chinese Christian church to give us a new illustration of a *working* Christianity? Will not the message of the apostle James be one that China can take to her heart and exemplify with a steady, magnificent effort? It is possible that Christ has waited through these centuries to prepare at last a people who will reveal in a grander, more beautiful way than ever before the truth that "faith without works is dead." Was this truth of Scripture not intuitively at the bottom of the contemptuous exclamation that greeted a messenger of the Prince of Peace in China who had to admit,

before the penetrating questioning of the keen old Chinese man, that the great Christian nations were all busy building warships and preparing for war? If now we seek a verse in the Bible that will grip China's heart as no other, and fit in essentially with the real temper of her life, we can do no better than to take this one: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." O how both East and West have lagged for the want of some one to lead them out into the fuller apprehension of the truth in this Scripture! Will China's Christians do it? Can they?

India. When we come to consider India we face a more complex problem. The land presents many peoples, with divergencies so great among them as to make it impossible for us to draw conclusions that apply to all alike. If we arrive at anything satisfactory, we shall have to eliminate from our study some of her races. We shall consider Mohammedans briefly by themselves, and take the Hindu element for our main study, leaving out of consideration the Buddhists, Parsees, Jains, Sikhs, and all types of Animists.

(A) Mohammedans. We cannot afford to ignore the sixty-six million Mohammedans of India in such a study as is before us. They contribute very largely to the total impact that India makes upon one who comes within her influence. Their share in the life of the Christian church is yet far from what it will be when they have in larger numbers responded to the gospel message. The Mohammedan race is a more vigorous one than the Hindu. As a community Mohammedans are more backward than the Hindus, whom they conquered, but individually they possess more fire. Being by nature and training religious propagandists, they carry with them more of the missionary spirit. Perhaps their characteristic contribution will be *zeal*. They were zealous for Mohammed and the Koran before they became Christians; they naturally should be zealous for Christ after they have found him and felt the power of his personality. The Hindu cares nothing much about gaining converts to his faith; he is content to keep his own. The modern Hindu of the new school, in attempting to inaugurate a religious campaign, is only making a belated effort to copy Christianity. The activity is artificial, it does not spring

from the depths of his personality and conviction. It would disappear if the conditions that produced it were changed. The Mohammedan is fundamentally missionary in spirit, and when he becomes a Christian he brings the missionary idea with him. It is reasonable to expect that when converts from Islam have in larger numbers entered into the Christian church in India, we shall have a new fire and enthusiasm for a great aggressive movement. It will mean much for the Indian church that into the abundance of her philosophy, meditation, and soul-culture there shall be injected this stream of action, of zeal, of daring. But when Islam finds Christ and comes to its own in India, the results will reach far beyond that field. We shall have a new age of Christian heroism, a new spirit of campaigning for the Christ, a new call to world conquest under the banner of the Cross. The Western question, "Do missions pay?" will never be asked. One will not try to convince men that there are "by-products" of Christian missionary effort that ought to enter into the calculation. Laymen will not say that unless missionary operations be conducted on "strictly business principles" they will not support them! To the cool calculation and science of our day there will be brought the ardor of a Henry Martyn, glad to burn itself out for God, the "unreasonableness" of a John Williams, going to certain death on his loved islands, the "obsession" of a Livingstone, fighting one against ten thousand and dying rather than yielding. These are the men that typify the fiery spirit of Islam after it has been refined and tempered by the fire of the Holy Ghost.

(B) Hindus. India is essentially Hindu. The greatest idea that the typical Hindu brings with him into Christianity is the immanence of God. This is the atmosphere in which he has been reared. With all his idolatry, and with all the perversions of his pantheistic philosophy, this supreme consciousness has never been dimmed. To him the miraculous is the natural, the mystical is the real. Nature speaks for him a language not so much of beauty, art, or science, but a mystic language of the soul. Objective reality, as commonly understood in the West, and so readily explained, is interpreted by him only in terms of

the subjective. He cannot comprehend it—it is mysterious, illusive, puzzling. He is an idealist, and his thoughts turn instinctively to the esoteric. For him nature is a manifestation of the Supreme Being, and so he forever finds himself in the presence of the supernatural. The result is his religious life runs parallel with his everyday secular life. Indeed, for him there is not the distinction the West makes between the secular and the religious. There is a real contrast at this point between India and America. In the latter religion has always been given a circumscribed sphere in the life of the people. Eating and drinking, buying and selling, and such commonplaces of the daily life as traveling, bathing, undertaking new enterprises, building a house or choosing a wife —these form no part of the ordinary religious life of the typical American. The Hindu has his religion with him all the day, and when he comes over into Christianity he brings his ideas with him. Let us see how this will work out in his new life.

The Indian Christian is perfectly at home in the supernatural element of the Christian faith. It would seem strange to him that God should never have used his power to manifest himself through the miraculous. In this frame of mind the Hindu is prepared to accept miracles now just as readily as Peter did of old. If any land is ever again chosen by God as the scene of his wonder-working power in the realm of the physical, India seems to present the best natural claims for that distinction. There is no place in the Indian church for the very common conception current all through the West—an inheritance through Judaism—that God's presence and manifestation are in a measure confined to special times and places, especially to such as are connected with man's previous preparation. "God is in his holy temple"—so said the devout Jew, and so thinks the average Christian of the West. Let us go and appear before him—such is his instinctive feeling. We shall not meet him on the way, but when we have made due preparation, when we are in his house, then we shall be in his presence. This will be rejected, on theoretical grounds, by every well-taught Christian in any land, but it forms nevertheless a sort of practical working basis for the larger element in Western Christianity. Children are taught correctly that "God

is everywhere," but we do not expect them to see him in the flowers they pick, in the clouds they gaze upon, in the music of the woods they hear. Unconsciously, though reasonably enough, they come to feel that God is in heaven, while we are upon the earth.

Yes, the Christianity of the West has divorced the religious from the secular, and has given to the former a very small part of the individual daily life. This thing should not happen in the Indian Christian church. If at this point we seek a verse of Scripture that will express this inmost spirit of the church in India, we shall have no difficulty in finding it: "In him we live, and move, and have our being." Here is a truth that India receives with open heart; here is an aspect of the Christian life that she can expound with a richness and fullness that will reveal in a new way the greatness of its content. May it not well be India's characteristic work to bring the West face to face with God in those common, daily relationships of her life that have been unwittingly severed from the totality of the Christian life?

In the India that we are discussing there is another element that calls for attention. It is closely connected with the first, and forms a real part of India's characteristic contribution in the study before us. The emphasis of Hindu India is on the subjective, a matter in which India and China are at extremes. The writings of Paul and the Gospel according to John are the parts of the Bible that most grip the heart of the Hindu inquirer. The one attracts because he presents the deeper philosophical and metaphysical aspects of our faith with the mind of a master-thinker; the other draws by his inner, mystical interpretation of the Christian life. In addition to this, both lay stress on the fundamental place of love. To a people as emotional, as meditative, as introspective as the Hindu, this emphasis on love is of supreme significance. There is no test the foreign missionary in India is more readily and more constantly subjected to by the people to whom he has gone than that involved in the wordless but insistent question, Is thy *heart* right? Let an Indian know that your heart is right toward him, and he will go through things for you and with you that other Orientals would not dream of doing. To increase

the significance of this, there are no keener readers of human nature in the world than in India. The man who has seen ten thousand butterflies and never connected one in his thought with either caterpillar or chrysalis will nevertheless size up the new missionary with surprising accuracy as to his inner heart qualities.

In India everything is possible that is possible to love. No truly great victories are won there without this. Through love he enters the heart of the gospel, and with it he may be expected to do the "exploits" for which the great Christian enterprise of India calls. This emphasis on love is another of the characteristic contributions that we have good reason to suppose India will make. Recur to Bishop Oldham's words, "If you seek the great throbbing heart of Asia you will find it in India." It is the land of the heart, where the heart holds sway, where heart qualities receive the highest valuation. India is to be won "heart-first," and out of her heart, touched by the love of God, aflame with a holy passion, are to come new forces of love that shall reveal to the world afresh the very heart of Jesus, and into the desert of modern criticism, rationalism, and calculating scientific exactitude pour the vivifying streams of human love made divine.

Here, then, is an essay to catch the spirit of these three great peoples of the Orient and formulate an expression of that spirit considered as dominated by Christ. It will be understood by the reader, of course, that the ideal rather than the actual has been set forth in these pages. There is of necessity a narrowing of the field of vision in each case in order that the essential or characteristic part of the national life may be brought into the clearest possible focus.

It may be suggested now if in the case of each race the danger-point is indicated. This should probably be sought in the line of the greatest strength of each. Let us take India first. If a people constantly bring the presence of the divine into every detail of life, the tendency will be for the divine to become commonplace and lose significance through excessive familiarity. The danger will be that the proper reverence and awe which man should feel in the presence of God will gradually disappear and acts of

worship come to be meaningless. For the votaries of Hinduism this has already in a large measure happened. As for the emphasis that is placed on love, this is in danger of leading to the enthronement of sentiment in the place of real love. With regard to China it seems clear enough that a people who place the emphasis on externals and glorify conduct will be in danger of the evils of formality. By all means let the conduct appear right, whether there be reality back of it or not! It is easy enough to seek that which brings credit in the public estimation. How natural in China to appear humble and yet nurse a fiery pride! Filial piety may be accorded all its outward observances and yet be an absolute sham. Let those who know China best say whether there lurks here the possibility of danger for the future. Japan's danger seems to be excessive intellectualism. The connection of this with her spirit of patriotism is only indirect. It may be accounted for thus: Japan's zeal for herself has made her a great student of any nation or any system from which she might derive benefit for her own life. The scientific temper prevails; the search is for new methods, for the secret that underlies success. Can Christianity be of account in the onward march of progress? If so, study it! Can the religion of the great Powers add to the greatness of Japan? If it can, incorporate it in the national life of the empire. If sentiments like these are dominant, if motives such as these operate, we are likely to find in Japan a more or less formal adoption of Christianity, accompanied by an intellectual apprehension of its teachings rather than an experience of its life at her heart. O, "keen intellect of Asia," beware!

Real, however, as these dangers may be, Asia's contribution to the fuller comprehension of the Christian message, to the more adequate interpretation of it in terms of life, may be accepted as one which will be both real and permanent.

Brenton T. Badley.

A PHILOSOPHICAL HUMORIST

Among the centennial celebrations of the present year must come that of Henry W. Shaw, who is well worthy of such recognition. He was born in the town of Lanesborough, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, April 21, 1818. At the time of his death, in Montague, California, October 14, 1885, Dr. James M. Buckley wrote concerning him in The Christian Advocate as follows:

> The death of Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings") has been cabled round the world, as it deserved to be. The London Standard, one of the most conservative and refined of the London papers, says that "his death will be mourned in various circles more than that of more eminent instructors of the people." We hold this man up to commendation as a matter of cool judgment. Mr. Shaw was a man with a mission. He was the most philosophical humorist that has appeared in this country. Many of his sayings—moral, social, philosophical, and religious—were as original and valuable as anything in Shakespeare, Bacon, or Matthew Hale. An eminent minister, one noted for piety, force, and sententiousness, says that he owes seed thoughts of many of his most effective sermons to some of Shaw's aphoristic sayings. Shaw had an ambition to be the Æsop of the nineteenth century, and to teach the common people morality and faith in Christianity through the medium of humor.
>
> None of his sayings promoted immorality or irreligion, but the homely virtues of which Franklin wrote are quaintly recommended, and the follies and excesses of society satirized. Some of the best short arguments against infidelity are from his pen. He was sometimes coarse, but not so much so as Peter Cartwright or Sam Jones, and never obscene or irreverent.
>
> He told the writer that he thought out his proverbs in the best language he could command, spending hours on one sometimes, then translated them into ungrammatical forms and bad spelling, for the people will not take wisdom as wisdom. We think that a man who teaches common sense and all the social and domestic virtues and defends religion, and can make his sayings go with all classes, has genius, and deserves well of his country and of posterity. If we had to write a hundred sayings from humorists and sages of all times and countries to give to a boy we know of several from this man's pen that we should place among the hundred.

Some of the Advocate readers objected to this high praise of Shaw. I heartily agreed with it, and so wrote the editor. I had for some time been making a collection of the Josh Billings aphorisms freed from the orthographic eccentricities, idiosyn-

crasies, and disfigurements which repelled many, although they were a source of attraction to others. I have lately increased this collection by an examination of all that the humorist wrote, and it seems to me a duty to share with my fellow ministers the riches there uncovered. The queer spelling is certainly a drawback where he treats the serious aspects of life, but it is easy to eliminate this excrescence, these fantastic habiliments, and let the solid truth stand forth in its naked majesty. For truth there is here in large abundance, truth expressed with a vigor, a sharpness, and an originality that compel attention. He did not write simply to amuse, although he was often amusing. There was frequently a higher purpose peeping out from among his quaint fancies and odd conceits. He directed his shafts against humbug, pretension, and falsity. He burlesqued the salient weaknesses of the people in a way to set them to thinking, and to doing better. His diagnosis of human nature was an exceedingly shrewd one. He punctured the follies and imbecilities of the multitude with a very keen rapier. He is especially copious in his discussion of fools of all sorts and shapes and sizes. He makes out the two main species under this genus to be natural fools and condemn fools.

There is, of course, much exaggeration in his writings, for American humor would hardly be recognized without this earmark. There is quite naturally a good deal of repetition, and much that one more or less distinctly recalls as having been said substantially before. For he claimed the privilege, as do most writers, of laying hold freely, everywhere, of that which suited him, and putting the stamp of his own mind upon it by some unimportant changes or adaptation to his purpose. He had a cynical streak, and enjoyed showing up the seamy side of humanity, of which he had seen very much, but his sarcasms were well directed and struck the center nearly every time. Occasionally he says that which is not so, that which will not stand examination, but as a rule he hits the nail very squarely on the head. He is to be read with discrimination most certainly, for he was not wholly sound on all subjects, but in the great majority of his advices his opinion is extremely wholesome.

Before setting down a hundred or more of his best sayings a brief sketch of his life will be in order. He came of good stock. His father, the Hon. Henry Shaw, was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature for twenty-five years and was elected to Congress from the Berkshire County District in 1820, when he was only twenty-four years old, the youngest member, up to that time, ever chosen. He was the political manager for Henry Clay in New England from 1816 to 1840, when he left the Whig Party on its failure to nominate Mr. Clay for the Presidency. The grandfather of Josh Billings was Dr. Samuel Shaw, a celebrated surgeon of Vermont, whose Rutland County District he represented in Congress in 1810. An uncle was for many years Chief Justice of the State of New York. So the family had brains, and there is evidence in Henry W.'s writings that he inherited not a little of this convenient commodity. He was educated at the district schools of Massachusetts and then at an academy which fitted him for college. He entered Hamilton as a freshman in 1832, too young to appreciate the importance of the epoch which confronted him. He was a bit wild, and spent part of the freshman year in being rusticated for various pranks. He started from home in due season to begin his sophomore year, by stage from Lanesborough to Albany, then by canal boat to Utica. On the boat he met two rollicking adventurers who had been as far West as Saint Louis and were bound there again. Their stories of Western life so bewitched the young collegian that he did not stop traveling until he reached the banks of the Mississippi. He spent the next ten years in knocking about the West. On one of these excursions more ambitious than most of the rest, for which a large party was made up, he carried autograph letters from John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, and other such, given him because of his distinguished relations who were so widely and favorably known. In 1845 he was married to Miss Bradford of Lanesborough, a lineal descendant of William Bradford, the famous early Governor of the Plymouth colony. After some more years in the West, chiefly given to farming, he settled down at Saratoga, New York, to educate his children. Next he opened a coal mine in Virginia. A

little later he located at Poughkeepsie, New York, putting his children in school there, himself becoming an auctioneer and engaging in the real estate business. Still further on he made his home in New York city, where his two daughters were married.

He was induced to write while at Poughkeepsie, when forty-five years old, by the editor of a little evening paper who wanted to fill up his columns and had an idea that one who could talk so well could also write. So he wrote some twenty pieces correctly spelled and without signature. Nobody paid any attention to them. Charles F. Browne ("Artemus Ward") with his funny phonetic spelling was just then in his prime, and it struck Shaw that perhaps here was a hint worth acting upon. So he fixed up his essay on the Mule, altered the spelling and invented the special name of "Josh Billings" to go with it. Sent to a New York paper, it duly appeared and was widely copied throughout the country. This looked like success, but thus far there was no remuneration. So he rewrote the essay on the "Muel" and sent it to a Boston paper, asking what they would give for it. They replied, one dollar and a half. His earnings began just there. For some of his essays he subsequently received one hundred dollars.

For several years at first, for some unexplained reason, he was a failure on the lecture platform, but he stuck to it and triumphed. For many years, indeed for over twenty consecutive seasons, he read his lecture from fifty to one hundred nights at very good prices. He put out many books—Josh Billings, His Sayings, Josh Billings on Ice, Everybody's Friend, 600 pages, illustrated by Thomas Nast. But his greatest literary and financial success was the Farmers' Allminox. In March, 1869, he was reading a lecture in Skowhegan, Maine, when he contracted a severe cold and was forced to give up thirty engagements in New England and hasten home. While in his room under the care of a doctor he picked up a copy of the old Almanac carried on for so many years by Isaiah Thomas, and the thought came to him that a burlesque might make a hit. In two weeks' time the first copy was ready. He offered to sell the manuscript for two hundred and fifty dollars, and furnish one each year for ten years

at the same price. The publisher, Mr. G. W. Carleton, told him not to sell the copyright, but to accept a royalty of three cents on each copy sold. It was published in October, 1869, 25 pages for 25 cents, and 90,000 copies were sold in three months. The second year 127,000 copies were sold; the third year 150,000. In the fourth year 100,000 copies were sold to the American News Company alone. A ten-line advertisement, the only one in the book, was sold to the New York Weekly (in which paper exclusively his writings appeared for many years), who paid him two cents on each copy sold. They gave him their check for eighteen hundred dollars in settlement. The second year they paid him twelve hundred and seventy dollars, or one cent on each copy sold. The publisher paid the author thirty thousand dollars in copyright, and made another thirty thousand dollars himself.

The American public has luxuriated in the past thirty years in a vast variety of humorous writers, each with his own peculiar gift, each flourishing for a season and then giving way to a successor with a slightly different quality. Most of us can recall Artemus Ward (if not Sam Slick, Doesticks, John Phenix, and Major Downing), Orpheus C. Kerr, and Petroleum V. Nasby, whom President Lincoln so greatly enjoyed. Mark Twain, Bob Burdette, and Mr. Dooley are but of yesterday and have hosts of friends. But among these many Josh Billings has a niche all his own. For thorough knowledge of human nature, keenness of observation and philosophic insight into character, combined with purity of purpose and soundness of moral teaching, he has few if any superiors. The real beauty and worth of many of the sayings of this sage have been lost to sight in the multitude of those considerably inferior, and because of the comic dress which he felt obliged to throw around them. But relieved from this encumbrance, as they are in the following pages, we think they will commend themselves to our readers as well worthy careful thought and frequent quotation.

Here are the quotations, which might, of course, be greatly extended, for there are many thousands in the books.

We should be careful how we encourage luxuries; it is but a step

forward from hoecake to plum pudding, but it is a mile and a half by the nearest road when we have to go back again.

It is a great deal easier to be a good dove than a decent serpent.

Titles are valuable; they make us acquainted with many persons who otherwise would be lost among the rubbish.

If you want to get a good general idea of a man's character, find out from him what his opinion of his neighbor is.

Dissatisfaction with everything we come across is the result of being dissatisfied with ourselves.

People of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours.

The highest rate of interest that we pay is on borrowed trouble.

Counseling with fear is the way cowards are made; counseling with hope is the way heroes are made; counseling with faith is the way Christians are made.

Curiosity is the instinct of wisdom.

The revolutions of human nature are not much to brag of any way. Poverty begat necessity; necessity begat convenience; convenience begat pleasure; pleasure begat luxury; luxury begat riot and disease; riot and disease between them both begat poverty again. These are all the revolutions of human nature thus far; not much, I say, to brag of.

Ignorance is the wet-nurse of prejudice.

The wealth of a person should be estimated not by the amount he has but by the use he makes of it.

Beauty is the melody of the features.

Health can be bought, but you have got to pay for it with temperance at the highest rates.

Deference is silent flattery.

You can't hire a man to be honest; he will want his wages raised every morning.

Goodness is just as much of a study as mathematics.

No man is rich who wants any more than he has got.

Toil sweats at the brow, but idleness sweats all over.

Self-made men are 'most always apt to be a little too proud of the job.

Trusting to luck is only another name for trusting to laziness.

The man who never makes any blunders seldom makes any good hits.

An insult to one man is an insult to all, for it may be our turn next.

It is better to know nothing than to know just enough to doubt and differ.

We are happy in this world just in proportion as we make others happy.

To be thoroughly good-natured and yet avoid being imposed upon shows great strength of character.

If you analyze what most men call pleasure you will find it composed of one part humbug and two parts pain.

I honestly believe it is better to know nothing than to know what isn't so.

It is a great deal easier to look upon those who are below us with pity than upon those who are above us without envy.

Envy is an insult to a man's good sense, for envy is the pain we feel at the excellences of others.

It is a good deal more profitable to make ten men think they are above you than to make one think you are above him.

Indolence may not be a crime, but it is liable to be at any time.

I consider a weak man more dangerous than a malicious one; malicious men have some character, but weak men have none.

A slander is like a hornet. If you can't kill it dead the first blow you had better not strike at it.

Be humble and you are sure to be thankful; be thankful and you are sure to be happy.

It seems to me that good breeding is the art of making everybody satisfied with themselves and pleased with you.

Most people, when they come to you for advice, come to have their own opinions strengthened, not corrected.

Method is everything, especially to ordinary men; the few men who can lift a ton at pleasure have a divine right to take hold of it at a disadvantage.

If wit forms the blade good sense should be the handle, and benevolence the scabbard of the sword.

It is a great art to be superior to others without letting them know it. It may be a little vexatious, but I don't consider it any disgrace, to be bit by a dog.

Pleasures make folks acquainted with each other, but it takes trials and griefs to make them know each other.

But few sights in this life are more sublime and pathetic than to see a poor but virtuous young man, full of Christian fortitude, struggling with a mustache.

It is highly important when a man makes up his mind to become a rascal that he should examine himself closely and see if he is not better constructed for a fool.

The man who can wear a paper collar a whole week and keep it clean is not fit for anything else.

One of the most difficult and at the same time one of the most necessary things for us old fellows to know is that we are not of so much account now as we were.

Benevolence is the cream that rises on the milk of human kindness.

It is one thing to *take* the chances and quite another thing to *find* them.

A dog is the only animal creature that loves you more than he loves himself.

All money that is well spent is a good investment.

"Times are not as they used to be"—this has been the solemn and wise remark of mankind ever since Adam was a boy.

Prejudice is a house plant that is very apt to wither if you take it out doors amongst folks.

The meanest thing that any man ever followed for a business is making money.

The world owes all its energies and refinements to luxuries; digging roots for breakfast and going naked for clothes is the virtuous innocence of a lazy savage.

There is nothing about which the world makes so few blunders and the individual so many as a man's actual importance among his fellow creatures.

We should all aim at perfection, but no one but a fool would expect to reach it.

Ill-bred people are always the most ceremonious; the kitchen always beats the parlor in punctilio.

After a man has got a good opinion of himself, the next best thing is to have the good opinion of others.

I cannot tell which is the worse off, the man who is all head and no heart, or the one who is all heart and no head.

There is this difference at least between wit and humor: wit makes you think, humor makes you laugh.

I don't want any better evidence that a man is a fool than to see him cultivate eccentricities.

The three greatest luxuries of life are a clear conscience, a good appetite, and sound slumber.

The most miserable people I know of are those who make pleasure a business; it is like sliding down a hill twenty-five miles long.

All of us are anxious to live to be very old, but not one in ten thousand can fill the character of an old man.

I don't know how it is with other folks, but with me the fall of the Roman empire is a good deal easier to bear than a fall on the ice.

Economy is simply the art of getting the worth of our money.

The mind of man is like a piece of land that to be useful must be manured with learning, plowed with energy, sown with virtue, and harvested with economy.

Happiness consists in being perfectly satisfied with what we have got and what we haven't got.

A man who can draw New Orleans molasses in the month of January through a half inch auger hole, and sing "Home, sweet home" while the molasses is running, may be strictly honest, but he is not sudden enough for this climate.

Curiosity had twins—one was Invention, and the other was Stick your nose into things.

Good resolutions for the New Year: That I will not borrow nor lend, especially lend; That I will not advise anybody until I know the kind of advice they are anxious to follow; That no man shall beat me in politeness, not so long as politeness continues to be as cheap as it is now; That I will respect public opinion just as long as I can respect myself in doing it.

Just about as ceremonies creep into one end of a church piety creeps out at the other.

It is the easiest thing in the world to make a blunder and the hardest thing to own it.

If a man is very anxious to cultivate a good opinion of human nature, he must not know too much of it.

Fashion makes fools of some, sinners of others, and slaves of all.

I never bet, not so much because I am afraid I shall lose as because I am afraid I shall win.

I believe in sugar-coated pills. I also believe that virtue and wisdom can be smuggled into a man's soul by a good-natured proverb, better and deeper than to be mortised into it with a worm-wood mallet and chisel.

I never bet on the man who is always telling what he would have done if he had been there; I have noticed that this kind never get there.

I had much rather *always* look forward to the time when I am going to ride in a carriage than to look back *once* to the time when I used to do it.

When a man of learning talks he makes us wonder, but a wise man makes us think.

The longer I live the more I am convinced that mankind grow different, not worse. We old folks are apt to confound the terms.

Modesty is strength, but diffidence is weakness; modesty is always an evidence of worth, while diffidence may be a consciousness of evil.

When a man sets down a poor umbrella and takes up a good one he makes a mistake; but when he sets down a good umbrella and takes up a poor one he makes a blunder.

Ventilation is a good thing, but when a man can't lie down to sleep in a ten-acre lot without taking down two lengths of fence to let the wind in he is altogether too airish.

Judicious benevolence, the brains of the heart.

Dignity, wisdom in tights.

Wealth, baggage at the risk of the owner.

When we are more anxious to please than to be pleased then we are in love in good earnest.

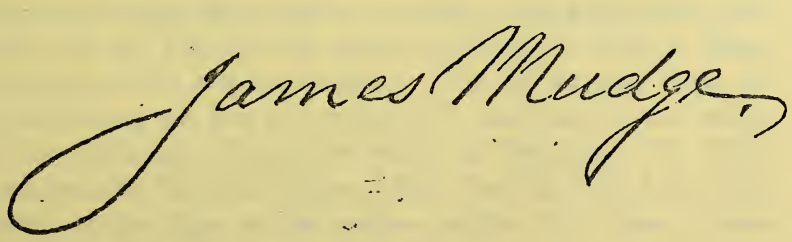
A man is his own best friend and worst enemy.

I have never met an old man yet who did not mourn the degeneracy of the times.

Those who have the fewest failings see the fewest in others.

Pedantry is a little knowledge on parade; it is hypocrisy without any malice in it; a pedant is a learned fool.

As the flint contains a spark unknown to itself which the steel alone can wake into life, so adversity often reveals to us hidden gems which prosperity or negligence would forever have concealed.



THE VATICAN, AND ITALY IN THE WAR

Some years ago, when we had our residence in Rome, we remember seeing a cartoon in one of the Roman dailies representing King Humbert and Pope Leo XIII walking arm-in-arm, and underneath was the simple question, "Will it ever be?" The cartoonist had pointed a moral and "sensed" a situation which some—mostly all—Italians understand and the majority of Americans do not.

The relation of the Vatican to the Italian government is a puzzle to the average American, and only those who have lived for years in the atmosphere of the Eternal City can appreciate to any extent the anomalies which influence the Leonine City of the Popes and the Quirinal Palace of the Savoys. The love of intrigue is instinctive to the Italian mind, and the sophistries of Jesuitism have consciously and unconsciously affected the trend of Italian thought. The spirit of Macchiavelli still lives in the Italian people. Zola's Rome, Eugene Sue's The Wandering Jew, and Waterhouse's John Inglesant are faithful interpretations of the Italian spirit. The Pope, arm-in-arm with the king of Italy, under the present conditions, is an absolute impossibility. Victor Emanuel II and his successors are counted usurpers by the Vatican, and until the latter changes its front there can be no reconciliation. The first king of United Italy did his best to bring about some understanding with Pope Pius IX, but the pontiff was inflexible. He had a personal admiration for the doughty warrior, and some historians declare that he sent more than one affectionate letter of greeting to the old soldier, but as *Pontifex Maximus* he looked upon him as an enemy of the public good, and to this day the Vatican only knows the kings of Italy as kings of Sardinia, their original territory. The old Savoyan king, on the other hand, was just as determined to maintain Italian unity, and his well-known declaration when, on September 20, 1870, he reached the Quirinal Palace, after Pius IX had fled to the Vatican, is the slogan of the modern Italian: *"Ci siamo, ci res-*

teremo"—Here we are, and here we shall stay. His son, Humbert, took for his motto, upon ascending the throne, *"Roma intangibile"*—Rome must not be touched—and there is no disposition on the part of the Italians to withdraw from that attitude. Victor Emanuel III took the place of his murdered father, and reiterated the declarations of his much-loved parent and illustrious grandfather. As long as *"la terza Italia"*—the third Italy—stands there will not, there cannot, be any surrender. The Pope remains a self-constituted prisoner of the Vatican, for to leave its territory would make him subject to a usurper; and until that fiction is suppressed and the puerile posing as a temporal king is abandoned there can be no reconciliation with the conflicting parties.

Now, is there any hope of a surrender, on the part of the papacy, of its pretensions for temporal power? This is the crux of the whole situation. If we review recent events we shall find that the Vatican is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Unlike the Master, whose earthly representative the Pope claims to be, and who had and has the characteristic of unchangeableness, and who once said, "My kingdom is *not of this world;* if my kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight," the Pope still clings to the idea of temporal dominion. There has been no question in the minds of thinking men that the German Protestant military autocracy and the ecclesiastical papal autocracy had some understanding to restore the temporal power of the Pope, and after the German blow fell upon Italy last October the conservative New York Tribune in a striking editorial had this to say:

> The main disaster was not due to the number of German men or German guns concentrated upon the Upper Isonzo River. It was due primarily to treachery. It was due to the fact that certain Italian brigade commanders ordered their men to surrender and this order was due to a twofold propaganda of treason, the propaganda of Italian socialists and Italian clericals—one operating among the soldiers, the other among the officers. *The Austrian and German Kaisers have promised the Pope that the restoration of the temporal power of the papacy shall be one of the first fruits of their triumph.* Every clerical influence has been exerted to break down the *morale* of the Italian soldiers and to weaken the allegiance of the Italian forces. Since the Pope made his peace gesture

a few months ago, Italian troops have been encouraged to cheer for the Pope and for peace, until the terms are becoming synonymous. What the Bolsheviki did in Petrograd the clericals and the Italian socialists have done in Rome.

Politics, even of the church, makes strange bedfellows. Pope Pius X denounced socialism in terms which could not be mistaken, and yet, when its own temporal power is at stake, the papacy goes arm in arm with its greatest enemy! How are the mighty fallen!

What are the facts concerning the *débâcle* on the Isonzo front? Some things have "oozed out"—though the censorship of the Vatican on the daily American press is wonderfully rigid!—and the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph of November 24 has this notice:

London, November 23. The Vatican is accused in an editorial in the Morning Post of being implicated in the propaganda which, the newspaper says, was largely responsible for the recent Italian reverses. Reviewing what it describes as Vatican machinations, the Post declares that its political activities during the war "can by no sophistry be regarded as consistent with the principles of neutrality."

This is a very polite way of saying that the Pope, representing, of course, the papacy or clerical party, a purely political organization, has been playing the hypocrite. Posing as the friend of peace, it has made more than one overture for peace, because, forsooth, it is the only representative of the Prince of Peace on earth (*sic*), when in reality it was, and is, the agent of pro-German activities, and was trying to save its own neck. For, be assured of this, if military autocracy goes, so will ecclesiastical autocracy, and, says the Pope, "Where shall I go?"

Italian daily papers in this country are not so careful and reticent as American papers. They have no fear of Vatican censorship—at least this is true of the majority of them—and they tell some bewildering stories of priestly treachery. "Arm in arm" with socialists they carried out a deep-laid scheme of duplicity and treason, under the malignant influence of German propagandists, and an Italian priest, it is reported, while celebrating mass in the open air on the Austro-Italian front, by a wireless apparatus hidden behind the altar communicated with the enemy,

informing them of the successful missionary work done among the Italian troops. Then these priests and socialists combined and perpetrated a hellish piece of treachery to deceive the Sicilian and Southern Italian soldiers at the front, most of whom are ignorant and superstitious, but withal, excellent fighters. They published false copies of the *"Corriere della Sera,"* of Milan, the editor of which paper, Sig. Albertini, was known to be a strong interventionist, and was one of the first, in the days preceding the entrance of Italy into the war, to oppose vigorously the pro-German propaganda. This pseudo *Corriere,* purporting to be copies of the most influential paper in Italy, very adroitly announced that insurrections had broken out in Southern Italy and Sicily (observe the craftiness of the notice!) and that British soldiers had landed and were shooting down Italian women and children! Could anything be more diabolical? What did the Italian soldiers do? What would some of us have done if we had read that our wives and children were being shot down by the soldiers of our Allies? All this with the Italian brigade commanders ordering them to surrender, as the New York Tribune says, is it any wonder that defeat faced the brave, intrepid Italian army, and that the awful collapse came with an appalling shock to the civilized world? But such treachery has its echo in a boomerang, and as soon as the Italians discovered that they had been deceived they turned on the enemy, and on the Piave River took their stand to die to a man rather than surrender. Catching the spirit of Petain's troops on the hills above the Meuse and at Verdun, they cried, *"Non passeranno"*—They shall not pass—and at this writing are still holding their ground against the tremendous onslaught of the enemy. While it is not safe to prophesy in these times of "history in a day," we are sure that the valor and persistency and patriotism of the Italian soldier will be maintained, and the perfidy of priest and socialist will receive its death blow.

Naturally, the Vatican took pains to deny some of the charges. Cardinal Gasparri declared that the accusation of the London Morning Post was an atrocious calumny, adding that the hierarchy and clergy in Italy have given the most open and most

generous help to the country's cause. Then by a strange contradiction, after referring to the accusation that the Vatican espoused the Austrian cause, the cardinal reaffirms the full and correct neutrality of the Holy See. How can one reconcile these two statements: "most open and most generous help" to Italy, and "full and correct neutrality" of the Holy See? Besides, the actual facts are against the Vatican. Austria is her vassal more than any other country in the world, and the Italian government she looks upon as her greatest enemy and refuses to be reconciled to her. It is simply unthinkable that she should be neutral toward Austria and most helpful to the Italian government. Moreover such an attitude would be decidedly unneutral. Evidently she has denied too much.

"The Post," we are told by the neutral (?) press of America, "in an editorial examining Cardinal Gasparri's statement, virtually reiterates its original accusation, and cites incidents which it regards as proofs." It would be decidedly interesting to the American public to see some of these proofs, but they are not forthcoming. If not, why not? Echo answers, why not? An unmuzzled press in the service of liberty would be a benediction to Americans.

The Pope's last note of peace got a written answer from President Wilson which was the final word on the subject and was subscribed to fully by the Allies. That part of the note which referred to the questions between Italy and Austria as worthy of arbitration, Italy answered by making a forward movement and capturing 178,000 Austrians and large quantities of war munitions. If the Vatican was so anxious to have peace why did she not tell the Austrian emperor, in July, 1914, to keep hands off Servia? He would have obeyed, and the Pope would then have been hailed as the world's deliverer. But, instead, he allowed the conflagration to break out, and his subjects in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Austria-Hungary died by the tens of thousands, slain by their brother co-religionists. Can the Vatican, by any process of logic, be declared guiltless of the blood of her devotees? The recent exposure, by the Bolsheviki party, of the secret negotiations of the Allies agreeing to exclude

the Pope from participating in the Peace Council, whenever in the good providence of God it shall convene, is a most interesting comment on the whole situation. Italy had asked for such an elimination, and her allies recognized the justice of her demands. Evidently the allied governments have not a surfeit of confidence in the Vatican's asseverations of neutrality.

It only remains to speak of Italy's part in the war. The general public has known very little of the stupendous task of Cadorna's army. The official cinematograph pictures have visualized some things for the Americans, which has led them to appreciate the difficulties they have overcome, but the half has not been told.

When, on May 23, 1915, war was declared on Austria, the new army of 500,000 men was assembled from reserves, depots, drafts, and distant stations, formed into brigades and divisions, provided with its equipment and stores and conveyed to its allotted positions in little more than a week, and in less than twenty-four hours from the time of the war declaration Cormons, in Austrian territory, was in Italian hands, even though Austria had the advantage of a rocky frontier. In attacking the Carso, "a gigantic heap of piled stone," the Italians had almost insurmountable obstacles to overcome. Sidney Low, the English writer, who visited the Italian front, tells us that "the Austrians had strengthened the forbidding fastnesses by elaborate works. The whole face was veined with galleries and covered ways notched and crenellated, with dug-outs and caves and emplacements hewn in the solid rock. The Italians, laboriously drawing their own tunnels and trenches up the lower slopes, were faced by Austrian cannon dropping shell from sheltered embrasures, served by gunners well supplied with food brought along the strategic roads and water pumped to them through pipe-lines. To besiege this place was like attempting to carry the Rock of Gibraltar." Yet they forged their way, and fighting above the snow-line, sometimes ten thousand feet above the sea, they drove the Austrians back, and almost captured Trieste, until treachery did its dire work. Many Americans wonder how it was that, in one week or less, the Italians lost territory which it had taken them two years and

more to win, but familiarity with the conditions makes it easy to explain. Austria had always discouraged highways and railroads from Italy to Austria. She knew very well that the day would come when Italy would claim her own in *"l' Italia Irredenta,"* Trieste, and the Trentino. There was only one trunk line from Verona, Italy, and very little more than cow-paths for highways. In the two years' invasion of the Trentino the Italian army built splendid roads, both railways and highways, as Italians only know how to build, and these zig-zag courses of Italian unity were the roads which the Austro-German army availed itself of. It was, therefore, easy for the enemy to accomplish in a day or two what it had taken the Italians two and a half years to do.

The reference to *"Italia Irredenta"* calls for a brief word of explanation of Italy's entrance into the war. So many think it was simply and solely a war of aggrandizement, but that would put Italy in the wrong light. As a member of the Triple Alliance —which, by the way, was never popular in Italy, but was considered an act of political necessity—she was pledged to Germany and Austria, but only for defensive purposes. Giolitti, a kind of Italian Tammany boss, and strongly pro-German, was at the head of the government. He was against intervention, and yet admitted that a year before the great war, that is in August, 1913, the Austrian government informed the Italian Foreign Office that it proposed to go to war with Servia, in order to "defend" itself against this formidable state, and that it would expect the military support of its ally. The Marquis di San Guiliano, the Italian Foreign Minister, refused to remain complaisant or to have anything to do with so menacing a "defensive" operation, and stated the case plainly to both governments, the Austrian and the German, with the result that the German government placed its veto upon the Austrian proposals. A year later the "formidable state of Servia" had to submit to "chastisement," and—note the fact—Italy was not consulted beforehand, although a member of the Triple Alliance, or she, without doubt, would have protested; for Austria's southeastern ambitions were as distasteful to Italy as to the Servians, and well Austria knew it. Dr. Dillon, an authority on European politics, in his From the Triple to the

Quadruple Alliance, tells us that "in 1913, after the failure of the attempt on Servia, General Konrad von Hoetzendorf, with the concurrence of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, endeavored to persuade the emperor of Austria to sanction a 'preventive war' against Italy, on the plea that sooner or later a quarrel with that state was bound to come, and it might be as well to begin it without further delay."

The Italian Green Book, which we have read in the original, reveals the whole diplomatic correspondence. Article VII of the Triple Alliance Treaty, clearly favorable to Italy's position, is as follows:

> Austria-Hungary and Italy, who aim exclusively at the maintenance of the *status quo* in the East, bind themselves to employ their influence to prevent every territorial change which may be detrimental to one or other of the contracting powers. They will give each other all explanations necessary for the elucidation of their respective intentions as well as those of other powers. If, however, in the course of events the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Balkans and on the Ottoman coasts and in the islands of the Adriatic and Ægean seas should become impossible, and if, either in consequence of the acts of a third power or of other causes, Austria and Italy should be compelled to change the *status quo* by a temporary or permanent occupation, such occupation shall only take place after previous agreement between the two powers, based on the principle of a reciprocal arrangement for all the advantages, territorial or other, which one of them may secure outside the *status quo*, and in such a manner as to satisfy all the legitimate claims of both parties.

The "reciprocal arrangement" clause was totally ignored by Austria, and Italy was justly indignant. Prince von Bülow was then sent to Italy to try and turn the Italian government in their favor. All the tricks of diplomacy were practiced to call off Italy, but Baron Sonnino, the son of a Jewish father and an English mother, refused to be cajoled by Germany's great statesman. This brainy Italian diplomat had twice been Prime Minister and in the past had been an ardent champion of the Triple Alliance, but was destined to deal it the *coup de grâce*.

The Giolitti ministry fell and with it pro-Germanism. It is a thrilling story, and stirs one's soul to read it. Low says:

> Nothing could exceed the cleverness of the Prussian strategy except its stupidity. For it was after all extremely foolish. It was based on that

ignorance of human nature and that colossal misunderstanding of national psychology which lie at the root of Germany's undoing. The Prussian ruling ring mistook that of the British empire, of the United States, of France, of Belgium. Bülow should have known that a high-spirited nation like Italy would not look with patience on the attempts of a foreign government to interfere with its internal politics, and to manipulate its domestic affairs. If the prince and his associates were gaining over some Italians by intrigue, bribery, and cajolement, they were disgusting many others.

Von Bülow had remembered a lot of things, but he had forgotten the people. They forced the Italian government to action, and broke up the Giolittian ring in utter confusion. It was left to Gabriele D'Annunzio, the poet, to compel Italy to cut the Gordian knot. On the balcony of the Hotel Regina, opposite the palace of the queen-mother in Rome, on May 14, 1915, the poet-patriot thrilled his audience with his burning words, and her Majesty listened with rapt attention. A few extracts will indicate the soul of the man. It is a fearful arraignment of Giolitti:

Lend me your ears! I come to tell you terrible things, things you do not know. We are here to pass judgment on a crime of high treason, and to denounce to the scorn and to the vengeance of good citizens the criminal and his confederates. What I am to tell you is no flight of rhetoric, but a clear statement of authenticated facts.

. . . . . .

And now what has happened? The notable achievement of many months of arduous preparation is to be nullified by a base and sudden attack, conceived, inspired, directed by the foreigner. Its agents are an Italian politician, Italian members of parliament, trafficking with the foreigner, placing themselves at the service of the foreigner to abase, to enslave, to degrade Italy for the benefit of the foreigner.

These facts are palpable; undeniable. And now listen: the chief of these malefactors, that man whose very soul is an organ of cold mendacity moved by trickery and cunning, the leader of this vile enterprise, knew that the old treaty had been abolished, and that the new engagement had been concluded, and that both acts had been performed with the consent of the king.

So, then, he has betrayed the king, he has betrayed the country.

Against the king, against the country, he is the servant of his alien employers. He is guilty of treason. That is what we must explain to the country, what we must imprint upon the national consciousness.

The country is in danger. The country is on the brink of ruin. To save it from disaster and irreparable disgrace all of us must give ourselves to its service and gird on our arms.

A ministry constituted by Prince von Bülow is not likely to be ap-

proved by the king of Italy. But, come what may, the servitors of Prince von Bülow will not desist from their activity. So long as they are at large and at liberty they will strive to poison the life of Italy, to smirch and befoul all that is best and noblest among us.

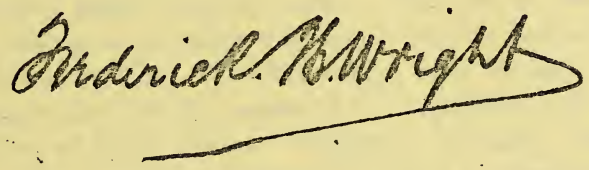
For this reason, I repeat, every good citizen must be a soldier to wage relentless war against the enemy within our household; for him there must no truce, no quarter.

The parliament of Italy will reopen on the twentieth of May. It is the anniversary of the memorable march of Garibaldi, the march upon Palermo.

Let us celebrate this anniversary by barring the entrance to the lackeys of the Villa Malta (the residence of Von Bülow) and hounding them back to their master.

And in the parliament of Italy free men, released from these ignoble associates, will proclaim the freedom and the consummated unity of the country.

The city of Brutus and Rienzi, and the land of Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, Cavour, and Mazzini answered the call of their poet-prophet, and drove the traitors from power. Intervention became the order of the day, and nothing short of the emancipation of *"l' Italia Irredenta"* will ever satisfy the liberty-loving people of Italy.



THE AMERICANISM OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

For years the world has been looking for a truly American novelist and the great American novel. It has found neither, principally because the search has been carried on by the aid of preconceptions which overlook the fundamental qualities of our American life and place the emphasis on the peculiar, the eccentric, and the flamboyant. Where these have been found, either in men or books, European critics have exclaimed: "Lo, here is the typical American! here is real American literature!" Our country has produced such characters, but Walt Whitman, Joaquin Miller, William F. Cody, and P. T. Barnum are no more typical Americans than were Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Francis Adams, Matthew Simpson, and Rutherford B. Hayes.

Whatever European critics may say, we native-born Americans ought to know that in Mr. William Dean Howells we have had a great American novelist living with us for more than eighty years, and that in the long list of books he has written we have, not one, but many great American novels. They are so because by birth and training their author was ideally fitted to understand and express American life. The Ohio valley, when Howells was born in it, was not far from the center of our population and was the mixing place of many strains. "Virginia, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, New York, and New England all joined to characterize its manners and customs." The social influences which produced Mr. Howells were those which also produced Grant, the Shermans, Garfield, Hayes, and McKinley. Like most of these men, and like the great American majority, Howells had no college training, and, like so many American authors, his literary training was obtained at the printer's case. "He was a compositor before he was a composer." He learned to set type by working on the country newspaper which his father published. When it failed he found a place, as a lad of fourteen, on the Ohio State Journal. His boyish passion was poetry, and not politics, but Columbus in those days was a seething political center and the young poet could not escape its influence. To Howells at twenty-one came

the task of writing a campaign life of Lincoln and Hamlin, the reward for which was a consulate in Venice. During the four years which he spent there he had leisure to master Italian literature; courtship and marriage quickened his poetic instincts and, somehow, he so perfectly acquired the technique of the writer's trade that he has "never written a bad page nor a sentence that anyone else could make better." Best of all, he got that detached view of American life that he has never lost. Before his return his Venetian papers had made a reputation for him, and it was not quite so strange as it seems that the unschooled Ohio youth should shortly have become James T. Fields's assistant, and then his successor, as editor of the Atlantic. For ten years he associated on equal terms with the finest group of literary men that America has yet produced, and then passed on to New York to begin there A Hazard of New Fortunes; a career longer in itself than that of most literary men.

Thus Howells has experienced the life of the Mississippi valley, the culture of Brahmin Boston, and the varied aspects of America's greatest city. He has seen the East from the West and the West from the East. He knows how a Boston man feels when transplanted to New York and he knows how our country looks when seen from a European point of view. In addition to all these accidental advantages Mr. Howells is endowed with a peculiar power of combination and comparison. Miss Edith Thomas has called attention to this in an article on "Mr. Howells's Way of Saying Things," in which she quotes his saying, "We feel such a pleasure in finding different things alike." It is this power of seeing likeness in things different which enables him to gather up the varied elements of our American life and so to focalize them as to give us in his books the best picture of that life our fiction has yet produced. If this be true, why is it that the task of interpreting Mr. Howells still awaits American criticism? Why is he the "one American figure on whom literary criticism has failed to focus as it should"?

It is not easy to answer that question. Certainly the lack of critical appreciation does not extend to his style, the beauty of which every one admits. "So finished, so conscientious, so flaw-

less," "the unrivaled gracefulness and daintiness of his masterly style"—these are some of the terms in which his critics describe it. But when we pass from externals of style and finish to the life they are used to portray and the world in which that life is lived the chorus of praise ceases and there are strains of dissent. He is called the portrayer of the ordinary, the novelist of the commonplace. Says John Macy, "Seldom in his books does he come into grips with a terrible motive or a heart-rending ecstasy." Says another critic, "To all intents and purposes, Howells is a descriptive writer. He is seldom narrative because he seldom condescends to write anything worth narrating." "Howells's world," says Cornelia A. Pratt, "is a world from which the exceptional, the surprising, the romantic has largely been removed. It is a world without a thrill in it."

With this criticism Mr. Howells is in perfect accord. For fiction, as he understands it, should concern itself with the usual; not with the hundredth chance but with the ninety and nine. It should make deliberate choice of the commonplace if it is to be a true expression of American life. Just as Mr. Bryce, in the most interesting study of our social institutions which has yet been written, finds a uniformity—even a monotony—in the externals of American life, so Mr. Howells recognizes a commonplace level of goodness and respectability in American character. But instead of quarreling with or trying to evade or deny this commonplaceness, Mr. Howells has done what no one else has done, he has perceived the beauty of it and has found in it inspiration and not discouragement. "We have now been some hundred years building up a state on the affirmation of the essential equality of men in their rights and duties, and whether we have been right or wrong the gods have taken us at our word and have responded to us with a civilization in which there is no 'distinction' perceptible to the eye that loves and values it. Such beauty and such grandeur as we have is common beauty and common grandeur, or the beauty and grandeur of solidarity so prevails that neither distinguishes itself to the disadvantage of anything else. It seems to me that these conditions invite the artist to the study and appreciation of the common and the portrayal,

in every art, of those finer and higher aspects which unite rather than sever humanity."

To young people Mr. Howells's novels may seem commonplace because in them, as in actual life, the most important things happen *after* marriage. Romantic love leading to marriage plays as small a part in his fiction as in life itself. There is a love interest, as a matter of course, "just as there are three meals a day and a daily paper," but love is not the dominant note. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who can hardly be accused of such reticence, has criticized his work for its "reticence" in certain matters. But this, again, is bound up in his idea of truth to life as he seeks to portray it; and that life in the vast majority of instances is the faithful, commonplace life which runs on with little differences, little quarrels, little deceits, from marriage to silver wedding, like that of the Marches and Judge and Mrs. Kenton. His novels are reticent, but they are reticent as American life is reticent. And it is better so. Most of the critics who demand "passion" seem to have no conception of any passion but one. Yet there are many other passions. Grief, avarice, pity, ambition, hate, envy, friendship—all are passions, and all of them have a greater part in the drama of life than the passion of love and an infinitely greater part in the drama of our American life than the passion of guilty love. Concerning the question of fictional morality, Mr. Howells is not ashamed to hold the old-fashioned view which is still the accepted view in American life, some advanced women novelists to the contrary notwithstanding. Says Howells:

> If a novel flatters the passions and exalts them above the principles it is poisonous. It may not kill, but it will certainly injure. The whole spawn of so-called unreal romances which imagine a world where the sins of sense are unvisited by the penalties following, swift or slow, but inexorably sure in the real world, are deadly poison. These do kill. The novels that merely tickle our prejudices, or that coddle our sensibilities, or pamper our appetite for the marvelous are not fatal, but they are innutritious and clog the soul with unwholesome vapors of all kinds. . . . It must be owned that the gaudy hero and heroine are to blame for a great deal of harm in the world. That heroine long taught by example, if not by precept, that love, or the passion or the fancy which she mistook for it, was the chief interest of a life which was really concerned with a great many other things; that it was lasting in the way that she knew it; that it was worthy of every sacrifice, and was altogether a finer thing than

prudence, obedience, reason; that love alone was glorious, and that all these were mean and ugly in comparison with it. It is worth while even at the risk of being called commonplace to be true to our American well-to-do actualities.

How true Mr. Howells has been to the ideals set forth in these words you have but to open his books to see. There may be found almost every type of man living east of the Mississippi between the Saint Lawrence and the Potomac. The well-to-do, well-educated self-made man—Howells's own type—finds its arch exemplar in Basil March, with whose Wedding Journey Howells began his work. March was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and had lived in Indianapolis before he came to Boston and married the Boston woman who fashions him into such an ardent Bostonian that the removal to New York is almost as difficult for him as for Mrs. March. But in Boston or in New York he never loses, as the Howells type of man can never lose, "the free, friendly, humorous manner of the West." To Howells the normal American is a man with a sense of humor, and his studies of that type in the different walks of life are simply perfect. Bromfield Corey, the man of property and family traditions who in his misguided youth thought himself some kind of porcelain but found it such a relief to be of the common clay after all and to know it: "If I get broken I can easily be replaced"; Fulkerson, the promoter, with the greatest idea that had been "struck since the creation of man," and Colonel Ellison, who tells his wife she'd "discover a tender passion in the eye of a potato"—these are delightful instances. They are made more irresistible because contrasted with matter-of-fact folks, usually their wives, who can never learn how to take them. Another type of man that Mr. Howells has very accurately drawn is the self-assured overclever young fellow, of whom we have rather too many in America. Bartley Hubbard, in A Modern Instance, "A fellow that assimilated everything to a certain extent and nothing thoroughly, . . . with no more moral nature than a baseball"; Angus Beaton, "the laconic, staccato, rather worldlified young artist" in A Hazard of New Fortunes, whom Fulkerson characterizes as "as many kinds of an ass as he is kinds of an artist," and of whom Alma

Leighton says, "Nobody could be as conceited all the time as Mr. Beaton is most of the time"—to the Howells type of man such fellows are especially obnoxious and he follows them and shows them up relentlessly, and in the end the humiliation of both is complete and terrible.

What shall we say of Mr. Howells's women? Early critics said, "His knowledge of women is wonderful." A recent critic has said, "Mr. Howells has never drawn a woman of whom her sex might feel proud." It is said that when Mr. Howells was once asked by a lady why he had never pictured an ideal woman he replied, "I am waiting for the Lord to create one first." The Howells girl is a charming creature, inconsequent, capricious, and whimsical, though she may be, and the whole long line of them are very like a type of women we have always with us. His married women seem better than his single girls, and certainly American husbands and wives in all their everyday aspects were never better drawn:

> Mrs. March was one of those wives who exact a more rigid adherence to their ideals from their husbands than from themselves. Early in their married life she had taken charge of him in all matters which she considered practical. She did not consider the matter of bread-winning, that was an affair that might safely be left to his absent-minded, dreamy inefficiency, and she did not interfere with him there. But in such matters as rehanging the pictures, deciding a summer boarding place, taking a seaside cottage, repapering rooms, choosing seats at the theater, seeing that the children ate when she was not at table, shutting the cat out at night, keeping the run of calls and invitations, and seeing if the furnace was damped, he had failed her so often that she could not leave him the slightest discretion in the matter of choosing a flat. . . . She had often said that if he would only bring his mind and character to bear in exigencies like the above he would be simply perfect, but she had long given up his ever doing so. . . . He expected to do the wrong thing when left to his own devices, and he did it without any apparent recalling of former misdeeds and their consequences. There was a good deal of comedy in it all and some tragedy.

But Mr. Howells's books are more than mere character studies. What gives distinction to his work is that he sees men in their social relations. It is this aspect of his novels that gives them their highest value and will make them source books for the study of American life in the generations to come. Even a book like

The Kentons, which, to superficial criticism, seems a trivial record of the lives of people "who can never matter either to morals or to art," is really a profound study of the American family and of the American way of treating an emotion as a thing so sacred that not even its possessor may attempt its regulation.

As an illustration of the social vignettes with which all Howells's books abound take the description of the Saint Albans, an American family hotel and of its boarders in The Minister's Charge:

> They went from hotels in the city to hotels in the country and back again with the change of the seasons. . . . About each of these women a home might have clung with all its loves and cares. They were naturally like other women, but here they were ignoble particles without attraction for each other and apparently without joy in themselves, impertinent, idle, listless; they had got rid of the housekeeping and of its dignity and usefulness. . . . They did not go out much; sometimes they went to church, or to the theater, and they went shopping. But apparently they had no more social than domestic life. . . . They were all doctoring themselves; they did not talk gossip or scandal much, they talked of their diseases and physicians. Certain of them devoured novels which they carried about clasped to their breasts with their fingers in the place where they had been reading; they did not speak of them often and apparently took them as people took opium.

The work of an author who is so exactly contemporaneous as Mr. Howells always is must, like a garment of the very latest fashion, soon become quaint, and already his pictures of Boston in the horse-car stage of the city's life seem as remote as the Boston of Paul Revere, but they are none the less true pictures of America in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and as such time will only increase their value. In the years to come he who would know what American life was really like, and would peer into our social complexities, can do nothing better than to give his days and nights to the study of William Dean Howells. "He has seen, he has understood, he has recorded, and his record is true."

Henry B. Schwartz.

THE CHRISTIANIZATION OF PATRIOTISM

At a time when all other organizations are trying to determine just what tasks they can perform best to aid the government in the successful prosecution of the war, the church must see clearly the nature and scope of her war work. The value of this work must be extraordinary, for the government has refused to call the ministers of the church from their task of religious leadership even for the military defense of the land. The American clergy could have rendered large service in the trenches. Not a little of the magnificent spirit of the French armies is said to be due to the presence of thousands of priests serving as enlisted soldiers in those armies, hundreds of whom have been slain in battle. It is to be hoped that the presence of large numbers of preachers and priests in American armies would have contributed in the same way to the spirit of our armies. But our government, presumably on the advice of our allies, has decided that the clergy of the United States can render greater service at home than in the trenches. What is it that is expected of them, and of the church which they lead, in this hour?

Manifestly the church must give her enthusiastic support to all organizations and movements charged with especial responsibility at this time, such as the Red Cross, the Food Administration, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. These must never look in vain to the church for assistance. Neither must the organizations that usually minister to local needs be permitted to want for the funds necessary for their work. We have all the poverty, sickness, and misery this winter in the United States that we have had any winter, and it must be relieved as usual. Besides this, the church at home must keep in touch with her own sons in the army and navy, following them with affectionate interest that for them this war may be made "safe for character." And when the inevitable shall happen, and some shall fall, the church must comfort those who love them most by helping them to see and believe in the things that cannot be seen.

But important as all such work is, it is essentially a secondary work for the church. Has the church been permitted to retain her leadership at this time simply to perform a subordinate service? Generally we insist that the primary task of the church is spiritual, rather than philanthropic or humanitarian. As a rule, her business is to provide ideals, and not material comforts. Is it other than this at the present time? It has been said often that this war is a death struggle between antagonistic ideals. Can the church forget that fact, inasmuch as she deals principally in ideals? And if this be the true character of the present conflict, is it not as necessary to maintain our ideals in their purity, as to maintain our armies in their strength? Transportation, munitions, supplies are needed. But may it not easily be true, is it not certainly true that the supreme need of the moment is a moral and spiritual atmosphere which will blight all that is pagan and bring to full maturity all that is Christian in American patriotism, so that whichever way the war goes, we shall have deserved to win it? Has not the government the right to look to the church for the creation and maintenance of this atmosphere more than to any other organization? This, I believe, is the war-time task of the church. Than which there is no greater.

At what points is our patriotism in need of improvement? First, at the point of its exclusive interest in nationalism. The patriotism which the world has known up to the present has been concerned with little except the exaltation of single racial or national groups. It has demanded the sacrifice of personal and private interests in behalf of the larger interests of the state, but has not seen that the state itself is under the same obligation to subordinate its special interests to the still larger interests of a world of states. It has merely substituted social for personal selfishness, and if selfishness be evil, it must be quite as undesirable for the state as for the individual.

This is the quality of German patriotism. It is saturated with the Gentile spirit of lordliness which Jesus condemned. It is concerned exclusively with the dominion of Germany over the rest of the world, and counts nothing sacred that stands in the way of that dominion, even the religion and ethics of Jesus. But

by so much as England has sought dominion on the seas, has not her patriotism been of the same sort? Lines quoted recently by Bishop Bashford from Lord Curzon's volume on the Far East are more revealing than the English nobleman intended, perhaps, touching the quality of English patriotism:

> We sailed wherever ship could sail;
> We founded many a mighty state;
> Pray God our greatness do not fail
> Through craven fear of being great.

And are there not many in the United States who would have imposed American ideals of liberty and order upon the Latin Republics to the south even as Germany would impose her authority upon the world, and England hers upon the seas?

Certainly the Christianization of patriotism implies that patriotism shall become enlisted in the service of internationalism as well as of nationalism. It must seek the welfare of all peoples as well as of one people. This does not mean that we must lose our enthusiasms for the ideals peculiar to our own national group. It is entirely possible to be a loyal citizen of Colorado and at the same time a loyal citizen of the United States. One may love the United States and prefer it above all other countries, and at the same time be eager for the development of all other nations, according to their respective preferences. It does mean that we shall cherish no ideals of national greatness which conflict with the legitimate ambitions of other peoples. It means that, however much we may believe in our own ideals, we shall not seek to impose them by force upon unwilling peoples. It means all that President Wilson said to the United States Senate last January when he insisted "that no nation should seek to extend its policy over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own policy, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful." But it means even more than this. It will not be sufficient that we let other peoples alone, entertaining a wholesome respect for their rights. The spirit of fellowship must come upon us so that we shall cooperate with other peoples in seeing that injustice is not done the weak, and in doing the work

of the world. A Christian patriotism will insist that the measure of national greatness is to be found in international service.

Until the time shall come when all peoples can be trusted to regulate their conduct toward other peoples after the Christian standard, the church will further the cause of internationalism by giving her support to some such scheme for international control as the League to Enforce Peace. If one complains that it is ridiculous to enforce peace by armed might, it is proper to ask how a league or society of nations can be more than a "paper project" unless there is force behind it. For we must assent to the contention of the New Republic: "We may as well admit the fact that there is not one single great power that can be absolutely depended upon not to avail itself of superior strength to extend its dominions. Not the United States, which might easily have been garrisoning Mexico City at this very time if anyone but Woodrow Wilson had been President three years ago. Not England, which extinguished Boer independence; not France, which reduced Morocco to vassalage; not Italy, which aimed an attack upon independent Abyssinia; not Russia, with her designs against Persia; not Japan, with her designs against China; all in evidence in the last fifteen years. But least of all are Germany and Austria-Hungary to be depended upon to refrain from aggression." (January 5, 1918.) If we are to have an international society strong enough to defend the lesser states, that society must have power to enforce its will, power enough to coerce any combination of states that is likely to dispute its authority. If we cannot do away with all armament immediately, surely the peace of the world will be served by maintaining a great international army and navy whose business it will be to hold in check any great powers inclined to aggressiveness and self-assertion.

The Christianization of patriotism means, further, that political and international relationships shall be brought under the control of Christian morality. This is implied in all that is said above, but deserves especial mention. In the beginning of their religious history, the Jews believed that the authority of Jehovah was limited to the geographical area contiguous to Mount Sinai. Within these limits his power was absolute; beyond them

he had no jurisdiction. When they passed out of the Wilderness into Canaan, they passed under the jurisdiction of other gods. Only gradually did they come to see that Jehovah was One, and beside him there was no other. Attention has been called to the fact that we have precisely this situation in the field of ethics to-day. The authority of Christ is limited to certain relationships of life. Within those relationships his authority is absolute. Beyond them he has no control. This gives rise to what has been called "ethical bimetallism," that is, one standard of conduct for the individual and another for the action of a group. All strictly personal relationships have been brought under the authority of Jesus. That is, in dealing with men as individuals we confess the obligation to deal with them according to Christian standards. Likewise family relationships have been brought under the dominion of Jesus. But it may be questioned whether the jurisdiction of Jesus is permitted to extend far beyond these boundaries. We are familiar with the cynic's assertion that it is impossible to "mix business and religion" or "politics and religion." What he really means is that in business and political relationships one is not expected to apply the Christian standard of ethics. In the bosom of his own family a man is bound to act toward his children as Christ would have him act; but in his factory it is permissible for him to act toward other men's children who may be in his employ according to very different standards. Not long ago a Senator from Illinois, who is almost an ideal husband and father, was expelled from the United States Senate because his election had been secured by the most atrocious methods. It is not that men are consciously hypocritical, but that in passing from the field of family relationships into that of business or politics they unconsciously adjust themselves to the control of very different ethical ideals. Along with business and politics, the field of international relationships commonly is thought to lie outside the rule of Christ. Bernhardi says, "Christian morality is personal and social, but can never become political." Again, "Love God above all things and your neighbors as yourself cannot in any way apply to the relationships of one state to another." Frederick II declared, "The prince who remembers that he is a

Christian is lost." Treitschke insists that it is necessary "to distinguish between public and private morality," that there is a whole series of duties which are imposed upon the individual which are absolutely out of the question for the state. For example, self-assertion is not admirable in an individual, but is the highest morality for the state. Not every nation has so frankly stated that international relationships are outside of the Kingdom of God as the Germans have done, but as a matter of fact all have acted on this assumption.

In his presidential address before the British Academy, June 30, 1915, Viscount Bryce said that one of the grave moral issues of the war is just this: "Is a state above morality? Does the plea of military necessity, of which itself is the judge, entitle it to disregard the rights of other states?" A Christian patriotism will answer quickly, "No!" Gradually our allies have come to make this the supreme war aim, for it is easy to see that unless consent can be secured to the proposition that the authority of Christ is universal, covering international relationships as well as private, nothing will have been gained by the war. It must be perfectly clear that we find ourselves in the present situation because Christianity has not been tried in the larger relationships of life. No reconstruction that disregards this fact will have the slightest permanent value. If we continue to distinguish between public and private morality, and insist that Christ's law of love has no meaning for a state, we leave the door open for this calamity to enter again. We can make adequate provision for the future only by recognizing that Christ's kingdom is over all and in all, that his authority is political as well as personal, that he does not approve any kind of double ethical standard, and that social groups and nations are bound to act toward each other in the same spirit of love and service that we expect of men as individuals. A patriotism that is positively Christian cannot insist on less than this. And upon this the whole cause of internationalism waits. Cooperation among the nations will become possible only as patriotism shall be moralized, only as national selfishness shall give way to national unselfishness, only as the ideal of national greatness shall disappear before that of national service,

only as national obligation shall take precedence over national rights.

The statements of war aims made recently by Mr. Lloyd-George and President Wilson are expressions of this great principle. The English premier insists on the sanctity of the treaty, the right of small races to determine for themselves the forms of government to which they must give allegiance, and an international body which shall protect the independence of small states. The American President desires all these, and in addition believes that so far as possible reparation should be made for all ancient wrongs. The same ideal prompted his earlier utterance before Congress in which he declared that justice must be done our enemies as well as our allies. If these are the things we are fighting for, surely this is a "Holy War." The danger is that we may grow war-weary before the aims shall be won, and an exhausted people will be content with less than the attainment of the full ideal. It is the high privilege of the church to minister in such a way to the American people that they shall not "grow weary in well-doing."

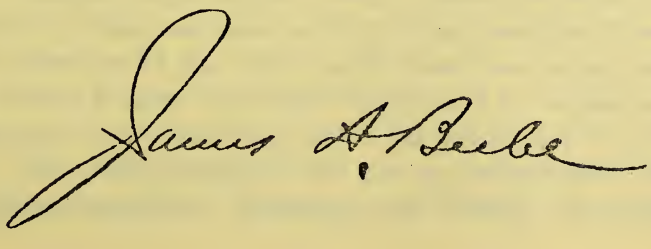
Besides all this, to Christianize patriotism means that we must exorcise the evil spirit of commercialism, which has taken possession of it. Every war has made some people very rich. Capitalists have had much company on their way to wealth these past months. Farmers have been eager for three-dollar wheat. Workingmen's organizations have been quite willing to hold up production in the interest of higher wages. This dreadful infection has worked its way into all parts of our industrial body. It should be said, however, that our sin is social rather than individual. Censure should be directed against the system in which we are involved rather than against particular persons. An atmosphere of mutual distrust and suspicion abounds. If we could be perfectly sure that everyone is faring as well or as ill as everyone else, there would be little trouble. But while everyone is talking sacrifice, it is certain that not everyone is making sacrifices in the same degree. This implies, among other things, that profiteering must be made as discreditable as treason. To take advantage of an international disaster to enrich oneself is

in fact a betrayal of one's country. War time is not the time to make money, but to give money, life, and all else that one possesses. If it should be that wealth accumulates anywhere as the direct result of the war, these accumulations should be taken as a matter of course to pay the expenses of the war. What war has given war may take to support itself. Thus conscription of wealth may be defended on purely economic grounds. Nevertheless the Christian conscience will be more impressed by the simple ethical contention that a man is more than money, and when we commit ourselves to the conscription of persons for military service, the conscription of everything else is to be accepted without debate.

Who or what shall be the instrument of patriotism's sanctification? Can there be any doubt that this is preeminently the task of the church? Is any other organization so much concerned with extending the kingdom of God? Is it the exclusive task of any other institution to make the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ? Is it not the part of wisdom to permit the church to retain her leadership in this hour?

In accomplishing this work, it is well to remember that the primary consideration is that we shall think and feel a certain way, rather than busy ourselves about doing particular things. For the preacher it is less a matter of organization than of insight into the will of God concerning the larger relationships of life. He will not become the champion of particular economic theories, but he will insist that human values are supreme, and that greatness for nations as well as individuals consists in superior love and service.

Two final questions set the heart to pounding: Can the church rise to the opportunity offered by this hour? What will happen to her and the world if she should not?



SAMUEL JOHNSON—PREACHER

In 1901 Augustine Birrell delivered an address before the Johnson Club in Lichfield, England. The occasion was the opening of the Johnson House as a museum. The address was an attempt to answer the question: "Do we really know Dr. Johnson?" After analyzing several sources of information—Boswell, Macaulay, Miss Burney, Mrs. Thrale, The Seward Letters, George Birkbeck Hill, the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, etc.—he concludes, "My firm conviction, therefore, is that the sober judgment of all English-speaking mankind is substantially sure and accurate. We believe we know Johnson; we do know him; and he will be more widely known and better beloved than he is today." For a judgment justifying such a prophecy there must surely be a basis other than that on which J. W. Croker grounded his five-volume critique or Henry Reed his strictures in his "Lectures on the British Poets," and if this study may help to disclose that basis the reason for its preparation will be vindicated.

Doubtless the phrase, Samuel Johnson—Preacher, will sound oddly enough to many; but it is justified by the fact that 376 pages of Vol. VIII of the New Cambridge edition of his works are appropriated to "Prayers and Sermons." And such is their quality in thought, feeling, and expression that thoughtful dissent from Birrell's remark, "If these do not touch your heart there is something wrong in that organism," is difficult, if not impossible. Of course he was not a clergyman, an ordained priest of the Church in the communion of which he lived, but he was a *minister;* a servant of God and men. The roll of lay-ministers contains many illustrious names. The Bible and Church History may be consulted for abundant proof. Indeed the elimination of the results of the consecrated activity of lay preachers from the life and literature of the world would leave "an aching void." It was curious to learn that John Wesley used to emphasize the lay character of our Lord—not Jesus the priest, but "the Carpenter." His high-priesthood was not an ecclesiastical order, but a divine commission. Moreover, John Wesley, "the Church-

man," acknowledged his debt to Christian David, a Moravian mechanic and lay preacher, and gave his indorsement to the theory and practice by utilizing laymen in preaching the word. In this he was no innovator, for Saint Francis, the "Friar Monk," anticipated him by centuries. So the absence of "orders" is discounted as exclusive of the right to preach. Personal character, mental endowment, and spiritual insight are, however, essential. What say the authorities about Samuel Johnson on these vital matters? Said Macaulay: "The best proof that Johnson was really an extraordinary man is that his character, instead of being degraded, has on the whole been decidedly raised by a work [Boswell's] in which all his vices and weaknesses are exposed more unsparingly than they ever were by Churchill or by Kenrick." Adam Smith, Scotch Economist and author of The Wealth of Nations, said he "knew more books than any man alive." His tutor at Pembroke College, Oxford, declared he "was the best qualified for the university that had ever come there." Augustine Birrell said, "Johnson stands for human nature; he represents a character in all its lights and shades. We gaze upon him as upon a variegated landscape, letting the eye rest lovingly on this aspect and upon that." These may suffice touching character and mentality; what of his religious sentiments? Macaulay, a not too generous critic, said, "Many of his sentiments on religious subjects are worthy of a liberal and enlarged mind. When he spoke of the scruples of the Puritans he spoke like a person who had really obtained an insight into the divine philosophy of the New Testament, and who considered Christianity a noble scheme of government tending to promote the happiness and to elevate the moral nature of man." Speaking to critics of the showy dress affected by some people, Johnson said, "Let us not be found, when the Master calls us, stripping the lace from our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and our tongues. Alas, sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a gray one." George Birkbeck Hill, called the "leading Johnsonian," in a critical analysis bears the testimony, "His task it was not only to instruct but to persuade; not only to impart truth but to awaken that inattention by which known truths

are suffered to be neglected. . . . He was the great moralist. . . . His criticisms are acute; but it is when he 'reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come' that he is seen at his strongest." To an examination of his work as preacher, or, if you prefer, sermon-writer, we here address ourselves. Certainly essential difference is easily predicable between the task of critic, essayist, poet, lexicographer, and that of preacher; a difference scarcely less than vital, for it involves advance from the plane of the intellectual and moral into the realm of the spiritual. And what right had he, what qualification did he possess to exercise the functions of the preacher? Did he seek, did he obtain, the help of the Holy Spirit in order that he might become "a workman needing not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth?" Joseph Parker spoke a great word when he said that an inspired Book requires an inspired reader. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Hear Parker: "The gift of inspired reading is the gift of the whole believing and suppliant Church. There is no inspired class in the Church, divinely marked off for special reverence and remuneration; indeed it seems to me that the so-called priests are the only uninspired followers, the mere craftsmen and pensioners of the Church; they are 'shepherds that cannot understand, they all look their own way, everyone for his gain, from his quarter. Let them alone, they be blind leaders of the blind.' The kind of inspiration I mean can be had for the asking by all humble souls. 'If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?' " Now, did Dr. Johnson "ask him"? Did he pray? Here's the answer, in the petition which he offered when beginning a new study:

> Almighty God, in whose hands are all the powers of man; who givest understanding and takest it away; who, as it seemeth good unto thee, enlightenest the thoughts of the simple and darkenest the meditations of the wise; be present with me in my studies and inquiries. Grant, O Lord, that I may not lavish away the life which thou hast given me on useless trifles, nor waste it in vain searches after the things which thou hast hidden from me. Enable me, by thy Holy Spirit, so to shun sloth and negligence that every day may discharge part of the task which thou hast allotted me; and so further with thy help that labor which, without

thy help, must be ineffectual, that I may obtain in all my undertakings such success as will most promote thy glory and the salvation of my own soul, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

In studying theology this was his prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, without whose help labor is useless, without whose light search is vain, invigorate my studies and direct my inquiries, that I may, by due diligence and right discernment, establish myself and others in thy holy faith. Take not, O Lord, the Holy Spirit from me; let not evil thoughts have dominion in my mind. Let me not linger in ignorance, but enlighten and support me, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Following these prayers it will not be amiss to quote one of his declarations:

My purpose is: To avoid idleness. To regulate my sleep as to length and choice of hours. To set down, every day, what shall be done the day following. To keep a journal. To worship God more diligently. To go to church every Sunday. To study the Scriptures. To read a portion every week.

Is it asked why he wrote prayers? An answer is suggested in the following passage from his "Journey to the Hebrides":

The principle upon which extemporary prayer was originally introduced is no longer admitted. The minister formerly, in the effusion of his prayer, expected immediate and, perhaps, perceptible inspiration, and therefore thought it his duty not to think before what he should say. It is now universally confessed that men pray, as they speak on other occasions, according to the general measure of their abilities and attainments. Whatever each may think of a form prescribed by another he cannot but believe that he can himself compose, by study and meditation, a better prayer than will arise in his mind at a sudden call; and if he has any hope of supernatural help, why may he not as well receive when he writes as when he speaks? In the variety of mental powers, some must perform extemporary prayer with much imperfection.

Hence we see he was consistent in the matter of his own supplications.

Of his sermons there are twenty-five; and for variety of theme, lucidity and consecutiveness of thought, homiletical skill in arrangement, clarity, and force in expression, it would be difficult to name a volume, of like extent, richer or more useful in content than this. The themes treated are: 1. Marriage; Gen. 2. 24. 2. Repentance; Isa. 55. 17. 3. Hardness of Heart; Prov. 28. 14.

4. True Charity; Isa. 58. 7, 8. 5. The Evils of Life; Neh. 9. 33. 6. Pride; Prov. 11. 2. 7. The Old Paths; Jer. 6. 6. 8. The Conceit of Wisdom; Rom. 12. 16. 9. The Lord's Supper; 1 Cor. 11. 28. 10. Self-Deception; Gal. 6. 7. 11. Oneness of Mind; 1 Pet. 3. 8. 12. Earthly Vanity; Eccl. 1. 14. 13. Godliness; Form versus Power; 2 Tim. 3. 5. 14. Peace and Trust; Isa. 26. 37. 15. Brevity and Trouble of Life; Job 14. 1. 16. Judging God; Job 1. 22. 17. False Witness; Exod. 20. 16. 18. Fraud; 1 Cor. 6. 8. 19. Benevolence; 2 Cor. 9. 7. 20. Scoffers; 2 Pet. 3. 3. 21. God's Providence; Psa. 145. 9. 22. Sacramental Unworthiness; 1. Cor. 11. 29. 23. Strife through Envy; Jas. 3. 13. 24. Righteous Government Essential to Wellbeing; Prov. 29. 2. 25. Religion in Bereavement (his wife's funeral sermon); John 11. 25, 26. At least two of these sermons, the eighteenth and twentieth, he actually delivered; perhaps others. Time and space would fail in permitting extensive citations from all of these admirable discourses, nearly every one of which is in marked and favorable contrast with those of Laurence Sterne, and several of which rank, in rugged candor of treatment and keen analysis of Scripture, with the sermons of Hugh Blair. Hence it must suffice to furnish two or three condensed specimens of his homiletical skill and insight into the meaning of the divine Word.

I. Sermon 3.—Prov. 28. 14, "Happy is the man that feareth alway; but he that hardeneth his heart shall fall into mischief." "The great purpose of revealed religion is to afford man a clear representation of his dependence upon the Supreme Being by teaching him to consider God as his Creator and Governor, his Father and Judge. Those to whom Providence has granted the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures have no need to perplex themselves with difficult speculations, to deduce their duty from remote principles, or to enforce it by doubtful motives. The Bible tells us, in plain and authoritative terms, that there are acts which God will reward and acts that he will punish. That with soberness, righteousness, and godliness God will be pleased; and that with intemperance, iniquity, and impiety God will be offended; and that of those who are careful to please him the reward will be such as eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and of those who, hav-

ing offended, die without repentance the punishment will be inconceivably severe and dreadful." This doctrine crystallizes into what the Bible calls "the fear of God." This fear is distinguished from that which enters into "the casuistical theology of the Romish Church," and differs from heathen philosophy, which aimed at flattering men into virtue but which utterly failed in its struggle with sense and passion. But Christianity posits humility as basic to piety; and good men are by a "holy fear" kept attentive to the motives and consequences of every action; if always unsatisfied with their progress in holiness, always wishing to advance and always afraid of falling. . . . This fear is of such efficacy to the great purpose of our being that the wise man has pronounced him happy who fears alway, and declares that he who hardens his heart shall fall into mischief. Let us, therefore, consider carefully: First, What he is to fear; whose fear will make him happy. The great primary object of a good man's fear is sin. The dread of sin necessarily produces the dread of temptation. He that wishes to escape the effect flees likewise from the cause; his care is not for victory, but safety; and where he can escape he does not willingly encounter them. Temptation is so constant that many doubt "the possibility of salvation. In the common modes of life they find that business ensnares, and that pleasure seduces; that success produces pride, and miscarriage envy; that conversation consists too often of censure or flattery; and that even care for the interests of friends, or attention to the establishment of a family, generates contest and competition, enmity and malevolence, and at last fills the mind with secular solicitude." To avoid exposure many "have fled for refuge from vanity and sin to the solitude of deserts," and "many more, of both sexes, have withdrawn . . . from crowds and glitter and pleasure to monasteries and convents . . . to suffer, to watch, and to pray." But it cannot be said "that flight is victory," or that he fills his place in creation laudably who does no ill only because he does nothing. Of these it may "without censure be affirmed that they have secured their innocence by the loss of their virtue; that to avoid the commission of some faults they have made many duties impracticable." The happy man is he who

"carries about with him in the world the temper of the cloister: preserves the fear of doing evil, but suffers himself to be impelled by the zeal of doing good; who can be rich or poor without pride in riches or discontent in poverty; and can pass undefiled through a polluted world and among the vicissitudes of life have his heart fixed only where true joys are found." Contributing to such a frame of mind and heart regular habits of prayer must be maintained, and "it will be necessary for most men to assist themselves from time to time by particular and unaccustomed acts of devotion—intervals of retirement in which the dust of life may be shaken off and the course of life be revived and its possibilities estimated. Fasts and other austerities, however brought into disrepute by wild enthusiasm, have a natural tendency to disengage the mind from sensuality, and may be of use as awakeners of a holy fear while they are considered only as expressive of our love of God, and not substituted for the love of our neighbors." As all those duties are to be practiced lest the heart shall be hardened, we are to consider, secondly, what is meant by "hardness of heart." It "is a thoughtless neglect of the divine law; such an acquiescence in the pleasures of sense and such delight in the pride of life as leaves no place in the mind for meditation on higher things; such an indifference about the last event of human actions as never looks forward to a future state, but suffers the passions to operate with full force without any other end than the gratification of the present world." Men thus hardened are not ignored by Providence, their Creator is recalled by blessings and afflictions—recoveries from sickness, deliverance from danger, loss of friends, and miscarriage of transactions. These calls neglected, the hardness is increased. Such dereliction is miserable, and since it is so much to be dreaded all approaches to it should be avoided; hence the inquiry, thirdly, how or by what cause the heart is hardened. The most dangerous hardness of heart proceeds from some enormous wickedness of which the injurer dreads the recollection, because he cannot prevail upon himself to repair the injury or because he dreads the irruption of those images by which guilt must always be accompanied, and finding a temporal ease in negligence and forgetfulness, by de-

grees confirms himself in stubborn impenitence. This is dreadful, but it is to be hoped that it is not common. More common is the alienation of the thoughts—forgetfulness of God, incident to worldly cares and sensual pleasures—fostered by stupid or profane neglect of those external duties of religion which are instituted to excite and preserve the fear of God. Many thus guilty may justly impute that insensibility to the violation of the Sabbath. Surely, whatever may diminish the fear of God, or abate the tenderness of the conscience, must be diligently avoided by those who remember what is to be explained; fourthly, the consequences of hardness of heart: "Shall fall into mischief." Whether mischief be considered as immediately signifying wickedness or misery, the sense is eventually the same. Misery is the effect of wickedness, and wickedness is the cause of misery, and he that hardeneth his heart shall be both wicked and miserable. Wicked he will be; he has lost the fear of God—cannot oppose temptation—is the slave of his desires and the sport of his passions—acting without rule and determining without principle. Such hardness of heart develops wickedness and misery ensues. The doom of the obstinate and impenitent sinner is plainly declared, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Let us all, therefore, watch our thoughts and our actions, and that we may not by hardness of heart fall into mischief let us endeavor and pray that we may be among them that fear alway, and by that fear may be prepared for everlasting happiness.

The structure of sermon 5, on "The Evils of Life," Neh. 9. 33, "Howbeit thou art just in all that is brought upon us, for thou hast done right, but we have done wickedly," is as follows: The introduction discusses various theories explanatory of the evils of life, many of which are refuted by the Scriptures, and then the following propositions are logically and Scripturally argued: I. How few of the evils of life can justly be ascribed to God. II. How far a general piety might exempt any community from these evils. III. How much, in the present state of the world, particular men may, by the practice of the duties of religion, promote their own happiness.

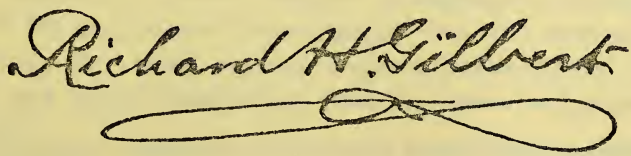
Notably strong is sermon 24, on "Righteousness in Govern-

ment as Essential to Wellbeing," Prov. 29. 2, "When the righteous are in power the people rejoice." Here is the plan: Introduction: Corrupt governments operate with equal force and efficacy to the detriment of a people as good governments to their preservation. But that authority may never swell into tyranny, or languish into supineness, and that subjection may never degenerate into slavery nor freedom into rebellion, it may be proper both for those who are intrusted with power and those from whom obedience is required to consider: I. How much it is the duty of those in authority to promote the happiness of the people. II. By what means the happiness of the people may be effectually promoted. III. How the people are to assist and further the endeavors of their governors.

Clearness of definition and keenness of analysis are conspicuous in the treatment of 1 Cor. 11. 29—sermon 22—"He that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself." "The celebration of the sacrament is generally acknowledged to be the highest act of devotion. Writers of different persuasion have treated on the worthiness required of those who partake of the Lord's Supper; that to approach the holy table without it is to pervert the means of salvation and turn prayer into sin. The vehemence of the condemnation of such has filled the melancholy, timorous, and humble with unnecessary terrors; they have conceived the danger of obedience more formidable than its neglect and have omitted a duty of the highest importance; the diffident and scrupulous, terrified into despair, remitted their ardor, relaxed their diligence, and ceased to pursue what they could not attain. To remove these doubts doctrines of different tendency have been promoted, lower degrees of piety declared sufficient, the danger of reception extenuated and effort made to assign to the text a sense less to be dreaded by the unworthy communicant. Thus many have been misled to consider the sacrament a cursory act of devotion, and the exhortation of the apostle has lost its efficiency and the terrors of the Lord with which he enforced it have no longer repressed the licentiousness of the profligate or disturbed the indolence of the supine." After a searching analysis of motives and conduct, Dr. Johnson resumes:

"The whole life of man is a state of probation; he is always in danger and may be always in hope. As no short fervors of piety nor particular acts of beneficence, however exalted, can secure him from the possibility of sinking into wickedness, so no neglect of devotion nor commission of crime can preclude the means of grace or the hope of glory. He that has eaten and drunk unworthily may enter into salvation by repentance and amendment, as he that has eaten and drunk worthily may by negligence or presumption perish everlastingly." The discussion of I, "What it is to eat and drink unworthily," proceeds along evangelical and historical lines argued with rare discernment and force; and II, "By what means a man may become a worthy partaker of the Lord's Supper," leaves nothing to be desired. "As the sacrament was instituted for one of the means of grace let no one who sincerely desires the salvation of his soul neglect to receive it; and as eternal punishment is denounced by the apostle against all of those who receive unworthily let no man approach the table of the Lord without repentance of his former sins, stedfast purposes of a new life, and full confidence in His merits whose death is represented by it."

Birrell suggests that "nobody nowadays reads Johnson's writings. People are, of course, free to read what they like, and (if they like) not to read at all. Some of us keep books and others poultry. One man drives a motor car while his brother is perhaps an amateur photographer. All the tastes are respectable. But if it happens that you are fond of English literature you will be a reader of Johnson, and from his works, whether in prose or verse, you will be infected and become possessed with a perception of a strong character—and a constant habit of mind," and in none of his works is that infection more pronounced or more beneficent than in his spiritual studies, be they called sermons or meditations.



A RECENTLY DISCOVERED PRAYER BOOK SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD

The Discovery

The discovery of this Prayer Book was purely accidental. I had just returned to Cairo, after a hard journey through the Fayum in search of Greek and Coptic papyri, when in the early spring of 1913 a trusty Arab, who had been with me on this papyri hunt, came to my room and displayed in great glee some ancient documents which he supposed I would want. As soon, however, as I saw they were written in Hebrew I refused to purchase. But as I examined them more closely I discovered hidden under unimportant materials fourteen leaves, fairly well preserved, which so impressed me by the ancient character of the script and writing material that I finally bought them. Upon returning to America I placed these fragments with Professor Romain Butin, S.M., Ph.D., of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., for expert examination.[1] He has just reported that these leaves are part of an ancient and rather unique Jewish Service Book, and that this manuscript, which preserves to us this ancient ritual, was written at the latter part of the thirteenth century or early in the fourteenth, being therefore almost exactly six hundred years old.

Description of the Manuscript

The paper is a good grade of yellowish brown Arab-made rag paper, such as we find commonly in the Fayum from the ninth, tenth, and later centuries. The ink is good, though very dim on a few of the leaves. The handwriting is plain, and fairly regular, though naturally it cannot compare in elegance or beauty with many of the early Greek literary papyri nor with most copies of the Koran. It is much superior, however, to the ordinary Greek, Coptic, and Arabic handwriting used for letters and commercial

[1] Dr. Butin will give shortly in the Jewish Quarterly Review a critical examination of this manuscript in detail.

purposes. The script is Hebrew, in the ordinary Rabbinical square characters written by Oriental Rabbins, excepting that certain letters have peculiar forms resembling those which we find in the autographic letter of Maimonides (cir. 1200 A. D.). A very few passages are in Aramaic and the Rubrics in Arabic. That the scribe wrote from dictation—like many of the early copyists of the Gospels—is proved by the confusion of certain words similarly pronounced. In general there is no punctuation, and of course no vowel points, though words are often separated and subsections are sometimes marked by two points, either vertical or horizontal, and the ends of sections by four points.

Original Hiding Place of this Old Prayer Book

Although my Arab would not tell where he had obtained these precious remains it is most probable that they came originally from some old synagogue in Cairo, such as the celebrated Ezra Synagogue. To be sure there were synagogues in many places in Egypt in ancient times. Early in the Christian era there was a "Jews' Street" in Oxyrhynchus and a special ghetto in Socnopæi Nesus, and a very large district surrendered wholly to the Jewish bankers, police officers, tax gatherers, etc., at Alexandria, and even as late as the eleventh century we know of one Egyptian Jew who possessed a library of 30,000 volumes,[2] so that our manuscript might presumably have come from any one of many places; yet the fact is that most of the very many Hebrew manuscripts which have been found in Egypt dating back to the Middle Ages have, with much probability, actually come from a single source.

As early as 1864 Jacob Safer had spent two days searching the Genizah (sacred closet) of this oldest existing synagogue in Cairo. Twenty-four years later E. N. Adler brought away a few more manuscripts, and on a second visit, in 1890, was allowed to take away a sack containing all the ancient parchment and papyrus fragments he could select in four hours. A little later A. H. Sayce of Oxford obtained other important documents which had almost certainly been thrown out from this same synagogue and buried carefully in the earth. Since then several great scholars

[2] For many more particulars, see the writer's New Archæological Discoveries, pp. 79ff.; 656ff.

have succeeded in obtaining other material in limited amounts and by various means, most of which seems to have come from the same location. In May, 1897, Dr. Solomon Schechter was allowed to examine the contents of the ancient closet at his leisure and to transport to England a vast hoard of fragments of ancient manuscripts, none of which he thought to be less than four hundred years old. Our newly recovered document was most likely one which Schechter overlooked, or which some assistant smuggled away from him.

Age and Special Importance of this Particular Discovery

Any discovery which can draw the attention of non-Jewish scholars to the Prayer Books of the Hebrews may be accounted important, for up to this time most European and American Christians have been content to examine the ceremonial customs and social life of the Jews, being specially interested in the quecrities of the Talmud, and other products of Rabbinic formalism, and have left the devotional literature almost unnoticed.

Many of us have been too quick to accept the theory of Professor Sombart that the Jews were responsible for the modern system of business methods—a system founded on credits and aiming only at profits—and have forgotten to counterbalance our unfavorable impression by an examination of these books of devotion, which on almost every page breathe the spirit of genuine piety and aspiring faith. In these Prayer Books we can find, as has been well said, "the master motives and principles that govern the springs of action" for the Jewish people. Our manuscript possesses special importance, however, because of its age. These twenty-eight pages, averaging when unbroken sixteen or seventeen lines to the page, were written down just as we have them one hundred and fifty years before printing was discovered, nearly two hundred years before Christopher Columbus started on his memorable voyage to the East Indies, and five hundred years before the first "Reform Prayer Book"—eliminating all references to a personal Messiah, restoration of the Jews, and resurrection of the dead—was devised.

While there is no intention of claiming that this is the oldest

manuscript of the Jewish Prayer Book in existence, yet so far as we have been able to ascertain there is in America no large manuscript older than this containing the Order of Prayers, and very few in Europe. Dr. Christian D. Ginsburg in his immense work on The Massorah (three volumes, 1880-5) mentions only nine manuscripts of the Old Testament older than the thirteenth century, and Dr. Taylor in his catalogue of manuscripts of the Pirke Aboth—a section of the Prayer Book which has for many ages been the most popular of all ancient Hebrew compositions outside of the Bible—was able in 1900 to mention only three manuscripts older than ours in the British Museum, one in the Bodleian, one in Cambridge, one in the National Library of Paris, and one in the Imperial Library of Saint Petersburg. But there are, of course, fewer ancient manuscripts of the Prayer Book than of either the Bible or the Pirke Aboth. Professor Louis Ginsberg, of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, New York city, a most celebrated expert on such questions, writes me that he knows of but one large manuscript of the Maimonides Prayer Book earlier than the thirteenth century in the Bodleian and one large fragment giving Saadia Gaon's Order of Prayers dating from the end of the thirteenth century, while two other fine copies representing other recensions dating from the fifteenth century are in the British Museum and at Oxford. Dr. B. Halper, of the Dropsie College, Philadelphia, writes me that he knows of some small fragments of the Prayer Book dating as early as the eleventh century. As our manuscript is of such considerable size it is evident that the great age assigned to it by Dr. Butin makes it rather conspicuous among ancient documents of this character.

Unique Readings

But the age of the manuscript, though important, is not so important as its unique readings. This manuscript of twenty-eight pages is not a copy of the Prayer Book of Maimonides, nor of Saadia Gaon, nor of the more recently recovered Jerusalem recension, nor any other previously known ritual, but seems to be an independent recension representing some other Order of Prayers hitherto unknown.

Dr. Butin, after his exhaustive study of these leaves, writes me that this manuscript "shows highly interesting variants, not only of individual words or expressions, but also in larger sections. Some of the readings are not to be found in any of our printed rituals, and for this if for no other reason they appeal to all those who are interested in the origin and evolution of the Jewish rites." This statement becomes more suggestive as we remember that the Prayer Books issued between 1180 and 1320 formed "the foundation for the ritual of the succeeding centuries" (Ludwig Blau), and that after 1200 A. D. the Maimonides Order of Prayers became the orthodox form in Egypt, Palestine, etc.

Some Characteristic Sections of the Old Jewish Prayer Book

Following Dr. Butin's translation, we now give a few paragraphs illustrating such portions of the work as would probably be most interesting to Christian ministers.

It may be said to start with that many quotations of the Old Testament appear in a version slightly differing from ours, and that the influence of the Cabbala, which was coming into special prominence at the time our manuscript was being written, can be seen perhaps in the transposition of letters in the spelling of one word. The following passages concerning Jehovah, the future life, and the Messiah, from the Evening Prayer for the Night of the Fast of Kippur, are notable not only for their sublimity but from the fact that some of this material is unknown to the modern Jewish ritual, and indeed is to be found, according to Dr. Butin, in no other ritual, whether ancient or modern. We omit most of the Prayer, giving only the more striking statements:

Remember us unto life, O God and King, who delightest in life, and inscribe us in the Book of life, for thy own sake, O living God. O living King and Saviour, Blessed art thou, O Lord, the shield of Abraham. Thou art mighty forever, O Lord, it is thou who quickenest the dead and art mighty to save. Thou bringest down the dew. Thou sustainest the living with loving kindness, quickenest the dead with great mercy, supportest the falling and healest the sick, loosest the bound, upholdest the poor and keepest thy faith unto them that sleep in the dust, restorest the soul to dead corpses. Who is like unto thee, Lord of mighty acts, and who can be compared to thee, O merciful Father, full of mercies,

who in mercy rememberest thy creatures unto life? And faithful art thou to quicken the dead. WE WILL SANCTIFY THEE and we will reverence thee, we will repeat three times the threefold sanctification. . . . We are waiting for thy salvation when thou shalt reign in Zion in the near future. . . . In our lives and in our days may thou reign, be magnified and sanctified in the congregations of Jerusalem, thy city forever and ever and to all eternity. . . . UNTO ALL GENERATIONS they have proclaimed God King, because he alone is an exalted and holy King. . . . And thou, O Lord, SHALT REIGN speedily, thou alone, over all thy works on Mount Zion and in Jerusalem, the dwelling place of thy glory, and before thy elders shall be glory, as it is written through the hand of the prophet: "Then shall the moon be confounded and the sun ashamed." . . . And thou hast given us in love, O Lord our God, this day of holy convocation, and this day of Fast of atonement for pardon, forgiveness and atonement (so that) in love (we may obtain pardon) therein for all our iniquities: a holy convocation, a memorial of the departure from Egypt. OUR GOD and God of our fathers, may our remembrance, and the remembrance of our fathers, the remembrance of Jerusalem thy city, the remembrance of Zion, the dwelling place of thy glory, the remembrance of the Messiah, the Son of David thy servant, the remembrance of all thy people of the house of Israel, rise and go up, approach to thy presence and find grace; may it be heard, visited, and remembered for good, for blessing, for salvation, for grace, for loving kindness and mercies, on this day of holy convocation and on this day of the Fast of Atonement so that thou mayest have mercy on us and save us.

Even more pathetic than the passages we have quoted are those which express the deep sense of sin and the need of a conscious pardon and atonement. I will give these in the order in which they occur in the newly found Prayer Book without specifying the occasions on which the prayers were offered:

Answer us, our Father, answer us; answer us, my God, answer us; answer us, answer us, our Redeemer, answer us; answer us, our Splendor and Ornament, answer us; answer us, God of Abraham our Father; answer us, Fear of Isaac; answer us; answer us, Mighty one of Jacob, answer us; answer us, Thou Help of the Tribes, answer us; answer us, Thou Refuge of our mothers, answer us; answer us, Thou who art Great, Strong and Terrible, answer us; answer us . . . answer us.

Verily we have sinned, we and our fathers, we have trespassed, we have dealt treacherously . . . we have oppressed, we have been stiff-necked, we have acted wickedly, we have corrupted, we have gone astray. We have turned from thy commandments which are good, and from thy judgments which are just, and it hath not profited us. . . . Help us, O my God, save us; on account of thy glorious name deliver us and forgive our sins for thy name's sake . . . (the sins) against a positive precept for which we are debtors; and for the sins against the negative

precept which has become positive for which we are debtors; and for the sins against the negative precept for which we are debtors; and for the sins for which we owe an offering; and for the sins for which we deserve the punishment of the forty stripes; and for the sins for which we deserve the punishment of excision; and for the sins for which we deserve death by the hand of God, etc. . . . Purify us, O Lord our God, from all our transgressions and cleanse us from all our sins. . . . O may it be thy will, O Lord my God, that I sin no more, and as to the sins I have committed . . . and the iniquities of which I am guilty purge them away and have compassion according to thy great mercies. . . .

Thou hast acted . . . but for us we have done wickedly. Thou art merciful and receivest repentance because concerning repentance thou hast promised us of old, and in repentance our eyes wait upon thee, as it is said, O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast stumbled by thy iniquity; and it is (further) said, Take with you words, and return unto the Lord: Say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and accept that which is good; so will we render (as) bullocks (the offering of) our lips. As to arrogance and error thou seest their wickedness, and thou acceptest atonement. . . . Let it be thy will, O Lord (our God) and God of our fathers, to grant us atonement for all our sins, to forgive us all our transgressions and to pardon us all our iniquities. Etc., etc.

Another very unique passage found in this version alone reads:

RESTORE our judges . . . and our counsellors as at the beginning . . . and reign over us . . . and their torturers, may they be all speedily cut off, may they be destroyed, may they perish; shatter their posterity and humble them for thy name's sake, O Lord, our God, and do not leave a standing to any one of our enemies. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who breakest the enemies and humblest the arrogant.

TOWARDS the righteous and the pious, towards the proselyte of righteousness, towards all . . . Israel and towards us may thy mercies be stirred . . . a good reward to all who trust. . . .

Cyrus Adler

SHORTHAND AND THE MINISTRY

SHORTHAND is not, as many suppose, a modern invention. The Fathers of the Christian Church and the early Councils of Christendom made constant use of shorthand. In fact, much of the development of the art has been due to its ministerial promoters.

If we go to France we shall find that two of the four leading systems of shorthand in daily use by hundreds of thousands of people in all ranks of life were the inventions of clergymen.

If we turn our eyes to England we shall discover most surprising facts, such as these: The very first English system was the invention in 1588 of the Rev. Timothy Bright (who was also a physician), a curate in the Church of England. Then, down through the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, we find prominent shorthand systems to have been the inventions of ministers. The following is the order:

1617 Rev. John Willis, "The Art of Stenographie, or Short Writing."

1641 Rev. Wilkins (Bishop of Chester), "Mercury, or the Secret."

1736 Rev. Philip Gibbs, "An Essay towards a further Improvement of Shorthand."

1750 Rev. William Tiffin, "Stenography, of Short-hand Improved."

1759 Rev. Jonathan Smart, "The World's Jewel; or the Oxford Book of Shorthand."

1774 Rev. John Palmer, "A New Scheme of Shorthand."

1777 Rev. Cloud, "The Elements of Brachygraphy, or Short-Writing made easy to the meanest capacity, by Mr. Cloud, Doctor of Divinity."

1780 Rev. William Fordyce Mayor, "Universal Stenography; or a New Compleat System of Short Writing."

1787 Rev. Simon George Bordley, "Cadmus Britannicus, or the Art of Writing Improved."

1787 Rev. William Graham, "Stenography, or an Easy System of Shorthand."

1799 Rev. Philip Doddridge, "A Brief and Easy System of Shorthand."

1802 Rev. Peter Roberts, "Art of Universal Correspondence."

1802 Rev. Richard Roe, "A New System of Shorthand, etc."

1803 Rev. Joseph Nightingale, "Stenography on an Improved Plan."

1818 Rev. Aaron Floyd, "The Art of Writing Shorthand Made Easy."

1819 Rev. Phinehas Bailey (a Congregational Minister of Vermont,

who was the author of the first strictly American System of Shorthand), "Pronouncing Stenography."

1840 Rev. J. Clarke, "British Brachygraphy, or Complete System, etc."

1840 Rev. William Henry Henslow, "The Phonarthron."

1852 Rev. J. W. Gowring, "Key to T. M. Lucas's Stenographic System for the Use of the Blind."

1855 Rev. John Price, "Three Systems of Shorthand."

1855 Rev. W. E. Scovil's "Stenography and Phonography."

1861 Rev. David Philip Lindsley, "Phonografied Phonography."

1866 Rev. William P. Jacobs, "The Elements of Phonography."

1871 Rev. William Passmore, "Passmore's Shorthand in a Day."

1876 Rev. Thomas Mitchell, "Phonetic and Stenographic Shorthand."

1876 Rev. R. H. Morgan, "Phonographia; sef Llaw Fer yn ol trefn," etc.

1877 Rev. James Williams, "The Manual of Alethography," etc.

1877 Rev. J. George Cross, "Cross's Eclectic Shorthand," etc.

1882 Rev. Joseph Hammond, "The People's Phonography."

1887 Rev. D. S. Davies, "Manual of Sonography, or Longhand-Shorthand."

1895 Rev. David Alphonsus Quinn, "Stenotypy."

It is well known that John Wesley was a constant user of shorthand in the larger part of his long life; he was an intimate friend and pupil of John Byrom, who has been pronounced by a noted bibliographer "incontestably one of the most interesting figures in the history of stenography. Byrom introduced system into every feature of his art and allowed no arbitrary characters whatsoever to be admitted." John Wesley became expert in Byrom's system, and his diaries, sermons, hymns, memoranda were to a large extent written in shorthand. I have myself translated much of the original shorthand manuscript of sixteen pages of John Wesley's diary which is now in the library of Drew Theological Seminary. It is certain that John Wesley could never have accomplished what he did in his labors had he not known and constantly employed shorthand.

Charles Wesley was far superior as a shorthand penman to his brother John. His stenographic notes are exceedingly artistic, each outline being facile and distinct. Byrom personally complimented him on his marvelous abilities as a stenographer. Charles Wesley was an enthusiast as to this art, and, as Byrom was a poet of no mean order, the two were much together. A specimen of

Charles Wesley's shorthand may be found (with translation) in Zion's Herald, March 23, 1898, being the photograph of a page on the fly-leaf of a Bible presented by Charles Wesley to his bride on the night before they were married; the same being a prayer covering several lines. The character of this prayer is most surprising, and seemingly untimely. The employment of shorthand by Charles Wesley was equal in constancy if not in duration to that of his brother, and the richness and voluminousness of our Wesleyan hymnology are due in great measure, it may be surmised, to his daily use of the art.

Roger Williams, when yet a very young man, was observed, when at church, by Sir Edward Coke, taking notes in shorthand. By Sir Edward he was sent to college. Though a faithful Church of England man he refused submission to the authority of Archbishop Laud, was forced to leave England, and reached Boston in 1631. Having become proficient in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and Dutch, he readily mastered the Indian languages of New England, making much use of his shorthand, which was the system of Thomas Shelton. One not well acquainted with the subject would be greatly surprised to note the fact that a very large number of the leading ministers and public functionaries of the days of the "Pilgrim Fathers" and after were practitioners of that system. (See many MSS. in the libraries of Boston, Cambridge, Salem, etc.)

Richard Baxter (1615-1691), the eminent Nonconformist divine, was a skilled stenographer. His biographer says of him, "He preached more sermons, engaged in more controversies, wrote more books, than any other Nonconformist of his time." The total number of his publications is one hundred and sixty. An edition in twenty-five volumes was published after his death. What a helper he found in his shorthand pen!

Bishop Butler (1692-1752) was educated as a Dissenter at a school of Dissenters. He became the intimate friend of Archbishop Secker and joined the Church of England. He published his great work, the Analogy, in 1736. In accordance with his express orders, all of his manuscripts were burned after his death. It is known, however, that he made constant use of shorthand.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge once wrote: "My father taught me at an early age the use of shorthand characters, and I hardly know any species of instruction that, in after life, has stood me in better stead."

Bishop John Jewel was educated at Oxford. His biographer says of him: "At Oxford he became intimately acquainted with Peter Martyr, and, being skillful in the use of stenographic characters, which he had himself invented, he officiated as his notary when he disputed in the divinity school with the champions of the Catholic doctrine of the real presence."

Dr. James Martineau taught shorthand at New College, Oxford, when in residence there.

Dr. Joseph Parker, City Temple, London, said, "I have practiced phonography upwards of twenty years, and have derived so many advantages from its use that I can honestly recommend its study to all who wish to acquire a simple, philosophical, and perfect system of shorthand." His wife was also a thoroughly skilled phonographer.

Dr. Isaac Watts (1674-1748) was a writer of Metcalfe's Stenography of 1635. He rivals Charles Wesley in the abundance and variety of his hymns and sacred songs. From his thousands of hymns our hymnal has chosen seventy-nine, whose very existence, it may be, we owe to his mastery and use of shorthand.

Dr. Philip Doddridge was born in London in 1702, becoming probably the leading Dissenter of his day. At fourteen years of age he became acquainted with shorthand, and, on becoming the headmaster, at twenty-seven years of age, of the Dissenters' Theological Academy he required every student to master shorthand, "that they might be able to transcribe his lectures and make extracts from books with ease and celerity." He insisted on using Rich's system (which, however, he greatly improved), evidently not knowing of Mason's or Byrom's superior works. Each student was required to make copious reports of all the lectures, and later to copy them out in beautifully legible shorthand in bound volumes for preservation and reference. I have in my own library five of these well-bound volumes written by one of the students, a Mr. Daniel Washbourne, the subjects being Pneumatology, Ethics,

Evidences of Christianity, Electricity, Government. These volumes were written in 1793-1796, and are as clear and distinct as the day when written.

Jonathan Edwards, the great theologian and author of many books, was a shorthand writer. His biographer says of him, "He read pen in hand, not so much to take notes of other men's thoughts as to secure his own." His greatest work was written in four and a half months, during which he carried on a large correspondence, preached twice each Sabbath in English and twice by interpreters to the Indians. Assuredly he could not have become such a close thinker and voluminous writer had he not served himself with shorthand.

The late Dr. John Westby-Gibson, of London, England, author of the Bibliography of English Shorthand, prepared and read at a meeting of the Shorthand Society in London a list of distinguished ministers, legislators, scientists, physicists, educators, etc., whose shorthand manuscript he had seen or of whose personal use of shorthand he had most reliable evidence. This list covers fully a hundred names, chiefly of Englishmen. Among them are the following: Archbishop Laud (who kept his diary in shorthand); Archbishop Secker, of Canterbury; Archbishop Sharp; Archbishop Stillingfleet; Archbishop Usher; Cardinal Wolsey; Bishop Daniel Wilson, the first Bishop of Calcutta and Primate of India (who kept his journal in shorthand); Dr. Jennings, the author of Jewish Antiquities; Rev. Thomas Binney, the Nestor of Congregationalism; Andrew Fuller, of Kittering; James Montgomery, the poet; Benjamin Fawcett, of Kidderminster; Edward Godwin, "the Methodist"; Sir Henry Cavendish; Daniel DeFoe; Gibbon, the historian; John Locke; Sir Isaac Newton; Judge Sewall, the Puritan; Horne Tooke; Horace Walpole; Charles Dickens; Lord Chesterfield, and many others whose eminent names would be recognized by all our readers.

Some of our readers will probably recall the existence in 1857 of the Christian Phonetic Correspondence Association, consisting of members of evangelical churches in the United States and Canada. Its constitution and by-laws lie before me. It contains a list of the circles, their members, and their leaders.

I find that the late Dr. Daniel Steele, of blessed memory, was the leader of Circle D, of which I was a member. He was then in Boston, and I at Wilbraham just about entering old Wesleyan. Among other members of this Christian Correspondence Association I discover these names, familiar doubtless to many Methodists even now: Mr. William Anderson, the celebrated reporter for many years of the New York Methodist; Rev. William A. Braman, Fitchburg, Mass.; Rev. Joel W. Eaton, Ausable Forks, N. Y.; Rev. Elon Foster, Troy, N. Y.; Rev. Henry S. Mendenhall, Catawissa, Pa.; Rev. E. H. Waring, Muncy, Pa.; Rev. D. A. Whedon, Cazenovia, N. Y.; and last, but by no means least, the Rev. D. D. Whedon, D.D., Methodist Book Rooms, New York city. I note that the members were resident in sixteen States, ministers and laymen, men and women, all shorthand writers.

Dr. Daniel Steele was, as I have said, the leader of my own Circle; our acquaintance ripened through mutual love of shorthand into filial affection on my part, and, as I was an orphan, alone in the world, his direct saving influence over me was great, and, if I confess the truth, saved me to a Christian life and to Methodism.

A further reference to Rev. D. D. Whedon is suitable. Some time after my graduation my wife and myself were the guests of the Rev. Dr. Fales H. Newhall, then a professor at the university. We found there, also as a guest, Rev. Dr. Whedon. Our conversation on one occasion turned to shorthand. In giving me his observations and experiences the good doctor, among other things, said: "I was forty years old before I came into special acquaintance with the stenographic art. I saw its excellencies as a means of saving the wear and tear of literary work; I was impressed with the simplicity of the art, believed it would tend to lengthen my life work, and set myself to mastering it. For many years I have done almost no literary work by the use of longhand. All the books I have written and all my work on the Methodist Review have been done by the use of the shorthand pen. My sons have so mastered my hieroglyphics that they read my notes and translate them into current English. Thus, I believe, I have added years to my usefulness."

Bishop John M. Walden learned shorthand when a youth, and in 1854 was a reporter on the Cincinnati Commercial. He made use of his knowledge as editor in Kansas, as a member of the State Legislature, as a colonel in the army, and for many years as a bishop. He wrote concerning phonography, as follows: "I should be sorry to be deprived of the satisfaction I have in writing phonography; I have used it very greatly in book notes, memoranda, etc."

The Rev. Dr. William F. Warren, when president of Boston University, said to me, "Brother Bridge, I wish every student who enters the university, or the theological school in particular, had studied and mastered shorthand sufficiently to make practical use of it. It would be a veritable 'friend in need' throughout the entire course."

The Rev. Dr. James Mudge, for thirty years secretary of the New England Conference, and very widely known by his many books and multitudinous articles in weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications, gives his shorthand experience as follows:

"I picked up shorthand by myself (no instruction), using Graham's Hand-Book of Standard Phonography. It was in February, 1861, in the few months of leisure that I had between the close of my high-school course at Lynn and the beginning of my college course at Middletown (August, '61), that I first took up shorthand, getting some books from Pitman at Cincinnati. I had progressed by July 4th so far that I made a very full report of the speeches at a celebration for a local paper. I was too busy while at college to carry on this study much, but after graduation I resumed it in earnest and became quite proficient. At the school of theology in Boston I took down all the lectures in it and have them now. I have written all my sermons in it for fifty years. I have used it constantly in my literary work with immense advantage. All my books and all my important articles for the press have been first written in shorthand. The advantage of this is, of course, that the priceless morning hours, when the brain is at its best, can be utilized for composition without the waste of time for setting it down in the slow longhand or the drudgery of the typewriter. The knowledge of this art has been

simply invaluable to me, saving me years of precious time. I have made great use of it in my more than thirty years at the Secretary's desk of the New England Conference. In the lectures which I have given to my classes at the theological school in Boston I have not failed to emphasize the importance of shorthand, and to recommend it to the young men very strongly as an indispensable aid in their full preparation for life. I deeply regret that so few of our ministers seem to be wise in this regard. Every literary man should surely have it, and that means every minister, who is supposed to be at least somewhat literary."

The Rev. Dr. Thomas N. Ivey, editor of the Christian Advocate, Nashville, Tenn., says:

"As a stenographer I am self-taught. I took up the study some time in the '90's. From the first, shorthand had a fascination for me. Many a time when I was brain-weary I have turned to shorthand for a short while and found relief. I have never exercised myself in verbatim reporting. I have utilized my knowledge of the art in writing sermons, editorials, and addresses, and in answering my daily mail. I am fortunate in having a secretary who can read my shorthand as easily as I can myself. So, in disposing of my mail, which some seasons is very voluminous, I do not dictate my replies, but simply write them in shorthand, and then give them to my secretary for transcription on the machine. This saves me a vast amount of labor. In going through a book, I do a great deal of shorthand writing on the margins. I find shorthand a delight in keeping up my diary. I use the Barnes-Pitman system, which seems to me very much like the Graham."

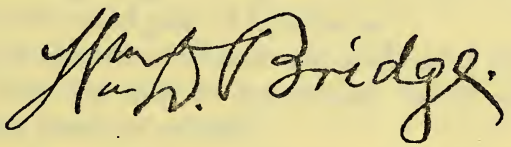
Scores of commendations of shorthand by ministers lie before me. I will not extend the list. I may give a brief list of public characters who make, or have made, constant use of shorthand:

The Rev. Dr. Charles R. Brown, dean of the Divinity School, Yale; Mr. Edward Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal; the Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards, former editor, Northwestern Christian Advocate; Bishop Eben S. Johnson, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa; Frank A. Vanderlip, leading banker, New York city; Hon. Alonzo Taft, father of ex-President Taft,

and formerly Secretary of War; John H. Converse, President, Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia; George B. Cortelyou, ex-Secretary of the Treasury; William T. Harris, fourth United States Commissioner of Education; President Woodrow Wilson, one of the best writers of the Graham system of phonography and most skillful on the typewriter, doing most of his work by the use of both these labor and time-saving instrumentalities.

The purpose of this article has been to call the attention of ministers to the invaluable asset which a practical knowledge of shorthand will be to them in their varied lines of work. For over sixty-four years the present writer has used shorthand almost daily in all kinds of pastoral, ministerial, and official reportorial service. He cannot too earnestly recommend its study and practice.

We voice the declared sentiments of many others as well as our own when we say, "If we had our way, the knowledge of this method of writing should be a required knowledge in every class in college and theological school, if not of every entrant into Conference relations." What was accomplished at Dr. Doddridge's great theological school at Daventry, England, could with far greater utility be accomplished in every theological school in Methodism.



CARRYING CHRISTMAS TO THE TRENCHES: AN AMERICAN SOLDIER-GIRL'S DREAM[1]

French Army Hospital Near the Front.
December 28, 1917.

A ROYAL snow storm is raging through the valley, bearding the bright fringe of icicles above the doorway, and painting all the little brown barracks white and cosy like a Christmas village. It's a perfect setting for a Christmas story.

During a recent visit to Paris to recuperate from a severe attack of bronchitis I paid a visit to the headquarters of the Red Cross to ask them what they could or would do in the event of my Christmas cases, expected from home, being delayed or sequestrated. I was referred to a dear little lady, Mrs. Denny, a much more powerful person than her size and sex would indicate. She was cordial enough, but firm on the point that she could only provide for soldiers in the trenches, and not in hospitals. That drew from me a confession of my dream of three years, and before I left it was promised that if I could get right of way with the army, I could have control of fifteen thousand pairs of filled socks.

How did I suppose I could wield such vast numbers? I didn't, I just *took it on faith* that such an opportunity should not be missed, and *that there would be miracles.*

As soon as I could, on my return to my post, I had an audience with the medical inspector general. That august personage looked first incredulous, then amused, and said I had no notion of numbers, that I was attempting the impossible, but that if I liked he would speak to the general in command of that division of the army. Twenty-four hours later I was summoned to meet the medical inspector general at the office of the chief medical officer

[1] Excerpts from a private letter of Norman Derr (Mademoiselle Miss), printed here (as were her letters under the heading "An American Girl at the French Battle Front"), without her knowledge, solely on the Editor's responsibility. This tells how an adventurous spirit dreamed and dared the apparently impossible, expecting that there would be miracles. Her faith stepped out upon the seeming void and found it solid rock. She carried Christmas to a whole division of the French army, clear to the front and down into the trenches on the edge of No Man's Land. The little volume, Mademoiselle Miss, issued in Boston by W. A. Butterfield, publisher, the contents of which first appeared in this REVIEW, is now selling its 30th or 31st thousand.

of the ambulance. With a quite altered manner he informed me that the commanding general was much touched by my generous intention in behalf of his soldiers, and that if I really thought I could handle the matter he would give me all possible facilities. Then I set to work in earnest to get my scheme of operations in shape, and writing supplications for help in behalf of my ambulance that it might not be neglected while I went afield.

Having received masses of letters from the United States heralding cases from Atlanta, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Hartford, and other places, and knowing that there might be delay in getting them, I got an order on the tenth of December, with permission to go wherever I thought I would find my cases—a great mark of esteem to show a nurse. I went off with many misgivings, for I wasn't at all sure of finding anything, and if I did, there would be all the transportation system of the interior to wrestle with. It was a still, starlit morning when I started. The East was still deep violet, and a pale crescent moon was slipping down the West, too pale to light my way, and I lost it several times lugging my bag across the frozen fields. The little train kept whistling impatiently, and I couldn't see it, for there was no light on account of the enemy aviators. Altogether, I felt breathless and uneasy, when suddenly, clear and sweet as a clarion, as if it rung down from the stars, came these words—I think they are Santa Teresa's—"Let nothing disturb thee, nothing affright thee, all things are passing; God never changeth. Patient endurance attaineth to all things; alone, God sufficeth." And then a great quiet descended on my heart, and it has never left me through all this stormy time. I had need of all my sangfroid in Paris. After telegraphing all the ports to try to place my cases before starting off on a wild goose chase after them, I paid a courtesy call at the Red Cross and learned that the socks promised me, which should have been en route weeks before, were not even filled, much less packed. The dear people had apparently forgotten that, in war time, cases don't arrive like letters.

All I saw of preparation were three open cases in the court of the packing department, with my name on them, and a little ambulance driver in khaki struggling with an unaccustomed saw.

All praise to William Barber, who took his carpentry job quite as seriously as saving life on the battle field, for which he received the "Croix de Guerre" and "Médaille Militaire." I am not going to bewilder you with the peripatetics, telephoning, interviewing, auto-chasing, and money-spending of those days. Suffice it that some heavenly ministrant took me by the hand and led me to do just the right thing at the right time.

That austere colonel at the railroad station for the armies of the West telephoned to my army, and got permission to put my cases on the train that makes the run in twenty-four hours instead of four or five weeks. The Red Cross gave the auto trucks to deliver them; little Barber hammering and managing like a Trojan all the while.

Dr. Richard Cabot, of Boston, whom I have had at last the great pleasure of meeting, had given ten thousand francs that the socks might be plumper.[2] That blessed M. Patten, director of military affairs, said he wanted to help, but that some of the things desired were not to be had. I telegraphed to the army, got permission to buy from its reserves, and M. Patten gave the funds. Everyone's heart seemed softened, changed; everybody kept his promise. There was not one weak link in all the interminable chain, and four days later the impossible had been accomplished. On the last day of my stay in Paris I secured funds from an old French gentleman for the purchase of twelve hundred pounds of biscuit—my own funds were low, and I had yet other comforts to supply out of my own savings. The story of the biscuits is worth telling you. A gentleman, who had done his part, gave me his card to present to a wealthy friend of his which would obtain me an audience and biscuits. I followed instructions, and stood at the door of the gentleman's library waiting summons to enter. The door opened and there stood the expected Père Noël in dishabille. He had understood that his friend himself was there. Recognizing my nurse uniform as an appeal for aid, he waived embarrassment, smiling benignly under his wreath of silver hair, and bade me tell what I wanted. I remembered Joffre's word about "never retreating," and was I not campaigning for biscuits? There were a few

[2] Dr. Cabot wrote the introduction to the fascinating volume entitled Mademoiselle Miss.

interchanges about the war and our mutual desire to help, and I went away with the biscuits assured, and a deepened sense of God's goodness and human kindness. He was a naturalized American and left his orange groves in California at the outbreak of the war to help his beloved France, and was expecting to enter Metz with the victorious allied armies.

The journey back to my post was distinguished by our nearly going off the rails—another miracle, for we didn't. Then passed two days getting in biscuits and other things from neighboring magazines, at which both English and American sections helped. The socks had already arrived from Paris in a sealed car. With the assistance of some convalescent *blessés* and English ambulance drivers we set to work to make fifteen thousand tri-colored parcels, with biscuits and cigarettes in each. As fast as we tied, Gallois placed each package beside its sock, and when the case was filled it was marked and piled out of the way. One might tell the story of this week and call it "the saving of Gallois." This sturdy little "Joyeux," who belonged to the regiment of criminals, and had never before known a higher ideal than to steal well and not be caught, was quite transformed by being trusted, and the consciousness that he was doing good to his comrades. I knew that he had been in the Galleys, and was considered a "mauvais sujet" who would steal everything he could lay his hands on and sell it at a profit, but I believed he *would find his soul* in packing tri-colored packages.

It was breathless work to keep all the threads, with the army, Paris, the direction, the storehouses, and my workers, going. Once the biscuits gave out and I had to borrow from the ambulance reserve! Another time, the paper, and we had to go on with compresses which made fearful inroads on my hospital supplies. But I felt like Benvenuto when he cast his Perseus—no time could be lost—so adieu to compresses, which didn't look too surgical tied with tri-colored cord. Then the paper arrived, and on flew hands blue with cold faster than ever, so that on Sunday night, while "Fritz" was pelting bombs on the moonlit batteries nearby, the last bright package was laid beside its sock, and of all those fifteen thousand sacred little blue packets that had passed through so many

hands, unknown and doubted, there were just three missing and they were found on the sandy floor afterward. What do you think of this as a recommendation for "poilus" and "Tommies" taken at random, and one notorious "Joyeux"? I believe that Gallois has washed his slate for good, and I am unspeakably proud of my new convert. Such devotion I have rarely seen in all these wonderful three years. For one whole day he worked with a sprained wrist and made no sign because he was afraid it might worry me and retard the work.

Christmas eve afternoon was devoted to preparing a little fête for my own ward. Comfort bags were to be selected and filled, and at half past eight the little tree was lighted. A rather poor little tree, for all the brightest trimmings had gone off to gladden the front. There was a surprise for me too. All the week I had noticed poilus going stealthily off with fragments of tri-colored papers from our factory, like birds at nesting time. Imagine my astonishment to see the long white ward grown gay as any carnival with garlands and festoons and wreaths, stars and little pines, covered with tri-colored roses, growing out from the walls, and every conceivable device in paper and pine needles that an ingenious "poilu" can invent. As I entered, a great acclaim went up, and the French and American flags, lifted by invisible hands, rose from behind two beds on either side of the ward and met overhead. It was a very perfect love feast, and Père Noël—Gallois enchanted—was as merry as in past years.

On Christmas morning at eleven o'clock a captain came with the general's auto to take me to lunch at headquarters, and with us were carefully stowed our helmets and masks, the famous American flag Mr. Keats gave me, and several thousand tiny silk stars and stripes, just arrived from Judge Buffington, of Pittsburgh, in the nick of time. The commanding general of the army corps received me in his study. He thanked me with that inimitable grace that is French for what I had come to do for his soldiers, and then we sat down to a delightful lunch, another general and several other officers being the invited guests. Lunch finished, the auto was ordered to carry us to the front lines. Our host put me into the auto with the regret that his occupations prevented his

accompanying us, and sent his chief ordnance officer instead; and thus the first stage of this unforgettable campaign was finished.

As we proceeded on toward the front lines great snow flakes fell swiftly, cleansing all the soiled spots left by an early morning rain. At ——, where some nine hundred men were gathered, another general met us, and there were more compliments and more formalities. Then we passed into the "baraque" where the battalion lined up, and the musicians of the regiment struck up the Star Spangled Banner as we walked through those bright-eyed ranks to where a laden tree dazzled at the farther end. I had sent a great box of pretty things on ahead with the gifts, partly new, partly saved from last year, and among them those joyous scarlet Atlanta bells, saved from last Christmas. They had known how to use everything to the best advantage—where to place the great star, with its silken trophy, and how to make the snow fall naturally among the tinsel garlands. The commandant spoke a few warm words, and I wanted to follow with a little address, but my throat was too husky from a recent attack of laryngitis and emotion to say more than how we loved and looked to them. And then, one by one, they came forward to take their packages, each with its tiny American flag stuck into the sock, and all piled on Mr. Keats's banner, which made a right noble altar cloth. The musicians played on, so that giving and taking were set to rhythm, and though the tears were running down my cheeks all the time, none of us was the sadder for that.

My escort was uneasy lest the distribution should take too long, so I asked the commandant, standing beside me, if he too would hand out to the men. "Mademoiselle," he replied gallantly, "it would mean so much more from you," but all the same he did hand out the next two packages. The little chasseur who received them looked fixedly at his officer, laid down the packages and then glanced at me eloquently enough. We all three understood. "Mademoiselle," said the commandant, no longer the officer but the man with an imagination, "you see I was right. Bravo, petit Jaune."

There was such a glow and warmth and gladness of glance and sound in that poor "baraque" that I longed to linger there.

Now I must tell you of other scenes. Taking our departure, on, on our auto went in the driving snow, through woods and over crests to a ruined village on the lines. No warmth nor color here; all white and gray and still; no sound, not even a gun shot; no touch of tenderness save the snow that clung shieldingly to those ghastly ruins, and muffled the steps of those helmeted figures that passed silently as shadows. It was the war in all its grimness. We descended at the entrance of the village and walked along through gashed and crumbling walls under the strips of dingy "camouflage" that hung, in wan mockery of bygone festivals, to mask any movement in the streets. At the center of the village the commandant, in beetling helmet, stepped out from an angle of wall and bade us a grave and martial welcome, and led us into a covered alcove where a company of silent figures were drawn up in the shadow. The only light came from two sputtering wicks and a dying brand on the hearth, for the day was nearly done, but it was enough to show the boughs of mistletoe hung from the ceiling, two tiny flags crossed on the wall, and O, those unforgettable faces. Oratory, the finest, would have been out of place, and I had lost my voice. All I could do was to put my heart in each package as I gave it. Ah, how poor and small they seemed lying there on the rough table, and there were not enough to go around, the last installment having been delayed by the snow. But they understood, and I felt it as I took their hands.

When they had all filed away to their posts, we went to the mouth of one of the trenches, and then down, down underground, where men with eyes like cave men sat in the shadows on their billets of straw. I saw in their faces the look that I had seen in the drawings of Lelee. I saw that, but I saw another take its place as I murmured a word of greeting, and held out my little American flag; and that other look was worth living, yes, dying for. O, to have lingered there, to have really talked to and comforted them for hours, as my heart yearned to do, but there was my suite on tenter hooks to be off.

One more glimpse of crime and atonement—the shattered church—and at its base a broken wheel, and over all the merciful, shielding, pardoning snow. We had scarcely left the village when

a violent barrage began, which would have effectually checked our progress had we been going the other way.

At ——, two kilometers back, we had another festa much like the first, if anything more touching, and the strains of the Star Spangled Banner mingled majestically with the cannonade.

After this, tea with another general, and then home over glittering roads, past woods and chateaux, ancient and aëry under the moon; and the fifteen thousand had had their Christmas.

"Faith steps out upon the seeming void and finds the rock beneath."

What wonders can be wrought by earnest effort to alleviate and cheer.

"Mademoiselle Miss"

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE DIVINE TRIUNITY

THE subject is suggestive of some of the most arid wastes that men have ever created under the misapprehension that they were creating fruitful fields. It is probable that many, having read the subject, will read no farther. Perhaps it will be an inducement to some to read on if they are told that the theory of the Trinity which is to be suggested, if it is true at all, may be held in entire independence of the Christian facts; that the rejection of the theory by no means involves the rejection of the Christian facts; and that therefore the discussion presents no infallible test of orthodoxy. If it be felt that a theory which can be regarded so independently has little practical value it can only be replied that the speculative faculty has its rights as much here as elsewhere, the more so when its particular task is the construction of a *Weltanschauung* into which Christianity fits as a normal, necessary, interpretative and completing element.

The Trinity is an inferential doctrine. It is a speculative construction of the ultimate significance of a body of revealed and experimental facts. What is the inner constitution of Deity? An indubitable answer has not been given us. But there are certain Christological facts, and certain facts connected with inspiration and the whole movement of the divine life in man, certain facts, too, connected with the very nature of personality, which point to a multiplicity in the unity of the Godhead. To the question suggested by the available facts in the case, six main answers may be distinguished: (1) The Tritheistic answer. This, of course, was crude enough, although it would not be difficult to show its persistence, perhaps unconscious, even to this day. It is this crude Tritheism which has given the Unitarian reaction so much of its plausibility and strength.

[1] From some who hark back to the years of Whedon's Editorship and the strong meat he served, intimations of a desire for more theology in the Review have been overheard. Having received from Rev. Edwin Lewis of Drew Theological Seminary this thoroughly up-to-date study of an eternal subject, and not having space among contributed articles, we make room for it here.

(2) The Monarchian or Sabellian answer, which admitted a Trinity of manifestation but denied a Trinity or rather a Triunity of essence. (3) The Arian answer. This was an exceedingly serious attack on the whole supernatural character of Christianity, since it was concerned especially with a denial of the full Deity of Christ. Christ was held to be divine in the sense that, being premundane, he was more than human, but he was held also to be a creature, and, in consequence, not co-eternal with the being of the Father. Arianism is to be associated therefore with (4) the Unitarian answer. This has always been influential, and appears to be becoming increasingly so. The Unitarians hold that there is no tenable position between Tritheism and their own insistence on the absolute oneness of the Godhead. God, they insist, cannot be both three and one. So far forth, they are right: we need to defend no mathematical miracle; but there may still be in God's oneness a threeness which is neither numerical nor economical, and yet may connote a real, a necessary, and an eternal distinction. (5) The Hegelian answer. This is a piece of the purest speculation, but it has had an influence in modern theology. It rests upon Hegel's contention that the dialectic method which was fundamental in thought was fundamental in being as well, and that in accordance with this the fundamental fact was the universality of the triad. In being, as in thought, a lower duality is lost in a higher unity. The moments of the unity are elements which in isolation negate each other. A single phenomenon can neither exist nor be considered as single, but only as an element in a total. The truth is in the total, in the triad, not in the particular. To use Hegel's own terms, reality is at once thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. It is plain to see that we have here a metaphysical basis for the Trinitarian conception of God. Hegel himself affirmed this, and said that so far from divine Triunity being an impossible contradiction it was the logical completion of the philosophy of reality. The Godhead is the comprehensive, supreme, and final triad. Hegel would seem to have found his clue in the method of self-consciousness. Self-consciousness involves the distinction of the self and the not-self, and the recognition of the self as that in which the distinction roots and the opposition is overcome. Hence the burden of the Hegelian philosophy: "The real is the rational." It is in this process of self-consciousness as it is supposed to go on in God that modern theologians, William Newton Clarke, for example, have affected to find the explanation of the Trinity. The fatal criticism of the attempt

is in the fact that it repeats the error of the medieval schoolman, and hypostatizes, if not the *Tabula Logica,* at least a logical abstraction. It is better frankly to give up the doctrine altogether than to try to hold it by so tenuous a thread. (6) The Trinitarian answer. This has expressed the general opinion of the church historical. It has been held that the only proper explanation of the facts of revelation and of the characteristics of the Christian life is in the truth that within the Godhead are necessary and eternal personal distinctions known to us as respectively Father, Son, and Spirit. There are not three Gods: there is one. The divine nature or substance is the abiding ground of an eternal threefold personalizing process. The divine nature comes to expression at three different points or in three different ways. The difference is a difference of order and of rank. This is the mode of the divine existence. God is eternally Three in One and One in Three.

Is it possible to discover the rationale of this? Perhaps not. Yet men have never ceased to attempt it, and the same privilege is ours. "No one," says Moberly, in his chapter in the recent book Foundations, p. 509, "no one has yet succeeded in formulating a Christian metaphysic, based on orthodox Trinitarianism, which this age can accept." The statement, if true, is at once a discouragement and a challenge. What is about to be said is by no means final or complete, even for the writer himself, but it is offered as a tentative suggestion, in line with what seems to be a distinct modern trend, toward a possible solution of the problem.

I. The Data of the Doctrine. (1) The doctrine is made necessary by the method in which God has chosen to reveal Himself. We believe that in Christianity, its preparation, and its results, God has been especially revealed. In such revelation, God has made himself known in one way as Father, in another way as Son, in another way as Spirit. But God as Father has never been revealed as independent of God as Son, nor has God as Son been revealed as independent of God as Spirit. In other words, revelation in its development has suggested a divine threeness, but not a triplex of Gods. It requires a theism that shall state God not as bare unity but as multiplicity in unity.

(2) The doctrine is made necessary by specific Scripture teaching as well as by the general New Testament trend. It is not that the Bible contains express statements as to Trinity in the Godhead. But the New Testament at least does speak of God as eternally Father,

as eternally Son, as eternally Spirit. It does teach that Jesus Christ was a unique divine incarnation. It does teach that the action of the Spirit is divine action. There is no need to go into this in detail, as it is no longer generally denied. So long as men contended that the great passages in John and Colossians and Philippians and Hebrews did not bear this meaning, those who disagreed with them had a clear case. The new attack admits the meaning, but denies its reliability—in fact, makes the teaching its own destroyer. Frankly, the apologist would rather face the old than the new criticism. But it is generally admitted that the New Testament teaching, whatever its status, leads straight to the inference that there is some kind of threeness in the divine life.

(3) The doctrine is made necessary by a well-defined type of Christian experience. In this experience God appears to be known in a threefold way. Many, analyzing their Christian fellowship with God, distinguish it first and primarily as fellowship with their Lord; second, through fellowship with their Lord fellowship with the Father; and third, through that same fellowship with their Lord a peculiar experience of the Spirit as sanctifier and guide. In such a life there seems to be an equal demand for a divine Christ and a divine Spirit. The Christian knows God in Christ. Being in the Son he is also in the Father. Being in the Son he is also open to the ministry of the Spirit. Not that every Christian would analyze his experience in this way, for many do not, and the fact must ever be a check on a rigid dogmatism. But the analysis is certainly supported by New Testament teaching, and is at least a reasonable interpretation of the total experience of great numbers of sincere Christian people.

But the data for the Trinitarian doctrine are found not only in the more distinctive Christian facts which have been suggested, but also in certain philosophical considerations. When a Christian fact and a philosophical necessity appear to point in the same direction, the mind receives an increased assurance. Hence,

(4) The doctrine is made necessary by the philosophical demand for some sort of eternal creation. The theological truth of a time-origin for the universe has almost always been a stone of offense for philosophy. It was held to require the inference of a prior inactivity on the part of God, and this is unthinkable. Furthermore, creation would seem to be absolutely necessary to such a being as God would then be seen to be—necessary for his own sake. If that is so, then any real freedom goes out of the divine creative act, and if God created

not freely but from an inward personal necessity, then the whole moral problem, difficult at the best, becomes at once utterly insoluble. There is no solution of the moral problem of creation if creation as we know it is the act of a God who creates purely for his own sake. But the difficulty receives a distinct illumination on the triunal theory of God's nature. For an eternal creativeness is then seen to be not only a fact with regard to God, but even a necessary condition to the very being of God. Creation appears as an eternal process within the Godhead itself. If this is true, then we may the more easily believe that the present universe had a time-origin in a divine volition; that it is not a necessity to God, but, so to speak, a superfluity; and that, in view of the divine omniscience as to the entire process and what it involved, it breathes everywhere of grace.

(5) The doctrine is made necessary by the nature of love as integral in the divine nature. While the assertion, "God is Love," is a truth of revelation rather than of philosophy, once it has become known it creates a philosophical problem. The problem is to find an object of God's love. What has just been said about the eternal creativeness within the Godhead gives us a clew. Love can exist only in relation to an object. The suggestion that love was quiescent in God until man appeared carries the impossible implication that God's love, the greatest fact in the universe, is conditioned on man's existence. That is the same as saying that God without man is imperfect and therefore less than God. It is true that the activity of some of God's attributes depends upon the presence of a universe. We can think, for example, of omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence as potencies to be called forth on occasion, but we cannot think of love in that way. If God is love, then he has always been love. Love can exist only as active, and to be active it must have an object. The triunal theory of the divine nature does for eternal love what it does for eternal creation: it finds its sphere within the Godhead itself. This does not mean that God loves himself, but that within the Godhead is an eternal movement of reciprocal affection. And once more it is implied here that creation is superfluous to God, and that its motive is deeply altruistic. The divine life being self-sufficient, the creation of man can have no other reason than God's desire to share his life with created finite spirits.

(6) The doctrine is made necessary by the apparent process of the divine self-consciousness. It has been customary to insist on an eternal creation objective to God as the necessity to his knowing

himself. The supposition is that Self is known only through the medium of a not-Self. A single solitary person could therefore never become self-aware. Although this is true of men, it may be questioned whether we need to believe it to be true of God. But suppose we agree that it is, then the demand for the objective as that over against which the subjective may know itself is met by the triunal theory. God, not as bare oneness but as multiplicity in unity, becomes at once subject-object within the one self-consciousness. And again we may say that if God can know himself only over against something, but finds that something within his own life, creation is superfluous to him: he can live a fully conscious and self-sufficient life without it.

II. The Task of the Doctrine. These being among the main reasons for the doctrine being attempted, we need to ask next what such a doctrine when stated must do.

(1) It must protect monotheism on the one hand while avoiding a bare contentless oneness on the other hand. Monotheism was eventually reached by the road of both philosophy and religion. In each case the road was long. There is small danger that that which was so painfully achieved will again be surrendered. Even philosophical dualism may be monotheistic. In so far as pluralism is otherwise it will have little influence. Monotheism is securely grounded in the world's best religious faith, and philosophy will continue to support it. On the other hand, the extreme represented by, say, Mohammedanism must be avoided. There is multiplicity, variety, richness, reciprocal action within the nature of the one true God. The doctrine we are concerned with must allow for this multiplicity while it yet emphasizes the monotheistic truth.

(2) The doctrine must provide for a genuine triunity on the one hand while avoiding tritheism on the other hand. The unity must be a genuine unity, but not a unity of three separate, independent and self-sufficient individuals. There are three, but there is only one, because neither could exist without the others. If neither could exist without the others then neither alone is God: hence we avoid tritheism. Again, if neither alone is God, and if God is the three organized into a common life, a common experience, and a common consciousness, then God is the three in one: hence we have a genuine triunity.

(3) The doctrine must show on the one hand that the total Godhead is active in all divine action, and on the other hand must

avoid Sabellianism. The Father does not act independently of the Son, nor the Son of the Spirit, nor the Spirit of either. While the fatherly element is the originative and causative element in the Godhead, its action always involves the action of the whole. When, as we say, the Spirit reveals himself to a man, what we really mean is that God is revealing himself in the Spirit. In our communion with Christ we are in communion with God in Christ. But we must be careful to avoid the Sabellian error. Sabellianism was the theory that Father, Son, and Spirit were simply economic terms—a convenient way of describing God's different historical manifestations, but terms having nothing corresponding to them in the divine essence. How to make the action of the Son as Incarnate involve the action of the whole Godhead and at the same time to make it peculiarly the action of the Son—this is the problem, and the doctrine must in some way care for it.

(4) Growing out of what has been said are two other demands on the doctrine as it must be stated. (a) It must provide for a genuine Incarnation. Here indeed is the fundamental necessity for the doctrine at all. It may be said that such a doctrine is after all a mere speculation, and therefore not important. In a way, it is a speculation, but it is a speculation forced by the innermost peculiarity of the Christian faith. This is true even although what is to be said later is not altogether dependent upon the Christian facts. There is one effective way of getting rid of the necessity of speculating on the mode of the divine life, and that is to get rid of the belief in the Incarnation. That is what the Unitarian, open or unavowed, does: he is a Unitarian precisely because he denies Incarnation in any real sense. His theism begins at his Christology. He does not deny Incarnation on the ground that God is not triunal so much as he denies the need of the triunal conception because he has already denied Incarnation. In other words, the prime reason for the doctrine we are considering is the Christian belief that God was in Christ as he was in no other, as he could be in no other, and as he needed to be in no other. If you deny that you are at once released from the necessity of seeking a view of God's inner life which will explain the Person of Christ. If you accept the Christian belief then you cannot well avoid that necessity. The doctrine of the Trinity becomes the philosophy of the doctrine of the Incarnation, *but it is a philosophy which is not required by the Incarnation alone.* (b) The doctrine must further provide for the action of the Spirit being

conceived as personal action. There is a good deal of vagueness at this point, partly because of the incomplete nature of the New Testament teaching, partly because, in the opinion of a recent writer, so few people are willing to enter into the full possibilities of the Spirit's ministrations. There is a tendency to regard the Spirit as a mere influence. But an influence must always be attached. It is not anything in itself. In the nature of the case, the action of the Spirit is difficult to analyze, but on any theory of the divine nature it must be held to be personal action.

III. An Attempted Construction. The suggestions which are about to be made are based on an attempt to elucidate the nature, necessities, and conditions of perfect personality. God is the one perfect personality, and man is made in his image. In understanding man we shall therefore come better to understand God. The method is justifiable, and has received fresh sanction in Pringle-Pattison's last book, The Idea of God. If, beginning with human personality, it can be shown that perfect personality can be thought to exist only as a complex, we shall have made real progress toward a metaphysic of the kind desired.

(1) Human personality is characterized by an essential incompleteness. There are various ways of describing personality. It has been described as a subject possessing self-consciousness and self-determination, to which some add the power of moral love; as a subject possessing intellect, feeling, and volition; as a subject capable of self-grasp, self-estimate, and self-decision. The writer has himself on occasion defined as personal any subject which can say, "I will, because—," no matter how the assertion may be completed. Other marks of personality have been stated as unity, identity, continuity, ideality, and freedom. All this is true even of the human person. He knows himself; he knows himself as unitary; he knows himself as an abiding permanency in and through and notwithstanding perpetual change; he knows himself as different from his own ideal of himself which yet he alone has projected; and he knows himself as his own master within definable limits, actually sometimes, potentially always. All this means that personality is to be conceived as an organism under a law. It is not static and atomic, but fluid and vital. What is this law? In theological terminology we could call it holiness; in philosophical terminology, self-realization. To actualize all its potencies in agreement with the ultimate ethical ideal is the supreme personal task.

But the more we ponder this, the more we come to realize that human personality, or, more strictly, as we shall see, the human person, is essentially an incomplete thing. Perhaps the idea can best be made clear by being stated negatively: a person does not possess the mark of self-sufficiency. In a way, this is true of any single thing, so much so that it seems that the fundamental law of created being as we know it is inter-relation, inter-dependence, inter-action. But it is true even more profoundly in the case of the human person. We can conceive of a flower as having, in the moment of its supreme beauty, fully realized its own law. We can abstract it from everything else, and think of it, at least for the moment, as an ultimate, as sufficient unto itself. But the lack of self-sufficiency in the person is never overcome. You cannot even think his relations away. The dependence is of the very essence of the stuff. Its law is self-realization, but to realize the self purely from within the self is an utter impossibility. If this is so it would seem that the lack of self-sufficiency is not a mere accident. Not only is the human person incomplete, but his incompleteness is a property of him. He is a fragment, not a whole, and his fragmentariness is teleological: it is inseparable from the *person idea*. God never meant a person to be self-sufficient, never meant him to be a self-contained whole. The law of the person is self-realization, but he cannot realize himself so long as he stays within himself. He is therefore incomplete, fragmentary, not a circle but a segment, and he is so by the very necessities of his being.

(2) Human personality, being incomplete, is progressive, and its progress in self-realization is always socially conditioned. It would be exceedingly doubtful whether a personal subject who had always been kept in complete social isolation would be anything but a pure idiot. The indispensable condition to a growing person is the presence and contribution of other persons. A man is not made for solitude but for society. Not that he will not on occasion seek solitude, and not that there may not be abnormal persons who purposely avoid social contacts. The point is that these cases *are* abnormal. The anthropologist rightly says that man is gregarious. The reason for that gregariousness is profounder than the anthropologist has been wont to perceive. The gregarious instinct may have had its earliest manifestation in primitive men gathering together for the purposes of defense. The significant thing is that even when the brute physical necessity no longer exists men still manifest the instinct: as John Fiske says, gregariousness has become sociality. Man's

whole life is socially conditioned. No man liveth unto himself, for the simple reason that he cannot. How many virtues are there which have significance for the subject alone? Aristotle arranged the virtues in an ascending series determined by their increasing social value. He ended with justice; he began with manliness, or courage, which he regarded as the most individual virtue. But it would be difficult to show that the worth of courage was purely individual. The most comprehensive of all the virtues, in Christian thinking, is love, and in the very nature of it it cannot flourish in isolation. How many candidates would there be for the questionable honor of being the last man on this planet? Conceive the situation of such a man. By how much has the range of his possible virtues been narrowed? How much that was concrete for him as a *socius* has become abstract for him as a *solus?* From an intolerable ennui he would pass to hopeless despair, and from hopeless despair to self-destruction. Personality, then, as an incomplete thing, not only needs other personality to evoke its action, but needs also other personality to supplement it through a reciprocal relation.

(3) Personality realizes itself according to the measure in which it lives in others and others in it. There are rare moments in the experience of probably everyone when the truth of this receives striking confirmation. What is the real significance of a perfect friendship? Let us go farther, and ask what is the real significance of a perfect love. For our purpose the significance is this: that there may be such an intimacy between two persons that in the most literal sense the one becomes a part of the other, the one lives in the other, the one by its own totality enriches the other, the circumference of the self is enlarged to include what was not-self. Shelley wrote in "Epipsychidion":

> We shall become the same, we shall be one
> Spirit within two frames. Oh, wherefore two? . . .
> One hope within two wills, one will beneath
> Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
> One heaven, one hell, one immortality.

Taine, speaking of the new ideas which began to stir in men at the dawn of the modern era, wrote in his great history: "Men think they do everything by their individual thought, and they can do nothing without the assistance of the thoughts of their neighbors." It will sometimes happen that an aggregation of men listlessly engaged will become suddenly unified at the emergence of a critical situation.

Nobody knows exactly what has happened, except that although there are many individuals there is really only one personality. The individual has put himself in the total, and the total seems to be animated by one thought, one purpose, one will. Illustrations of the same principle meet one at every turn. The measure of personality is the measure in which its essential incompleteness is supplemented by the give-and-take of other personality. At least it is true that personality cannot realize itself in isolation. At least it is true that a person utterly alone would better be dead; indeed, "to Christian theology," says Moberly in his book on the Atonement, "the loneliness of a personality single and sundered is a condition that of necessity belongs not to life, but to death." At least it is true that self-realization never comes through selfishness, but in the truest sense only through unselfishness.

(4) The end of the personal process therefore seems to be reciprocal inter-action of persons individually incomplete, so that there may be the unity of the many into one social organism. If a person as an individual is incomplete, and if his progress toward completeness is determined by the degree to which he enters into reciprocal relations with other persons also individually incomplete, then it would seem that complete personality can never be identified with a particular individual. This requires that a distinction be made which is made only tentatively, but which seems to be implicit in all that has been so far said, and is certainly crucial to the theory that is being suggested. *The distinction is between the individual person and personality.* Individuality is the mark of a person, but it is in the degree to which the developing person out-ranges, so to speak, his individuality, that he approximates personality. The personality can never cease to be an individual possession, but there are areas of the personality which are the common possession of more than one individual. The individuals concerned retain their identity—no theory is acceptable which denies that—but the identity is part of a larger whole. Complete personality is therefore not attainable within the limits of an individual experience. It is the complex of the experience of more than one. A single Self is a person—a self-conscious and self-determining subject—but by reason of its inherent lack of self-sufficiency, that is, its incompleteness, a single Self is not a full personality. It is in a personalizing process; it is a candidate for personality; but the thing which, on a superficial view, seems to be inseparable from personality, namely, individuality, is the very thing

which the personalizing process demands shall be not surrendered but transcended. Josiah Royce concluded his Ingersoll lecture on Immortality with the clever summary of his whole argument: "I wait until this mortal shall put on—Individuality." Even if we accept the exceedingly attenuated idea of immortality which the lecture sets forth, we have still to bear in mind the great paradox that Individuality, even in Royce's sense, is put on in the exact measure in which it is put off. The more the self enters into other-self the greater its achievement of personality. Unity, identity, continuity, freedom, individual peculiarity—these still remain. There is still the individual intellect, the individual feeling, the individual will. But in so far as two or more individuals are animated by a common purpose and seek together a common experience, the individual thought becomes one thought, the individual feeling becomes one feeling, the individual will becomes one will. The power to do this is certainly inherent in the human person, and since the human person is by his very nature incomplete, since he is obviously designed for adjustment to other persons, and since his development as a person is conditioned on this very thing, the end of the personal process appears to be, as has been said, the reciprocal interaction of persons individually incomplete. The completeness is progressively obtained at the progressive loss of the absolute individuality. If a person wants only himself he may have it, but he will pay the penalty of defeating the very purpose for which he wants it and for which he is. Henry Churchill King is right when he speaks of "the dreadful loneliness of the selfish life." The law of personality is self-realization, and the law of self-realization is unselfishness. It is not only the teaching of Jesus; it is also the fact of experience.

(5) The ultimate category of thought must be personality raised to the highest power and without any limits save such as are self-imposed. Philosophy has been wont to find the final thing in an idea, or a principle, or a law. Democritus with his Necessity, Plato with his Idea, Aristotle with his Forms have been sedulously followed as to their method. But a self-existent idea or principle is a mere abstraction. Separate it from personality and it ceases to be real. We must assert a complete identity between the ultimate ontological reality, the ultimate ethical reality, and eternal, perfect and self-sufficient personality. According to our thesis, we do not say that the Godhead is a person, but that the Godhead is personality. We saw that the mark of a person was individuality, but that personality

required the surrender of individuality as an absolute thing. What man is in this respect potentially and progressively, God is actually and perfectly. But if a person attains personality according as he relates himself in the described way to other personality, it would seem to follow that *the perfect and self-sufficient personality which is the ultimate category of thought must be a complex of individual persons individually incomplete but finding their completeness in their common life and experience. Now this is exactly what is meant by the Christian doctrine of the Divine Trinity.* Three persons individually incomplete, mutually necessary, and wholly reciprocal in their action, constitute that ultimate which is required by all thought and all being; namely, personality eternal, perfect, self-subsistent and self-sufficient. Bearing in mind the proposed distinction between person and personality, we may say that the Father is a person, the Son is a person, the Spirit is a person, but that the Divine Personality is in neither of them alone, but in all of them as a mutually reciprocating total. As persons they are three individuals; as personality they are one individuality. Speaking of the Divine Persons, we may distinguish the individual wills, the individual feelings, the individual thoughts. Speaking of the Divine Personality, we no longer make the distinction: the will is one, the feeling is one, the thought is one. The multiplicity is lost in the unity, because the unity is not mechanically or arbitrarily achieved, but is the perfect coordination of the multiplicity in one common whole. All this grows out of the very nature of personality as we observe its conditions and its necessities in our own experience. If the analysis be really correct, we can be Hegelians in the conviction that the Absolute necessarily exists as a triunity (triad) in which isolated differences are negated and annulled, only instead of having a purely logical abstraction we have something that is throbbing with vitality—a self-conscious, self-determining, self-subsistent and self-sufficient triunal being such as is demanded by the very terms of our own experience, and by our very nature as persons slowly acquiring personality by transcending individuality.

(6) If the Godhead exists in this way, it must have what, for want of a better term, might be called an organizing principle. As has been said, the whole Trinitarian theory gets its initial impulse from certain Christian facts, although it has been made clear that these do not provide all the available data. We make a speculation, but for a practical purpose. It is the Christian facts that supply us with the suggestion that the organizing principle of the Godhead

is the priority of the Father in all respects. In him are the creativeness, the originativeness, and the causality. The Father exists eternally as Father; the Son exists eternally as Son; the Spirit exists eternally as Spirit. We might say that the function of the Father is to originate; the function of the Son is to affirm; the function of the Spirit is to execute. Yet the triunity is genuine because there is never any inward conflict; because the acceptance of the Father's will by the Son and Spirit, while it is invariable, is not automatic but personal; because the Father's will is the will of God only through its becoming also the will of the Son and of the Spirit; and because therefore a divine volition is the volition of the total Divine Personality. The priority of the Father is implied in the very term "Father," and it appears to be required in the nature of the case. The conception that is being suggested does not seem possible except on the ground that the initiating power and therefore the organizing power should be the peculiar right of one of the persons, and who could this be but the Father? On our analysis, the triunal mode of the divine existence appears as a necessary and eternal mode. God does not choose to exist this way: *He eternally finds that this is the way he is.* Let us say it reverently: He could not be otherwise if he would. The Son and the Spirit depend upon the Father, but he could not will them away, because he also depends upon them. This does not mean that God is necessitated by anything outside of himself. An externally necessitated God is a contradiction in terms. The only necessity that God is under is to be true to himself. He necessarily exists as multiplicity in unity because only thus can there be perfect self-subsistent and self-sufficient personality. But because the reason for all that God does is found entirely within himself, he is in the highest sense free. Personality is most free when it most realizes its own law, and the Divine Personality, doing this perfectly, is perfectly free.

Will this construction stand the test of its own data and of the demands which those data make? That is for others to say, but to the writer himself, who yet presents the construction only tentatively, it seems that it does. It takes care of the threefold method of God's historical self-manifestation; of the New Testament teaching as to Father, Son, and Spirit; and of the exigencies and peculiarities of the ordinary Christian experience. It meets the demand for some sort of eternal creation; provides for the nature of love as social and as integral in the divine nature; and is reconcilable with the apparent

process of self-consciousness as demanding the not-self. It is monotheistic; it is triunal without being tritheistic; it allows for the total Godhead being active in all divine action and at the same time allows for action that is peculiarly the Father's, or the Son's, or the Spirit's; and it provides therefore for a genuine Incarnation and for the action of the Spirit as personal action.

IV. The Theory and the Incarnation. The fact has already been emphasized that the prime practical reason for the Trinitarian theory was the necessity of grounding the Christian belief of a unique divine incarnation in Jesus Christ. It is worth while to see if the theory suggested really does that, and what significance for the Godhead the Incarnation may possess.

(1) If the Father is the source of the Son, and if the Son invariably affirms the Father's volitions, then by the hypothesis the Father may will that the Son shall enter into human relations and acquire a normal human experience. The Son's whole incarnate experience as the Christ is the expression and the affirmation of the Father's will. But it is more than that. It is the expression of the will of the entire Godhead. It is divine action, and yet it is peculiarly the action of the Son. It could not have been without the Father's will, but neither could it have been without the Son's will and without the Spirit's will. The Son consented to his own humiliation. That it was a humiliation is plainly the New Testament teaching. He laid aside his divine glory. He surrendered his place in the Godhead. By his native constitution the Father's will was the very law of his being, yet he consented to come into conditions where his affirmation of the Father's will was not spontaneous but marked by effort, and often by painful struggle. One hesitates to pry over-much into this mystery, but one may at least reverently recognize the overwhelming solemnity of the truth that is but faintly glimpsed. In him we see God because God was in him, and the sole possibility of it was in the way God eternally is.

(2) The Incarnation was not the mechanical or even the organic union of the man Jesus and the divine Son, but was specifically the experience of the divine Son in his new relation, and by the hypothesis the experience also of the whole Godhead. Most of the theories of Christ's person proceed on an impossible psychology. The idea of a double consciousness—one human and one divine—is no longer tenable. Jesus was not sometimes human and sometimes divine; nor was he half human and half divine; nor did he become progres-

sively de-humanized as he became progressively more divine. Let us have reality or let us have nothing. It were better to leave the problem forever untouched, deny outright its very existence if you will, than to attempt its solution by creating a greater problem still. Jesus was the Son of God in normal human conditions and his experience was precisely the experience that we should in the circumstances expect. The idea that he was actively present in the Godhead at the same time that he was undergoing his incarnate experience has had and still has powerful advocates, but the idea destroys the very fact from which it springs. The significance of the Incarnation cannot be less than that it was the successful attempt of the Son in conditions precisely our own to achieve that perfect Sonship which was yet his by native right. Is it too much to say then that *the Incarnation was the ethicizing of the Godhead?* It is difficult to see how the Incarnation could be genuine if it did not involve the surrender by the Son of the divine glory, so that the whole effect and meaning of the experience was divinely felt. And again it must be insisted that the possibility of this, if it be true at all, was in the triune mode of the divine life and in the priority of the Father's will. It was said above that the Son was necessary to the Godhead—that the Eternal Father could not be except as there was the Eternal Son. What is now being said, so far from contradicting that, requires it as its foundation. While the Father necessarily wills the Son there is no necessity that he should invariably will him in a certain mode. The Father is not free not to be Father, but he is free to choose how the Son shall be. He cannot will the Son away, for that would be to disintegrate the Godhead, but he can will that the Son shall become as a man. As we saw, the integrity of the Godhead depends upon the will of the Father, and we secure everything in allowing for the free exercise of that will. But the experience of the Son, involving, by the hypothesis, the action of the total Godhead, becomes also the experience of the total Godhead. It is the Son's experience peculiarly, but it is not his alone. Let us admit again that all this is speculation, but it is a speculation which seems to place us on the very brink of infinity, the while we are blinded at the vision of that divine Grace which fills the vista wholly.

(3) The Incarnation therefore reaches into the very Godhead, affecting it profoundly, and was the supreme sacrifice that the Godhead was capable of making. There is in the Divine Personality an element that would not have been there had the Son of God not

walked the earth as he did. In God there is now the possibility of a certain sympathy with man which is the basis of an ultimate reconciliation. In one and the same historic act, Deity was made human and humanity was made divine—specifically, that is, but not generically. Christ therefore not only did something for man that needed to be done, but he did also something for God that needed to be done. The question, "Was Christ's work for man or for God?" quite misses the point. *The total earthly experience of Christ was as necessary for God as it was for man, although in a different way.* The possibility of the reconciliation of God and man was achieved in and through the Incarnate Son and what he did. A greater thing than this God could not do. We saw before that, on the triunal theory, the Divine Personality is self-sufficient. It needs nothing more. Creation is a superfluity. Its motive is in the largest sense altruistic. But this involves the fact that creation is a free divine volition, and that in view of his freedom and omniscience the responsibility for it rests back upon the Creator. The Incarnation must be related to that fact. Just how that relation is to be conceived is, of course, another question, but it may at least be conceived as God's recognition of his responsibility. He makes a personal entrance into the entire cosmic and human and moral process which is essentially different from what we call his immanence. He comes by suffering, because that is the way he *must* come, and the suffering is not indirect and by proxy, but direct and personal. He spared not his own Son, but freely offered him up for us all, and how shall he not with him freely give us all things? God is a suffering God or he is not God at all. Incarnation and redemption is not an afterthought with him: it is implicit in the very fact and meaning and purpose of creation. He could create, and he did; he must redeem, and he did. Being as he was he could do no other, and the possibility of his doing as he did was solely in his being as he was. In the Person of his Son he came into the humanity which he himself created, and the Incarnate Son becomes the way, the only possible way, through which humanity returns to God.

(4) If there is any truth at all in these considerations they seem to justify two further inferences. The first is that creation is constituted with reference to the constitution of the Godhead. Creation is as it is because God is as he is. Men are as they are because the Divine Persons are as they are. The possibility of the Incarnation is in the very plan of the world. This indeed is plainly the

teaching of Paul in Colossians. There is, so to speak, a most perfect congruity between God and his work. The total cosmic fact is in the most profound sense a divine revelation. We know what God is because he does what he does, and he does what he does because he is eternal, perfect, self-subsistent, and self-sufficient personality. The second inference is that creation as it is could not be except that God existed triunally. God could create as he did only as he could redeem, and he could redeem as he did only because in the Godhead was the possibility of Incarnation. Without Incarnation there could have been no Redemption, and without Redemption there could have been no creation—that is, no creation as we know it. What would be the creation of a bare solitary God we cannot say because we do not know. We cannot even surmise. We can only say that he could not create on the present plan, with its demand for freedom and grace in the Creator, and for his personal entrance into the very life of his own work.

What is the value of such an attempt to "think through" as this? The writer is frank to record his conviction that for many people, and perhaps an increasing number of people, it has no value at all. Such people, in so far as they have a Christian interest, would base their indifference either on the contention that the present demand on Christianity was for doing rather than thinking, or on the contention that Christianity was to be held in entire separation from philosophy. As to the first, it should be pointed out that there is not a projected program of action of any kind that does not proceed consciously or unconsciously upon a theory. The most "practical" people in the world have an idea which they are concerned to see realized. As to the second, it should be pointed out there must needs be philosophies, and if philosophy is not Christian it is very likely to be anti-Christian. In the long run, the battle for Christianity will be won not in the trenches but in a few quiet places far back of the line. Thinkers come and thinkers go, but thought flows on forever. So far are Christianity and philosophy from being separable that if Christianity does not show itself capable of being constructed into a world-view, to which no single fact or experience is alien, then Christianity must surrender its claim to be the final religion. The practical work goes on, but it goes on because of the assumed soundness of the truth that lies behind it. Let that truth be incessantly called in question, let something directly antagonistic obtain general credence, and Christian activity will lag. For all that ideas are under

suspicion, ideas are the decisive factors in human progress or decadence. The passing of one civilization and the coming of another is but the passing and the coming of an idea. Ideas are an approach to omnipotence. All of which is but a justification of any serious attempt to ground Christianity, not in a book, not in an institution, not in a history, but in the nature of things. Has Christianity a comprehensive cosmic sweep? Is it the obvious key for the lock? Does it contain the solution of the whole moral problem? Is it the universal interpreter to which no symbol is meaningless? These at least are the crucial questions, and even so halting an attempt to say something about them as this has been is open to criticism only on the ground that the case is not made out; never on the ground that method, motive, and purpose are not in themselves justifiable.

THE ARENA

RELIGIOUS EXPRESSION THROUGH RURAL POEMS AND SONGS

The life and experiences of a people are expressed through its poems and its songs. With the rapid growth of the cities in the United States, which has urbanized a large per cent of our people, we have developed an increasing supply of urban literature coming from city-minded people. Just as the rural population has decreased in percentage so has the production of rural poems and songs decreased. Recently, at an encampment of a religious organization the membership of which was made up mostly of young people from the churches of a certain American city, the writer could find but two rural songs in the song book that was being used. These songs were "America" and "Scattering the Precious Seeds." This urbanizing of the rural mind through the use of poems and songs which appeal to city people, and which are seldom based on agricultural life as we know it in America, is one of the things that the new but great rural movement is bound to correct. The religion and the sentiments of the soil are rapidly developing poets and singers who are interpreting this peculiar new life of the American farmer. The future will see great strides in these directions. The farm poets will see visions, and these visions will be expressed to the world in terms of agricultural thought. Who but a farm poet could catch the vision of the Christ and his religion in that commonplace farm product, the potato?

THE SONG OF THE POTATO

By Rev. R. D. Morgan

I was born long ago, I cannot tell when,
But I'm older than all the races of men;
In the far away South, by the side of the sea,
A birthright commission was given to me.

And so through the ages my business has been
To supply the real wants of the children of men;
I've traveled as far as the races have run,
And comforted all like the rays of the sun.

I am only a spud, a commonplace spud,
I thrive in the sand and I thrive in the mud;
At home with the rich and in love with the poor,
I'm the friend of all men from mountain to moor.

I'm here on the earth with a great work in hand,
Like the Master of old, on the sea and the land,
So I take my own place as he hath decreed,
And strive in my way to relieve the world's need.

And happy the man who doeth the same
In obedient love to that Wonderful Name,
And comforts the child on the poor cottage floor,
Or the wanderer lost on the pitiless shore.

Tennyson expressed in rural terms his vision of God and his incomprehensibleness when he wrote:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little Flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Poetry and literature have many similar examples, but how little are they used. The great rural poems must be gathered and used, for they may contribute a large share in reviving and enhancing

THE COUNTRY FAITH

By Norman Gale

Here in the country's heart
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er has been.

Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with the thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith,
And the best of all.

Rural religious songs must not be overlooked nor neglected in charging rural life with the religious spirit. "Bringing in the Sheaves," "There

Shall be Showers of Blessing," "Beulah Land," "Joy to the World," "The Church in the Wildwood," "Day is Dying in the West," "America," "The Call of the Reapers," "The Farmer's Song of Praise," and similar songs must be more universally sung among the country people. One of the surest ways to instill a love for country life among rural folks is to have them sing about it. Every civilization and each national group has its songs, which interpret its thoughts, motives, emotions, and ambitions. The spiritual element in agricultural life may be greatly enhanced through the medium of rural songs. With the increase of our city population, "The Star Spangled Banner," which is not a rural song, has come into greater favor as a national hymn; but "America" will ever hold first place in the hearts of those who are truly country bred.

Syracuse, N. Y. GARLAND A. BRICKER.

DESULTORY READING

TO THE EDITOR: May I have a word with the ambitious, sensible young preacher?

Having myself been over the road, with more than a full share of blunders, an observation or two may not be out of place.

The first is, genius in a preacher is not what is commonly supposed. It is nothing more than a determination to hold the mind to a given subject until it is fully comprehended. In other words, making your mind mind you. Anything less is intellectual dissipation.

It is pleasant to read the daily papers, and the fascinating articles appearing in the periodical press. Magazine articles now-a-days are, as a rule, produced by the ablest writers, but they cannot be relied upon as the preacher's stock in trade; nor can an article in the cyclopedia furnish all needful material for the sermon. There must be toil, and sweat, in other and more extended forms.

The real danger lies in the fragmentary nature of such method of study. It leads a man, especially the young man, into odd hours and haphazard ways, with reliance on moods. Steadiness of application is ministerial genius, and indispensable to intellectual growth. It is simply disastrous to sit and fly the leaves of the Bible over for a text, or some book or magazine for a catchy subject for a sermon. There is such a thing as having one's own independent meditations and conclusions; and these, for some reason, interest and profit an audience more, far more, than retailing things not coined in your own soul.

Beware of desultory reading. By this is meant allowing some interesting subject or story of no specific value to divert you from the solid task with great books.

This by no means involves neglect of the literature of the day, and every young minister must be a careful reader of our own METHODIST REVIEW, if he expects ultimately to stand up alongside of great men.

Portland, Oregon. C. E. CLINE.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE CHURCH OF THE LYCUS

THE COSMIC CONCEPTION OF CHRIST. COLOSSIANS 1. 13-18.

BISHOP LIGHTFOOT in his Commentary on the Epistle to the Colossians gives an extended and scholarly discussion of the Churches of the Lycus which every student of the Epistle should not fail to read. They are the churches of Colossæ, Laodicea and Hierapolis.

They are called the churches of Lycus, because they were in the Lycus valley, and in a triangle not far from each other. Their significance to us especially is that to one of these churches, that of Colossæ, one of the most important of his letters was written. A remarkable thing about the letter is that, as Lightfoot says, "it was the least important church to which any Epistle of Saint Paul was addressed."

In some regards it is the most difficult of Paul's letters to interpret. We say of Paul's letters, because though for a time questioned it is now generally conceded that Paul is the author. The difficulty that meets the commentator is to ascertain the precise form of the heresies which it proposes to correct and the exact meaning of words which Paul employs.

It was also a church which Saint Paul had never visited. Though in his travels as shown in the Acts he must have passed near it in his journeys, there is evidence from the letter itself that he did not go there. The further fact that he did not found the church raises the question as to who founded it and how did Paul get his knowledge concerning it.

Colossæ was an old city. Cyrus with his army passed through it as shown in the Anabasis of Xenophon: "Having crossed the stream Mæander, he went forward through Phrygia, one day's march, eight parasangs, till he reached Colossæ, a populous city, wealthy and of considerable magnitude."

Herodotus is quoted as saying that Xerxes passed through Phrygia, on his way westward and came to "Colossæ, a great city of Phrygia, where the river Lycus tumbling into a chasm in the ground disappears, and then at an interval of some five furlongs reappears and discharges itself into the Mæander." By both writers it was evidently a prosperous city of that period.

The exact size and condition of the city at the time Paul wrote this letter need not concern us now. Paul had received his information about conditions then, evidently from two sources: one was Epaphras, believed by some to be the Epaphroditus of the Philippians, and the other Onesimus, a runaway slave from Colossæ. How they became acquainted with Paul we do not know. It is supposed by Lightfoot that Epaphras came to Paul in his imprisonment either at Cæsarea or Rome, most probably at Rome, and gave him the outline of the conditions affecting the church at Colossæ and sought his help. This led to the letter now under considera-

tion. There seems to be no contemporary information as to the condition of the church and we must depend on the Epistle itself to guide us. This letter, Canon F. B. Westcott has said, "short as it is, has given the place undying fame."

He begins his Epistle with the usual salutation, thanksgiving, and prayer, in their behalf. And then, as if to indicate at once the purpose of the Epistle, he sets forth that sublime Christology which presents Christ not only in relation to the individual, but to the universe, in verses 13-20.

We may note the compactness and fullness of the apostle's style. There is no waste of words. It is not rhetorical, nor on the other hand is it destitute of beauty of expression? It is the rugged style of a strong man, dealing with the subtle problems which have ever been characteristic of the East. This Christological passage is worthy of the profound study which has been given to it by the commentators. We can only mention the main outline of the passage before us—Col. 1. 13-18.

In Paul's earlier letters he has dealt at length with the personal salvation of the believer by Christ's sacrificial death as opposed to salvation through legalism. In this passage he is setting forth Christ in his cosmic relations. The Kingdom into which God has brought his people is "the kingdom of the Son of his love." Col. 1. 13. The Son of his love is further described in verses 14-18. "In whom we have our redemption; the forgiveness of our sins." 1. 14. This is the teaching of the Epistle to the Romans and is fundamental in Pauline teaching. "He is the image of the Invisible God, the first-born of all creation." 1. 15.

The word image is not "mere resemblance." It implies his "representation by an archetype." It may be used therefore to express resemblance in some essential character. "Christ is here the visible manifestation of the invisible." (Abbott.)

Christ is also the first-born and therefore the heir to all the blessings that belong to the Kingdom of "the Son of his love." Christ is not a part of creation, but the first born before creation. The context clearly gives this meaning. Christ stands in relation of first-born in dignity to every created thing. (Alford.) This thought is further expressed in the 16th and 17th verses, "for in him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things have been created through him and unto him; and he is before all things, and in him all things consist [or hold together, margin]". There is evidently a reference here to the false philosophies which were disturbing the church and which it is the aim of this letter to correct. The precise reference of all the terms, thrones, dominions, etc., cannot be determined with precision at this time. The positive character of the apostle's teaching, however, is clear. This passage is strikingly similar to Heb. 1. 1-3, "God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in his Son, whom he appointed heir of all things, through whom also he made the worlds." Also in Heb. 1. 6, "And when he again bringeth in the

first-born into the world he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him."

Christ is not only the first-born of creation, but he is the head of the church and the church is designated as his body, through which his activities for the establishment of his kingdom are carried forward in the world.

In the 18th verse Christ is also set forth as the beginning, the primal source of everything both natural and spiritual, and is the "first born from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

A NEW JERUSALEM

The capture of Jerusalem by British troops under General Allenby on December 10, 1917, is the culmination of a well contrived plan, cleverly executed and pregnant with possibilities. The occupation is only an incident, a small part of a larger scheme. The British victory is far greater morally than it is politically or militarily. It will be a severe break-down to German prestige in the Orient. It must needs discount the faith placed by the Turks in the ability of Teutons to replace England's influence by the formation of a great confederation or empire which was to overthrow British supremacy among the nations. Almost the entire world will rejoice that the Turk has been driven out of the Holy City. The Christian Advocate has stated the case well: "To the Jew it is a signal that his wanderings are over. To the Christian, Greek, Roman, or Protestant, it lifts the bloody hand of the Turk from the tomb of the Saviour. To the Mohammedan in India and Africa it carries the news that Great Britain, and not Turkey, is the power to be respected and obeyed."

The successive and successful capture of El-Ariah, Rafa, Beersheba, Hebron, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, as well as Gaza, Ascolon, and Jaffa and other less known places along the coast—and let us hope of Haifa, Beirut, Tripoli, Latekia, and Alexandratta, as well as Damascus, Homs, Aleppo, and other inland towns—is simply the welding of a double chain, first, for the protection of Egypt and the Suez Canal; and secondly, for intersecting the proposed Berlin-Constantinople-Bagdad railroad.

This campaign to Jerusalem, covering much of the territory over which the children of Israel passed on their way from Egypt to Canaan under Moses, was laid out by General Murray in January, 1916, and executed by General Allenby, though exceedingly successful, has not been, nevertheless, a pleasure excursion, but rather a series of engagements and of weary marching through dreary deserts, void of vegetation and comparatively waterless. To facilitate transportation a railway was constructed all the way from Kantara, near the Suez Canal, along the coast to Rafa, and thus to connect with those running north, recently built by the Turco-German forces. Miles and miles of water mains were also

built near the railroad. The battle of Romani between Katra and the coast deserves mention, for here Colonel von Kressenstein of the German army was overwhelmingly defeated. His army of 18,000 was routed and beaten, for fewer than one half of his men escaped. From this on the Turks were on the defensive. The British resumed their fighting early in the fall, and captured Beersheba on October 21, a week later Gaza, and on November 19 Jaffa. From that date on it was only a question of days when Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and places less known would fall into the hands of the brave but humane soldiers from England and Wales, who till three years ago knew much more of coal mines and Sunday schools than they did of swords and machine guns. When this great war is over what splendid Sunday school teachers these soldiers from London and the principality who have taken part in the campaign through the Holy Land will make.

The fall of Jerusalem on December 10 sent a thrill of joy through the greater part of the civilized world. Jews and Christians and even many Mohammedans were jubilant because the cruel Turk was no longer master of the city of David, a city sacred to the three great religions, to the Moslem on account of the Mosque of Omar, to the Jews as the burying places of their ancient kings and their great temple, and to the Christians because of the upper room, Calvary and Gethsemane.

December 10 will, no doubt, add another feast to the Jewish calendar, and will be to the Jewish people what the fourth of July is to all patriotic Americans.

This day of bloodless victory will demonstrate to the entire world, regardless of creed or nationality, that war is possible without wanton atrocities, barbaric devastation, ruthless destruction, and multitudes of unnamed crimes. General Allenby might have taken Jerusalem some days before he did, had he chosen to use heavy artillery and imitate the stormers of Rheims and other cathedrals. This, however, could not have been possible without exposing many a sacred edifice and holy spot to utter destruction. His march through the desert to Beersheba, Hebron, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem stands in marked contrast with that of the Teuton armies through Belgium and Northern France. As far as we have heard, not one monument, Jewish, Christian, or Mohammedan, was destroyed or in any way hurt in any of the ancient cities through which the British forces passed and which they now occupy. Nay, more, General Allenby having entered Jerusalem, delayed not in issuing a proclamation written in Arabic, Hebrew, English, French, Italian, Greek, and Russian, which he had posted on the citadel and in many public places, commanding that all the holy places should be protected in harmony with the feeling and beliefs of those to whom they belong. What a pity he was not there a few days earlier so as to issue one in German and Turkish before the Church of the Holy Sepulcher was looted and robbed of its jewels and most sacred treasures!

The manner in which the victors entered the city deserves mention. There was no advance in triumphal chariots or automobiles, or on richly caparisoned horses, but General Allenby and a few of his staff, some repre-

sentatives of France, Italy, and America came afoot. No wonder the population received them with joy and applause.

A part of the proclamation "to the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Blessed and the people dwelling in its vicinity" reads as follows:

"Furthermore, since your city is regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind and its soil has been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of multitudes of devout people of these three religions for many centuries, therefore, do I make it known to you that every sacred building, monument, holy spot, shrine, traditional site, endowment, pious bequest, or customary places of prayer of whatsoever form of the three religions will be maintained and protected according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faith they are sacred."

"Guardians have been established at Bethlehem and on Rachel's Tomb. The tomb at Hebron has been placed under exclusive Moslem control."

All lovers of humanity and freedom have great reason to rejoice that Jerusalem is in the hands of the British, that the flags of the Entente Allies have replaced those of Germany and Turkey, and especially that the Cross has taken the place of the Star and Crescent. Let us hope and pray that this recent and last capture of Jerusalem, captured and recaptured and then captured again may be the final one, and that henceforth peace may forever reign within her walls. "The bare category of the disasters which have overtaken Jerusalem is enough to paralyze her topographer." In the past, when war was young, and the gigantic instruments of war had not been invented, its very position made it the most desirable of capitals. As three sides were by nature all but impregnable, attack was generally always made from the north. What city has had so many sieges? We can trace back its history at least 4,000 years, longer perhaps than any other city. We first hear of it in connection with Melchizedek, the priest-king, who met Abraham on his return from pursuing the four northern kings who had invaded Palestine. Several centuries later it figures prominently in the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, as an Egyptian stronghold in distress. Indeed, seven of these letters to the Egyptian monarch are from Jerusalem, then called Uru-shalaim. When Joshua made his victorious campaign against Canaan, Jerusalem was one of the cities which he failed to take. David had been king for some years before he succeeded in subduing the Jebusites and capturing their citadel. From that time on it began to assume greater importance. Solomon enriched and enlarged it, built palaces for himself and household and the Temple of Jehovah. He gathered vast amounts of silver and gold and other treasure. About 928 B. C. Shishak (Sheshouk), taking advantage of the dissensions between Rehoboam and Jeroboam, made war against Jerusalem, captured it and took away the treasures from the king's palace as well as from the Lord's Temple. Nearly eighty years later it was taken by the Arabs and Philistines (2. Chron. 21. 16). It could not have remained long in their possession, for in 786 Jehoash, king of Israel, came against it, and like all conquerors, he, too, took all the gold and silver and much other treasure from the sanctuary and royal palace. Sennacherib of Assyria, in his march

against Egypt in 701, found sufficient time to send from Lachish, which he had captured, a small army against Jerusalem, demanding its surrender. For some reason the Assyrians failed to occupy Hezekiah's capital. Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem three times, first in 597, then in 594, and finally in 587 or 586. During these eleven years he not only robbed the palaces and temple of their treasures and sacred utensils, but burnt them, broke down the walls, and deported the nobles and best citizens. From that time on, for two hundred and fifty years or more, Jerusalem played an unimportant role. In 332 Alexander the Great became its ruler. If we are to believe Josephus, Jerusalem received the great king with gladness. He entered the city as a friend rather than conqueror. On the division of the empire the Holy City became once more a plaything between rival kings. Ptolemy Soter of Egypt reduced the city in 320 and led away many captives. It was taken by Antiochus the Great in 203, but recaptured by the Egyptians four years later. Their victory was short, for in 198 we find the Syrians under Antiochus III, or Great, in control. It was next taken by Jason in 170, two years later by Antiochus IV who called himself Epiphanes. He was a ruthless warrior and a heartless ruler. He massacred thousands of the people and desecrated the temple, going so far as to offer swine upon its altars. He also destroyed the altars of Jehovah and substituted other altars in its place.

The Jews were so outraged that they broke out in open rebellion, led by the house of Maccabee. Syria lost control for a time. They were driven out of Judea in 165, but the akra or citadel of Jerusalem was not taken till 142, or, according to others, 139. The city once more surrendered to Antiochus Sidetes in 134, but was soon lost to John Hyrcanus.

We next hear of Roman interference and the capture of Jerusalem by Pompey in 63, who did as little damage as possible to the old city. In the year 54 Crassus came and took much treasure from the temple. In 40 we find Herod procurator of Judea. In the same year the Parthians made war upon Jerusalem and captured and plundered it, and made Antigonous king. His reign was short, for Herod and Socius, a representative of Mark Antony, recaptured the city in 37, when the great Herod became king of the Jews in fact as well as by the title of Roman authority. Under his long reign Jerusalem reached the summit of its prosperity. This brings us down to our era.

After nearly a century of rest and peace we come to the beginning of the end, when in 70 A. D. Titus, Vespasian's son, and his legions besieged and captured Jerusalem. He razed its very foundations and put numberless Jews to the sword. Then ensued another sixty years of rest when Bar Cocheba succeeded in taking possession of their beloved city. His triumph was short, for he was soon driven out by the Roman forces under Severus. Hadrian in 132 subjected the city to utter destruction, and attempted to blot out all traces of Jewish and Christian traditions and influence. He banished on pain of death all Jews from Jerusalem. He went as far as to give it a new name: Aelia Capitolina. He is reported to have built a temple to Jupiter on the site of Herod's temple and another to Venus on the spot where our Saviour is said to have been buried.

It was two centuries before a new era of restoration and building commenced. This was begun under Constantine and continued under the Empress Eudoxia and the Emperor Justinian. Eudoxia made Jerusalem her new home and had the walls of the city rebuilt.

Chosroes II, king of Persia, brought his forces against the city in 614, and after a siege of three weeks captured it and destroyed many of the places sacred to the Christians. Fourteen years later the Emperor Heraclius made peace with the Persians, and bore back the captured fragment of the cross taken away by Chosroes.

In 637 Jerusalem ceased to be a Christian city. Caliph Omar defeated the Eastern emperor, and Mohammedanism became established in the Holy City. Omar erected a huge wooden mosque on or very near the site of the Jewish Temple. This plain structure gave way about half a century later to what is usually known as the Mosque of Omar. Omar was a broad-minded man with a big, generous heart. His successors were less tolerant. The Arabs were replaced in 969 by Unez, Caliph of Egypt. Another century passes and in 1076 or 1077 the Seljuk Turks took the city from the Egyptians and ruthlessly massacred 3,000 of the inhabitants. They forbade Christian pilgrimages. This and other cruelties so enraged Christian Europe as to bring about the First Crusade. Here it should be mentioned that the Egyptians took the city from the Turk in 1098, but held it one year only when "The Soldiers of the Cross" on the fifteenth of July, 1099, took Jerusalem by storm and made Godfrey of Bouillon its king. The next eighty years was a period of peace and building activity. During this Christian domination many churches and religious structures were erected.

In 1187 Jerusalem became once more a Moslem city, when it surrendered to Saladin, Sultan of Egypt and Syria. His treatment of the Christians was very generous. Richard, the Lion Hearted, tried in vain four years later to wrest Jerusalem from Saladin. The walls rebuilt or repaired by Saladin in 1192 were destroyed by the Sultan of Damascus in 1219. Frederick II, Emperor of Germany, was the next to gain control, and Jerusalem was under Christian dominion from 1229 to 1244. It was at the close of this short period that the Khavizimian Tartars sacked and captured the Sacred City and perpetrated all manner of atrocities. Their occupation of the city was brief. These barbarians were driven out by the Egyptians, who held it till 1517, when they were conquered by Selim I, Sultan of Turkey. For four hundred years, 1517-1917, Jerusalem remained in the possession of the Ottoman Turks, with the exception of one short period of eight years, 1832-1840, when Mehemet Ali, viceroy of Egypt, threatened to set up an independent empire over a large part of Ottoman territory. Too bad the power of the unspeakable Turk was not allowed to break at that time. This might have been so, had it not been for the intervention of England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia.

This brings us to the last capture or rather surrender of Jerusalem to the British forces, December 10, 1917. No man on the globe should be sorry that for the time being at least, Turkish misrule and tyranny have come to an end in the Holy City, and with this, the long cherished

dream of Prussianism, with its barbaric and unholy Kultur. How cunningly had the Teutons played their game for thirty years or more in every portion of the inhabitable world. Their excavations in Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, and other Bible lands, under trained scholars, often military officers, were, as we look at them now, not exactly unselfish or in the interest of science and the advancement of knowledge. Under the guise of scholarship they have secured much data of capital interest to military Prussianism in these old lands. There is scarcely a town of any size in Asia Minor, Syria, or Palestine where some Germans may not be found. The majority of hotel-keepers are Germans. Some of the finest buildings in Jerusalem belong to Germany. They have not only some German colonies, but they, by flattery and bribery, have worked hard to gain control of the ones established by German Jews.

The semi-pious, brotherly visit of Kaiser Wilhelm II in 1907 to Constantinople and Jerusalem was wisely and deliberately planned. It was sowing seed in hope of a future abundant harvest. He succeeded in placing thousands of educated Teutons in influential positions from Constantinople to Aleppo and Damascus. His solemn promise to become protector of the Moslem people was only a part of a larger scheme. But the followers of the Prophet cannot all be duped. They know Turkey too well and have suffered too much from its cruelty and rapacity. Thus the Fellahs of Egypt, the Arabs of the Hejas, and the Mohammedans of India and some other lands, have, for the greater part, turned their back on Turkey and welcomed the more benign rule of Great Britain. It now looks as if the Turco-German alliance has met its Waterloo, as far as Jerusalem and Palestine are concerned.

What will become of Palestine after the great war is over? This is now the uppermost and most natural question. If the Entente Allies are victorious—and who can doubt it?—we may fully expect a Jewish state under the protectorate of Great Britain, France, Italy, or the United States, or of all these countries combined. Mr. Balfour, doubtless with the knowledge and consent of the Allies of his country, has promised so much. In his letter of November 9 to Lord Rothschild he wrote: "The government view with favor the establishment of Palestine as a national home of the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing will be done that may prejudice the civil or religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine."

Should this dream of the Zionists become a reality, and the prayers of devout Jews be answered in the very near future, not all Jews will immigrate, nor one fifth of the fourteen millions now in existence. Palestine is too small for that. Mr. Morgenthau said recently: "To us and our children, America, too, is veritably a holy land." The bulk of the Jews in England, France, and other countries will most probably prefer to remain where they are than to try their fortune in the "Promised Land." We may, however, in the course of time, if this new state is to spring up, fully expect that its population will be preponderatingly the descendants of those whom Moses, nearly thirty-five hundred years ago, led from

Egypt and Canaan, and that Hebrew will be the vernacular of those Jews from every quarter who will flock to the Holy City.

It will be a state where the Jews may legislate for themselves, where this old race, persecuted as no other has ever been, protected by some great power, may have home rule and independence.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE IN GERMANY

In the last years before the outbreak of the present war one of the most significant features of the life of the common people of Germany was the growing disaffection toward the State Church. This feeling was expressing itself in a pronounced "secession movement." The outbreak of the war instantly checked that movement. A variety of causes probably also softened the feeling. The secession movement was, on the whole, far from salutary, for it was essentially a negation. Yet it was a natural result of an evil condition. It was one of many signs of an urgent need of some sort of reformation. While the unrest of the masses was expressing itself in the secession movement, or at any rate, in a general aloofness from the church, many thinking people, among them many theologians, were weighing and discussing the question of the separation of church and state. It is all too true that the German clergy, as a whole, has been much held in check by the authority of the state. But it is gratifying to note how many men of great reputation were striving openly for a liberation of the church. Evangelical Christianity has and will have a tremendous task in Germany. The issue must depend in no small measure upon the liberation of the church from the trammels of state control. Without such emancipation she cannot fulfill her mission. Not that we would presume to say that in no case can a "national" church fulfill her mission. But one ventures little in declaring that no church held in subjection to state control as the German church is held can live out her true life.

The attitude of the leading theologians toward the problem of church and state before the war was—broadly speaking—threefold. Some cordially sanctioned the present system, though of course recognizing the need of relief from certain minor evils. A few frankly advocated the separation of church and state. Of this class a very few desired an immediate separation, while the larger number sought separation as the goal of a gradual process. But the third and largest group sought for a more or less vaguely defined "liberation" of the church which should not at all involve a disestablishment. For this end such notable men as Stöcker and Beyschlag labored. These and many other like-minded men were exceedingly bold and vigorous in advocating their policy. In the last ten years before the war the number of articles and brochures written in favor of this idea was very considerable. Of special interest

is the position of Troeltsch. He advises against all agitation for an early separation of church and state, favoring rather the policy of a gradual liberation of the church with a view to separation as the ultimate goal.

Our readers will understand our satisfaction in a characteristic passage like the following from Heinrich Hoffmann, one of the greatest German preachers in the latter half of the nineteenth century. His theme was "Thoughts on the Church's Future Progress." Among other things of the same tenor, he said: "The Lord has assigned the services which his laborers in the church are to render; a sign that to him, their great Head, they should be answerable, and independent of other power. As in all civil affairs they certainly should be subject to human order and authority, just so certainly in affairs of religion they should be independent of every world power. . . . No king has, by God's grace, so clear a right to his throne as the church of the Lord, by God's grace, has her right to complete independence." There is good reason to hope that such wholesome evangelical sentiments will sooner or later effectually assert themselves. The need is great. A liberalizing of the German government seems to be an inevitable consequence of the war. Will the liberation of the church come with it?

Incidentally, it will be of interest to note that one of the objections to the immediate disestablishment of the church is based on the fear that the great diversity of theological standpoints would result in an immense confusion and strife for the control of congregations and professorships. At present, it is claimed, some approximation to a *modus vivendi* exists. But this is to cry Peace! peace! when there is no peace.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Good Ministers of Jesus Christ. By William Fraser McDowell. 12mo, pp. 307. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

In 1876 the present editor of the Methodist Review was pastor of Spring Garden Street Church, Philadelphia, located near Bishop Simpson's home and attended by his family. In that year the request came to Bishop Simpson from Yale to deliver the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching. The venerable bishop told his young family pastor about it, said he had asked to be excused because heavily burdened by official duties. "I cannot possibly get time to prepare a course of formal lectures," he told the Yale authorities; "you *must* excuse me." But they replied, "You don't need to prepare formally; just come and *talk to* our boys out of the fulness of your knowledge and experience, and your wisdom and interest

in them. That is all we ask." On that clear understanding, Bishop Simpson consented, and in 1878, at the age of sixty-seven, turned aside from the compelling drive of official work and went to pour his heart out to the Yale boys on the greatest business in the world. Before he went, he tried the lectures on his young minister, by running over with him the outlines and summary. Forty years later the same listener again had the honor of a private rehearsal preceding public delivery, when Bishop McDowell, having consented to deliver the Lyman Beecher Course, ran over his outline and some of the amplifications to that same young minister, a shade or two older, in 1916. That experience may be of no consequence to anyone but the writer, who, having thus obtruded his personality, takes opportunity, from his moment in the edge of the limelight, to say that he counts himself fortunate in having survived the forty-years' interval for the privilege of gathering in the second course of Lyman Beecher lectures given by Methodist bishops. The experience is to him a cup of exhilaration, mixed of numerous ingredients. Overlapping both of these courses, and covering the intervening courses, should qualify him to form some fair estimate of the Yale Lectures on Preaching for 1917. Perhaps the first and most central and most pervading fact about Bishop McDowell's course is that the whole is Christo-centric, every sentence centering on the ever-living Master of men. The ministry of Jesus is exalted as the model and inspiration for the only possible potent ministry in these and all future times. He never loses sight of Christ, and every page is saying, "That one Face ever grows and grows, becomes my universe that feels and knows." The condensed outline of the eight lectures follows: The Ministry of Revelation ("Show us the Father"); of Redemption ("He shall save his people from their sins"); of Incarnation ("The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us"); of Reconciliation ("We are ambassadors for Christ"); of Rescue ("The Son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost"); of Conservation ("It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these . . . should perish"); of Cooperation ("We are workers together . . . and members one of another"); of Inspiration ("The Spirit of the Lord is upon me"). A thoroughly trained, highly cultivated, variously disciplined man in his prime stood to deliver the Yale Lectures on Preaching in 1917, a bishop regarded by the churches and universities of America as worthy and able to succeed Matthew Simpson on that platform. His life-long preparation included the nurture of a religious home, four years at Ohio Wesleyan University, three years in Boston Theological School, eight years in pastoral service, nine years as chancellor of a young and struggling Western university, five years secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, thirteen years in the episcopal office, a tour through foreign mission fields around the world. What theme did this accomplished twentieth-century man, aware of all modern thinking, choose for his Yale lectures? In the early nineties the Eastern seaboard caught sight of a new star rising in the sky above Denver, resembling in its shining the fuller-orbed light of Henry W. Warren, resident bishop at Denver. Newspapers containing reports of sermons and ad-

dresses by the young chancellor of Denver University floated east and west from the Rocky Mountains to both coasts. Addresses and sermons seemed to have but one theme—Jesus. Eighteen years after his chancellorship was over, a friend wrote him, asking for a list of the texts and subjects of his nine baccalaureate sermons at Denver, and received this reply: "They were all on one theme. A different text every year, but the subject was always the same. Strictly speaking, I never have been talking about anything else than that one theme—Jesus." Just like Phillips Brooks, who said he virtually had but one text in a life time of preaching, "I am come that they might have life." How monotonous! Yes, as monotonous as the shining of the heavenly bodies; as the perpetual recurrence of sunrise and splendored western skies, and the night sky, brilliant with crowded worlds and streaming with galaxies. Yes, monotonous and measureless as the vast universe. If a young minister chooses that theme and sticks to it and lives up to it, passionately, the Lord will stick to him and see him through. In Ohio Wesleyan, that seat of fervent, intelligent, robust religion, where young men are educated, not merely stuffed, in that nursery of ministers and missionaries and bishops, young McDowell was under the presidency of that sinewy and resolute and evangelistic "old Roman," Dr. Charles H. Payne, whose mighty appeals and irresistible challenges brought a thousand of his students to Christ, fairly dragging some of the best of them, as by the hair of their heads, to the altar of surrender. From that nobly influential college William F. McDowell went out into the world "determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." From then till now he has lived up to it with burning zeal and intense concentration, and never more radiantly than at Yale in April, 1917. The aim and stress of every lecture was to hold the young ministers in the very presence of "that Other Minister" in Galilee and Judea, who is the model and inspiration of every truly successful ministry. The book in which those lectures are now published glows like a bed of coals with intellectual light and spiritual heat. It is an open fire for mind and soul to warm themselves by. By his genius for epigram and felicitous phrasing and incisive drive at the heart of things and flashing suggestiveness the lecturer reminds us of that rare spirit, Albert J. Lyman; and to both of them might be applied the epithet used concerning Karl Ritter, the sculptor, "A gleaming personality." Good Ministers of Jesus Christ is a living book, every page of it throbbing and tingling. The demand for it through many months has been large at book stores in all parts of the country. We bring to our readers what seems to us the part most urgently important, indeed, *momentous beyond expression, to all our ministers and churches.* Without quotation marks we transcribe here a large section of the lecture on "The Ministry of Conservation": The work of conservation relates directly and especially to the care of children and the care of converts or members of the flock. Let us take the subject of children first. And let us not get entangled with the question as an academic or a theological one. We shall avail ourselves both of the psychology and the theology of child life, but our interest is the religious interest, the living interest of good ministers of Jesus Christ in the persons called children.

Many a man gets a correct psychology and a correct theology of child life, all of which he declares in speech and print, at associations and in magazines, but never gets a correct relation to children. Certain churches have fairly correct theories and altogether unsatisfactory practices on this subject. There is a wide chasm between the theory and the practice of my own church in its relation to children. In that chasm uncounted thousands of children have been lost. Our theory, wrought out in the fires of fierce theological controversy, makes us proud of our fathers who put it into our church laws. One can face the world with this statement: "We hold that all children, by virtue of the unconditional benefits of the atonement, are members of the kingdom of God and therefore graciously entitled to baptism. . . . And we regard all children who have been baptized as placed in visible covenant relation to God and as preparatory members under special care and supervision of the church." Related to this is the legislation necessary to complete it. This is our theory. We hold it firmly and apply it with perfect consistency to the children who die young enough, but our practice with reference to children who live has been the weak spot in our church life, as it has been in the life of nearly all Protestant churches. Putting a good law upon the books, even the church books, does not insure its observance either in church or state. Laws do not work automatically. It sometimes seems to me that our fathers had not the courage to stand straight up in practice to their clear convictions, after winning their doctrinal victory for the religious status and life of childhood. They did not seem to know how to hold together in practice two great living truths and principles, the truth of the conversion of adult life and the conservation of child life. And in spite of what they said, in spite of what Jesus himself said, the adult type of religious experience and life become dominant even in the church's thought and practice toward her children. The resulting chasm between theory and practice has been and is the tragedy of Christendom. Our churches are organized as adult bodies, with incidental reference to children. "The great blunder of our churches is the blunder of 'adultism.'" Our church services and creedal statements are made for adults, people of maturity. Our sermons are for "grown-ups," with occasional "little sermons" to children. The average sermon to children, preached by a man who does not like to do it and thinks he must, may be described in the language of the honest Scotch woman's verdict on her own photograph: "It's a sad sight." Men are afraid to get the reputation of being children's preachers. They are even careful not to seem to be getting or keeping children in large numbers in the church. They would rather have their churches known as the church of the automobiles than the church of the baby carriages. They will report their accessions after a revival or a retreat or at the end of the year, adding with evident pride the words, "Mostly adults." Adults are already somebody. They belong in Nicodemus' class. He and they have to be born again, made all over from above before they could even see the kingdom of God. That is the kind of somebodies they are. Of course they may add considerably to the social standing or the financial strength of the church, and that is very important. Children enrolled

are in a different class. They are not yet somebody. They may be the children of prominent people and worth while on that account, but it will be a long time before they add anything to the strength or standing of a church. Of course that other Minister said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." He did not tell them what he told Nicodemus, the adult. And a child does add incalculably to the wealth and social standing of a church as it does to a family. Do you remember the Essayist's story of the rich man, the enormously rich man, whose wealth was being spoken of in tones of awe, not to say reverence? A plain soul, with the eyes of his heart enlightened, punctured the whole golden bubble by asking one question, "How many children has he?" "None," was the answer, as if the question were impertinent. "Then," said the soul that knew, "I am sorry for him, for he is nothing but a pauper." I heard of a church that was characterized as "rolling in wealth." I forget how many millionaires it had in its membership. It gives vast sums to maintain its own services and equally as much for the work of the world. But it is an adult church. It has no children. It would not know what to do with them. The only children it has are in the mission which the church maintains. Not a minister or a missionary has come from that church within any man's memory. O, I do not want to open any wounds or reveal any poverty that ought to be kept out of sight, but a church or a home without children is sad beyond words. It takes more than four feet on a fender to make a fireside. There must be the feet of children on the fender even in the house of God. No matter how restless the feet are or how much they disturb the fender. A table, even the table of the Lord, may be orderly and quiet, but it is not complete unless children are gathered about it. Why have we been so swift to claim God as our Father and Jesus as our elder Brother, and so slow to base church life on the family ideal? Why are churches so largely ecclesiastical, so "churchly" as we often say, when we want to be superior, and so little domestic? Why is the house of God, our heavenly Father, so unlike the house of our earthly fathers? Why, indeed, is it so much easier for a boy or girl born in the church, to run away, to get out of it, than it is for any boy or girl to run away from home? A whole town will turn out to search for a kidnapped or runaway boy. The whole country was interested for years in a well-known case. A few hundred or a few thousand cases of infantile paralysis stir the nation, as they should. All the resources of city, state, general government, medical associations, and special foundations are put at the service of endangered childhood. And all the world approves these efforts at human conservation. Now, look at the habits of the churches and of families, even religious families, with reference to the children God has given them. Of course we want them to be good, but we actually seem to be afraid to give them their divine place in the church. They will not, cannot understand church membership or all that it means. They do not understand those adult creeds. We worship at the shrine of understanding and lose our children while we do it. If it is not well to take them into church membership until they understand, is it well to keep them out? They would better be in

than out in that dangerous period. We do not hesitate to choose for them in other matters, like education, but with a positive air of piety we insist upon waiting to let them choose for themselves in the matter of religion. We declare that of such is the kingdom of heaven and act as though of such were the kingdom of evil. Even baptism we regard in many cases as the mere giving a child a name, and treat that sacred act as a social event, calling for new clothes and the presence of friends. Then after baptism we go on with our adult church life and let our children drift out into the world, to be brought back in small percentage by a special effort of rescue. And we make much ado and give ourselves large praise for those we recover, chloroforming ourselves concerning those we had and have lost. "The rebuke that comes to us is in this, that after more than half a century the words of Matthew Simpson are yet true: 'The church by its neglect of childhood loses more people to the kingdom of God than all our revivals are able to bring back.'" Not a single one of our churches dares to face a twenty-five-year survey, showing what has become of the children of its members, the children of its Sunday school, the children of its neighborhood, and proper influence in that period. "We are facing the most serious situation the Christian Church has ever faced. We are losing our own young people. We cannot make good our claim to saving to church membership and Christian usefulness more than twenty to twenty-five out of every hundred scholars who enter our Sunday schools. This is a far more serious matter than any failure to evangelize outside sinners. . . . [In this] it has come to pass that not only the church but the world is aware of the fact that Christian truth and Christian faith, as demonstrated by their ablest exponents, are not availing in the evangelization of their own." "The elementary superintendent of an Eastern city school recently said that during ten years more boys had been graduated from the primary department, of which she was superintendent, than there were members in the entire school at the end of the ten-year period." Of course certain losses are not preventable in this imperfect world, but the prevention of those that are preventable for two decades would change the face of the Protestant world. The leakages that could have been avoided and prevented are vastly in excess of the recoveries of which we so properly make so much. Of course these losses are usually gradual, one lamb at a time slipping out of our flock. And some of the lambs were not very promising, anyhow; they were feeble and small, their parents not worth much for wool or anything else. If, however, we lost them all at once, as children die in an epidemic, or sheep get killed when wolves or dogs or thieves get in and destroy or steal half a flock in a night, we would get excited and make a tremendous fuss about it. Unless the thing goes with a crash it does not make any deep impression on us. One person killed in a railroad accident gets hardly a line in the papers. It takes something overwhelming to startle our dulled sensibilities and stir us to action. Gradualness in this matter should not blind us to the fatality in the case. Why are men so proud of gradual, steady growth, and so complacent in the face of gradual, steady loss? We might as well face the fact that we can never win the world to

Christ, the small world of a parish or the large parish of the world, by our present method. "If we do not win from the world, it is deplorable; but if we do not hold our own, it is fatal." Maybe we have given up expecting to win the world. Maybe Christ himself did not look for or desire numerical supremacy, but only a spiritual supremacy. Maybe he and we are succeeding satisfactorily in establishing his kingdom when we are permeating the areas of life around us with a Christian influence. Maybe our complacency is justified, but it is hard to see how. On any basis, we are not now winning the big world or the little one to him. Our successes, numerical and spiritual, must not blind us to our paralyzing failures, both numerical and spiritual. If this is the best the Christian Church can do, in town or world, it is not a thing to boast of. Nor is it the best the church can do. The "blight of ordinariness" must not be permitted to fall or remain upon our expectations or achievements, whether in the matter of numbers or of influence. The church can do better, almost infinitely better, in the matter of influence. It can permeate life with the holy spirit of God to a degree not yet dreamed of even in our Christian philosophy. It can do better, vastly better, in the way of the rescue of those who have wandered away. It can do this without the help of professional rescuers if it will. But its possible achievements with the youth of town and world ought to send a thrill throughout ministry and laity. Here is our largest and most fruitful opportunity. Here we can win our largest success both in the way of numbers and in the way of influence and spiritual permeation. What are the commonplace facts in the case? The scientists have given them to us. They have prepared impressive tables and charts to make the story vivid and striking. Seven eighths of the people who pretend to be Christians in the world made their confession in youth. The number of those who enter the Christian life after reaching the age of thirty is so small that it can hardly be reckoned or illustrated. That is not the whole story, nor the sorry part of the story. Youth is also the period of loss. The shepherd who forgets the lambs he lost while rejoicing in those he has raised is not a good shepherd. We are only now slowly learning how to build sheepfolds so as to prevent the loss of young sheep, or so as to feed them with food convenient for them. We have built our folds for adult sheep, as we think of them when we speak of our flock. We feed the whole flock with food convenient for those old sheep, or food that is convenient for us. A friend of mine owned a noble Great Dane dog. This dog would not eat baked beans. The Negro man in charge of the house complained of it very bitterly. He said, exactly as if he had been a preacher speaking of his sermons: "I like them; he ought to like them. They are good enough for me, they are good enough for him." Of course that would seem to end the argument. "I like these sermons; men, women, and children ought to like them. They are good enough for me, they are good enough for them." But even for a Great Dane dog one must be something of a dietitian. Now, let us get back to our figure again, and recall that interview between Jesus and Simon, an interview that should be read on the day of your ordination. "Simon, son of John, do you love me, more than

these?" "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. That is why I am being ordained. It is easy to love thee. I shall do it to the end. I shall preach great sermons about thee, and tell the story of the matchless life with joy." "Simon, feed my lambs. Look after the Junior League, the Boy Scouts, the primary department, commit the Cradle Roll to memory, feed the youth, guard them, protect them. They must be saved from the dangers of their youth, saved from weakness, saved from ignorance and inexperience; saved from their own weak wills, saved from their willfulness; saved from the thieves, the robbers, the wolves, the dogs, the diseases that destroy childhood. Simon, before I put you in charge of this flock, before you are ordained, do you solemnly consecrate yourself to the faithful care of the lambs committed to your care? It will be a long task—twenty years of patience and love and fidelity before the least one reaches manhood. It will be constant and trying, it will be obscure. Nobody will see what you are doing except the Good Shepherd himself. They will not understand all you say, or the nature of membership in the flock of Christ; they may be foolish and vexatious, they may not like to be brought up in the nurture of the Lord. But, Simon, this is the work of a shepherd, this the greatest opportunity for success, near and far. Shall I say it? I ordain and set thee apart for this task. I cannot be everywhere. This is the test of your love for me. Will you meet it?" "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." They are born into it by the grace of Christ. Never let them get away. A clergyman one day said to his daughter, aged ten: "Daughter, do you not think it is about time for you to unite with the church?" And with wonder in expression and tone she instantly replied, "When did I get out of the church?" Her father spent the rest of the day in explanation and profitable meditation, and never made that blunder again. There is no use to get mixed up with foolish questions about the matter. Children are in the kingdom, not by virtue of their childhood or their accomplished sainthood, but by virtue of Christ's work for them, by virtue of the unconditional benefits of the atonement. They are not adults either in their understanding, their habits, or their type of religious life. They have the faults as well as the virtues of their age. They have not achieved perfection. They are becoming, not yet become. "For several years a boy in a church may be a burden rather than a carrier of burdens." He may not add much to the official counsels or many dollars to the treasury. The law of immediate returns does not apply here, but neither does the law of diminishing returns. I am almost ashamed to be saying all this, which you may think utterly commonplace, and beneath the level of the purpose of this foundation and this place, but I remember that in this region Horace Bushnell first spoke the immortal words now known as the volume on "Christian Nurture," and in that recollection I declare again that the conservation of the whole world's youth offers the Church of Christ its fairest, possibly its only chance, to become the universal and triumphant kingdom of Christ. I am not thinking now exclusively or chiefly of the few children of a small parish, or the children of Christian parents. The children of the world, the whole world, are in my mind now. I saw an old man, a famous evangel-

ist, lift before an audience a small African girl whom he had brought from Africa and heard him say: "There are no heathen children. They become heathen, they are not born heathen." This, then, is our opportunity for local and world redemption. The stately old words rise again and walk before us in truth and power: "We hold that all children, not ours only, but also the children of the whole world, by virtue of the unconditional benefits of atonement, are members of the kingdom of God." And with these words in our ears let us firmly purpose and highly resolve that through our whole ministry, long or short, in city or town or country, at home or abroad, we will guard this portion of the Good Shepherd's flock, give them at life's beginning the direction they should keep to life's end, protecting and guiding them through perilous years in that Good Shepherd's name and spirit, even as he has commanded us to do. Really, the only way to retain our courage and faith about the Kingdom is to remember that every generation is new. Our progress toward establishing the Kingdom is so slow that our faith is perplexing and our vision disturbed. Many men are simply working ahead, doing their best, trying to hope, but not seeing any clear path ahead of them. But we can recreate courage, hope, and faith by remembering that every generation is new. Maybe there will come a time when we shall leap over the centuries, with their slow and perplexing progress, and do in one generation and for one generation the work of ages. We might, by God's grace, change the face of the world and the whole look of the Kingdom by the right kind of work with one new generation. Why should the generations as they go determine what the generations shall be? Why not give the kingdom of Christ a fair, full chance at each new generation as it comes? . . . I would make it formally easy to get into the Church of the Good Shepherd, and almost impossible to get out. The entrance gates to this fold should be on every side of it and should stand open day and night. At every service, by every means, people should be invited and persuaded to come in. And the formal barriers should be low and few. Do not fling across the entrance extreme obstacles, doctrinal or otherwise. "The only condition required of those who seek admission to these societies is a desire to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from their sins." So said John Wesley about his first societies. But a good deal more than that is now required for admission to John Wesley's church and all others. The invitation to the holy communion is just as good or better: "Wherefore, ye that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God and walking from henceforth in his holy ways, draw near with faith and take this holy sacrament to your comfort; and, devoutly kneeling, make your humble confession to Almighty God." That invitation meets both of the proper conditions, the condition of formal simplicity and the condition of spiritual challenge. The standards are rational, the challenge high and commanding.

The Religion and Theology of Paul. By W. Morgan, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics in Queen's Theological College, Kingston, Canada. 8vo, pp. xi+272. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2, net.

The manysidedness of Paul is nowhere seen to better advantage than in the many theories put forth to explain the influences which made him. One of these theories is that he was greatly indebted to Hellenistic thought and the mystery-religions of the Græco-Roman world. Those who advocate this view have become so obsessed by it that they fail to recognize the extreme indebtedness of the apostle to the Old Testament, especially the prophets and psalmists. His philosophy of life was based on his profound experience of redemption through Christ, and his passion for Christ was the all-prevailing inspiration of his varied apostolic ministry. Professor H. A. A. Kennedy in his exceptionally able volume, St. Paul and the Mystery-Religions, shows conclusively, after a thorough investigation, that "in St. Paul we are confronted not with one of those natures which is content to be the medium of the spiritual forces of its environment, but with a personality which has been shaped once for all in the throes of a tremendous crisis, and thenceforward transforms every influence to which it is sensitive with the freedom born of a triumphant faith." This crisis of conversion which was the central and crucial event in his life is only slightly regarded by Dr. Morgan. He does refer to the religious experience of Paul in several of his chapters, but the turning point when he became a Christian and a bondservant of Jesus Christ is not emphasized. This serious omission explains his inability to do justice to the moral intensity and spiritual enthusiasm which characterized the thought and influence of the apostle. In pointing out that Paul's outlook was that of the Jewish apocalyptic which was marked by a thoroughgoing pessimism, Dr. Morgan fails to distinguish between prophecy and apocalypse. We prefer the view so ably advocated by Canon R. H. Charles, and which is truer to the facts, that apocalyptic was essentially ethical and optimistic and held to an unconquerable faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness. Dr. Morgan's contention that the few references to the life and teachings of Jesus implies a limited knowledge on the part of Paul of the gospel history is not well taken. The Epistles were written to meet emergencies and only such subjects were considered in them as bore on the needs of their readers. But evidence is not wanting that Paul both knew and was influenced by the Master. Where did he get his idea of love? Why did he ask the Corinthians to imitate him so far as he imitated Christ? In a later chapter Dr. Morgan modifies this view. "The new conception of God and of religion which Jesus taught in words and embodied in his life and cross laid hold of Paul and was mighty enough to revolutionize his life and create for him a new heaven and a new earth." One of the curiosities of this volume is the way in which the author states a radical position in one part and then practically challenges it in another part, after a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde fashion. Here is another illustration of this inconsistency. "In the Pauline Epistles Christ exercises every function of Deity. He is

still the judge and saviour of the last day, for whose coming eager hearts wait, but this messianic conception is no longer sufficient to express his significance. He has become a present God, able to help in every time of need." In the very next lecture we read: "One obvious way of safeguarding monotheism was to insist on Christ's subordination to the Father, and this Paul consistently does. Nowhere does he call him God." In discussing Redemption from the law, little is made of the apostle's experience of liberty through Christ, to which he refers in such an enthusiastic manner in the noteworthy autobiographical fragment in Romans xii. The whole New Testament is a protest against the view that, "forgiveness and salvation were grounded not in Jesus' atoning death, but in the authority and power belonging to him as Messiah and Lord." What then are we to make of such an exhortation as: "Repent ye therefore and turn again that your sins may be blotted out," which is the conclusion of a declaration that God raised Christ from the dead? "The apocalypse speaks of the saints as having 'washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' But there is no trace of such an idea in Paul." What about this verse in Ephesians: "In whom we have our redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of our trespasses, according to the riches of his grace"? Equally amazing are these sentences: "The message of forgiveness in Paul's gospel stands at the beginning, and has no reference to lapses in the Christian life." "If the sense of guilt and of pardon were not the dominant notes in Paul's conversion, they can hardly be said to be heard at all in his life as a Christian. Nowhere does he make any confession of wrong-doing or failure, nowhere betray any sense that he daily needs to be forgiven." It were an insult to the intelligence of our readers to quote passages from the Epistles which decidedly refute such preposterous teaching. It gives one a sting of surprise to read, "always redemption is for Paul a purely objective fact, in the accomplishment of which neither man nor his faith plays any part." How then does Dr. Morgan explain these words in Romans 3:25: "Whom God set forth to be a propitiation, through faith, in his blood;" or this from Ephesians 2:8: "By grace have ye been saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God"? The ethical appeal of the Christian redemption is the consequence of the spiritual appeal and not the cause, as our author accepts in one place but with characteristic inconsistency questions in other places. We emphatically reject the theory that, "in making redemption turn on Christ's death and resurrection, Paul was dominated by the redemption theology of the Hellenistic cults." Professor W. M. Ramsay, whose expositions on Paul are marked by wide learning and historical investigation, more correctly states in his volume, The Teaching of Paul in Terms of the Present Day, that: "The influence of Greek thought on Paul, though real, is all purely external. Hellenism never touches the life and essence of Paulinism, which is fundamentally and absolutely Hebrew; but it does strongly affect the expression of Paul's teaching." There is furthermore nothing in the New Testament to support the other inadequate theory that Paul was a sacramentarian. The chapter on The Church and Its Sacraments is marred by serious defects of reasoning. We agree with Dr. Morgan that: "Not the sacraments

but the word is the power of God unto Salvation. 'Christ,' the apostle can declare, 'sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel.'" Paul would have said the same about the Lord's Supper, if it had come up for discussion like the subject of baptism. He was never a sacramentarian, interested in rites, but always a preacher of redemption and righteousness. The New Testament, as the late Principal Denney so well said, is the record and deposit of an overwhelming experience of redemption. "Taken as a whole it represents the most astonishing outburst of intellectual and spiritual energy in the history of our race." Elsewhere in his volume, Jesus and the Gospel, he writes, "there is really such a thing as a self-consistent New Testament, and a self-consistent Christian religion." Yes, Christianity is sufficient unto itself, and absolutely independent of Hellenistic religion with its crude dualism, its unethical deities, its insipid sacramentarianism and its unspiritual experience. It is superfluous to make any contrast between Paul and Jesus. There would have been no Paul and no gospel if there had been no Jesus, the Saviour and Lord. It was to be expected that the Epistles would deal with some concepts in a more developed form than was possible in the Gospels. Did Jesus not say: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth"? This applies to all questions of sin, Christology, redemption. The chapter on Ethics is by far the best in the book. Where we have so repeatedly disagreed it is a pleasure to express hearty agreement. "In the vast majority of cases the springs of action which Paul touches are Ethico-religious in character rather than purely Ethical." He has some good remarks on "the autonomy of the religious conscience," as taught by the apostle. "Paul's ethic is emphatically a social ethic and singularly free from anything like self-centered individualism and other-worldliness." "The apostle is far from teaching a sectarian morality. And yet what he understands by love, if not indeed exclusively, is still in the main love of the brethren. The larger idea of human brotherhood is to some extent overshadowed by the narrower if more intense idea of Christian brotherhood. But here too we can trace a providential order. The big human sympathies had to be nourished in the church before they were strong enough to reach out to those who had no claim on them but that of a common humanity." Very suggestive is the chapter on The Philosophy of History, as well as that on Spiritual Gifts, with certain reservations. We wish the author had remembered more frequently the thought which he so well expresses in the closing pages on the grand and permanent realities of religion, and had given more space to their exposition instead of stirring up needless controversy over speculative constructions, which reflect disparagingly on the greatest interpreter of the gospel of redemption.

The Lord of All Good Life. A Study of the Greatness of Jesus and the Weakness of His Church. By DONALD HANKEY. 12mo, pp. 171. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $1, net.

The Church and the Man. By DONALD HANKEY. 12mo, pp. xx+89. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, 60 cents, net.

DONALD HANKEY, Rupert Brooke, Dixon Scott—these brilliant young writers have all fallen and their gifts have gone with them. The war has certainly been exacting a tremendous toll on all hands. We do not forget James Hope Moulton, whose precious life ended on the Mediterranean, as he was returning home after having commended the gospel to the peoples of India. Other hands must now complete his Grammar of New Testament Greek, and Milligan will have to seek other associates to continue the arduous work on The Vocabulary of the Greek New Testament. But we are here concerned with Hankey, who became most favorably known by his book, A Student in Arms, which has been well called "the most religious book yet written about the war." His little volume on The Lord of All Good Life is a discerning interpretation of the life and work of Jesus and of the church; its ideal, its failure, and its future. Hankey is not of the class of writers, unfortunately too numerous, who indulge in scathing generalizations and pose as wise after the event. What he has written breathes the spirit of chivalry and fairness. What there is of criticism is accompanied by suggestions looking towards better things. In thirteen brief chapters he says more about Jesus that is vital and to the point than is found in many a big book. In spite of his modest disclaimer, this is the work of a scholar who is not weighed down by learning but uses it for the truth's sake. The chapter on the temptation is quite remarkable. "There was no short cut to the Kingdom. It could only be won by love that knew no limit. Only by setting out on his mission in poverty and humility and boundless faith could the Christ persuade men that the unseen was more real than the seen, the spirit than the flesh; that love was more divine than power, and more to be coveted than riches; that the Kingdom of God was a Kingdom of love and peace; that servants were its princes, and humility its glory; that its foes were not heathen and Samaritans, but lust, oppression, violence, hypocrisy, meanness and cowardice. And until men realized this, how could the Kingdom come"? Hankey has in mind the man in the street whose tests are practical, but who is also guilty of many shortcomings. "The ordinary man has what seemed to Jesus a very distorted sense of perspective. He sees the material things which perish so very big, that he can't see God at all. But once a man has got a true sense of perspective he will realize that, if God matters at all, he matters so much that nothing else matters in the least by comparison with him. The man who thinks that money, or position, or popularity, or life itself is of great importance, has got his horizon so blocked up that he can't see God. Before he can see God he has got to clear away all his prejudices and preconceived ideas, cherished ambitions, and axiomatic principles, which have been based on a faulty view of life—one which has left out and ignored the ruling factor, even God." This is plain speaking, and it is in the chapter on the teaching

of Jesus about the Kingdom, which is in many respects the best in the book. Referring to the use of parables he writes: "The advantage of the parable is that it is easily remembered, and almost impossible to distort. Also if its significance is not immediately understood, it rankles, and compels an individual effort of the mind. The ordinary sermon, however full of beautiful thought, is very easily forgotten. Its phrases tickle the ear, and produce a pleasing sensation, but they have no enduring effect because they do not make a man think for himself." On the mission of the church we read: "The business of the church is to enable Jesus Christ to make himself heard and felt and understood in the world, to carry out his work of giving to men the knowledge of God and so freeing them from the tyranny of false ambitions and passions and fear, to give himself to men and to receive from men their love and obedience." Several of the chapters deal with conditions in the Anglican Church, but even so they are full of suggestiveness to members of other denominations. True catholicity must be comprehensive so as to provide both for the ornate and the simple in worship and thus meet the needs of all sorts of people. "People who love color and sound and smell want to put these things into their worship of God, and have they not the support of the author of the book of Revelation? Others find these things merely distracting. They find that they can best think of God in the plainest and most severe surroundings. All human magnificence seems to them out of place before the throne of God. Yet both types must be included in the Catholic Church." Here is the conclusion of the whole matter: "When all beauty and all simplicity are found in worship; when all vain traditions and sophistries have been done away with; when its teaching is clear and practical and simple, and proved by its results; when it fights all its foes and recognizes all its allies; when it includes all classes; when it has a way of salvation for all sinners; when love and humility abound—then the church will be the Catholic Church, the body of Christ." May that day speedily come! A sequel to this book is the posthumous volume of eight short papers, written with directness and passionately urging men to accept Christ. The chapters deal with the beliefs and the troubles of the average layman, revelation and common sense, the gospel and the church, the church and human relations, missions—all timely and practical subjects, on which Hankey expresses his convictions with emphasis. It is refreshing to read one who is sure of his ground, even though you must disagree at some points. In both volumes some of his criticisms are sharp and overdone, but we excuse him because we remember that he was such an ardent lover of the Lord Jesus, and a lover of men, and was convinced that the church must be up and doing for the new day of opportunity and responsibility. "There is only one way to win men to Christ, and that is to show to them something of his love and humility, and quiet strength, and humorous common sense, his distrust of the efficacy of human aids to success, and his quiet confidence in the power of love and truth." "The crying need at present is for the church to realize the reasonableness and the simplicity of her gospel, and not to be afraid of explaining it to boys and girls and men and women in a simple and practical way. We want fewer long words,

less philosophy, less mystery, more simple statement of vital and practical truth." "To the man in the street the religion of Christ is, before everything else, a religion of love and humility. The preacher who shows him these will be listened to with respect, however faltering his tongue, however faulty his logic. It is the same with the church, as a whole. The man in the street does not believe in the church because he does not believe in her sincerity, and he does not believe in her sincerity because he sees in her corporate life neither humility nor love, but only the repetition of the same class pride, party strife, prejudices, and divisions that he sees in society, as a whole. . . . In the army men are learning what poor things their pride and prejudices were. They are learning the value of the virtues which are common to all classes, the fundamental virtues of courage and cheerfulness, and unselfishness, and honesty. They are learning to love and honor men with whom in civil life they would have had no dealings. When the war is over it must be the care of the church to show these men how, in the fellowship of Christ's Body, they may still use their diversities of gifts in the same spirit of mutual respect and loyalty, and for the furtherance of a common ideal of life." There are no better books than these two for laymen, and preachers can learn from them what is the point of view of the laity.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

On Contemporary Literature. By Professor Stuart P. Sherman, Chairman of Department of English Language and Literature, University of Illinois. 12mo, pp. 312. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, cloth, $1.50.

This is the most absorbing book on current literature published in 1917. On its first page Professor Sherman says: "I have been accused of being a besotted 'Victorian'—a kind of creature which ought to be extinct, very obnoxious to the younger critics, yet still so numerous as to constitute a not negligible element in the procession of our days. To give a certain color to the charge I have included an essay on Alfred Austin, whom I regard as the most amusing of the Victorian poets." The chief despiser and most incessent denouncer of the Victorians is H. G. Wells. When the long and benign reign of the wise, stainless, exemplary Queen closed with her death, there were in England some iconoclasts and moral anarchists who would have liked to see the bones of her statesmen hung in chains and the ashes of her men of letters scattered to the winds. Mr. Wells, though a leader of that shrill and strident crew, refrained from doing anything more violent than coining and applying scornful epithets to almost everything and everybody in the religion, politics, art and morals of what he called "The dingy, canting English world" of Queen Victoria's period. He railed at its "orthodoxy," its "subservience," its "unnatural restraints," its "unreasonable prohibitions," its "surrender of mind and body to the finicky dictation of pedants

and old women." In place of the "prigs" and "prudes" that flourished and prevailed in society and in literature in the dull, prosaic, sluggish years of Wordsworth and Tennyson and Browning, Mr. Wells has labored to bring in a new era, filled with a daring, enterprising and unrestrained type of men, women and schoolgirls—emancipated, independent individuals, bent on making life piquant and spicy. Though past fifty, he is the spokesman for the younger generation. He points out to us the stupidity of our fathers and the absurdity of our mothers. He gives currency to the catchwords of the "new era"—"scientific method," "original research," "efficiency," "freedom of speech," "the modern mind," "the naked truth," "fidelity to the facts of life," "realism," "eugenics," "feminism," "birth control." When Van Wyck Brooks expressed the opinion that the part played by H. G. Wells in the new era is similar to that of Matthew Arnold in the Victorian age, Professor Sherman commented. He does not think that the "Prophet of the Younger Generation" has continued the propaganda of the "Jeremiah of the Victorians." In the two men and in their works he sees far more difference than similarity. Wells preaches that the crown of human endeavor and the salvation of the race is to be reached by the extension of scientific knowledge. Arnold, beside whom as a masterly authority in education Wells is a tyro, holds that the highest attainment and the only way to welfare for society is by perfecting the individual character; and that righteousness, wisdom and soberness in a man's soul will rightly control "conduct, which is three-fourths of life," while education in the natural sciences is comparatively impotent, leaving the moral nature undisciplined and undirected. To the Victorians, and emphatically to Matthew Arnold, morality seemed a settled and simple matter. They held that during some thousands of years civilized society has thoroughly tested certain elementary principles of conduct necessary to moral order and to individual and social well-being; principles entitled to be unequivocally accepted and lived by without dispute by all persons claiming to be humanly decent! That those principles constitute a standard of "right reason," to which we should vigorously subject our appetites and treacherous individual impulses. By so doing the individual acquires a sound character, becomes a dependable member of society and performs the first duty of man, which is to perpetuate in and through himself the moral life and well-being of the race. In sharp contrast with these long-established convictions, Wells, the "Prophet of the Younger Generation," holds that nothing is yet settled concerning morality, that the younger generation intends to experiment for itself, and that the first step toward framing the new moral code is to "reject and set aside all such abstract ideas as right, happiness, duty or beauty." Mr. Wells does not care what history teaches nor what the experience of mankind has proved. He says, "I make my beliefs as I want them; I do not go to facts for them." If his beliefs clash with immutable things in this world, he sets out to abolish the world that *is* and to create a world out of his imagination and desire. He insists that 'salvation is a *collective* thing," to be accomplished by social science somewhere in the social environment and outside of the individual soul.

Even a pagan like Horace could tell him that "though all men entered his earthly paradise of lacquered ceilings, white-tiled bathrooms, Turkey rugs, scientific kitchens, motor-boats, limousines, and Victrolas, still in their poor worm-infested breasts would dwell 'black care,' still would they remain spiritual guttersnipes in their scientific Elysium. And if Mr. Wells consulted Arnold or the spiritual physicians who have effectually prescribed for the essential maladies of life, he would be told that inner serenity springs from self-collection, self-control, and, above all, from the Hebraic sense of personal righteousness, which is the beginning of religious wisdom. Rejecting all such instruction, Mr. Wells arraigns a social system under which two and two make only four, and water refuses to run up hill, and a child cannot eat his cake and keep it, and fire will not refrain from burning, nor the lion and the lamb lie quietly together, nor sober people take seriously his fairy tales of science, sex, and sociology. If there is anything fixed in his convictions it is his belief that at about the period of his literary advent the world began to spin down the ringing grooves of change toward an ordinary and luminous future. As the advance agent of progress and the bosom friend of posterity, he felt himself under obligation to interpret the European War upheaval as a stage in a happy evolutionary process. What one deplores most in him is his hodgepodge of sex and politics, his passion for chimeras, his habit of supping on the east wind, his unwillingness to grow up at last and cheerfully adjust himself to the generally recognized fact that there is no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Aspiring, visionary, and diffuse, he makes himself adored by radicals of one-and-twenty and by middle-aged women with imaginations unappeased by experience. But he disappoints those who expect an intelligent leader to find his own center, make up his mind, and come to conclusions. His fluency and versatility have been his undoing, giving him ever the appearance of an unstable, and unformed power, a nebulous nucleus of dissolving impulses. Mr. Chesterton once remarked that one can hear Mr. Wells growing overnight." Professor Sherman calls God, the Invisible King, "a book as hasty and ill-informed as anything that Wells has written. Apparently he was elated by the impression made upon his readers by Mr. Britling's religious experiences. Mr. Britling Sees It Through was an arresting social phenomenon, an interesting indication of the law of man's spirit. In the hour of overwhelming trial and bewildering disasters man groped instinctively for a rock of refuge, for the permanent amid the transitory, for the eternal which we call God. So persuasive was the sense of the need of God that it took hold upon the mind even of H. G. Wells, who probably knows less of the nature of God than any author of his eminence now living. Such," says Professor Sherman, "was our impression of his conversion. But Mr. Wells, hearing the wide murmur of interest in the one 'naturalist' that had repented, leaped to the conclusion that he, single-handed, had made a great light break upon a world waiting in outer darkness for his private illumination. Far from admitting that he had returned to the 'fold,' he naïvely lifted up his voice and invited the fold to turn to him. There is not a

grain of humility in this new apostle. Standing in the midst of Mars' Hill he radiantly offers us a copy of his new book, saying in effect: 'Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.' He is the grandiose and romantic dreamer, bent upon bringing forward a brand new scheme for the salvation of the world. A few years ago it was world-socialism; a little later it was world-aristocracy; to-day it is world-theocracy. What it will be to-morrow no man knows, but every man can guess that it will be something different and equally evanescent. Every reflecting man can guess this, because the problem which Mr. Wells sets himself is insoluble to the point of absurdity, namely, the establishment of a government of the world by anarchists. Like all men of anarchical temper, he constantly oscillates between absolute despotism and absolute liberty, and never stops at the point of rest between the extremes. The problem presented in God, the Invisible King, is precisely: How to bring about 'the kingdom of God on earth' by complete and universal anarchy in religion. In it he very firmly rules that there shall be no churches, no priests, no Bibles, no creeds. Compared with Mr. Wells, the Rev. Billy Sunday walks humbly and reverently before God and the history of human experience. Billy Sunday, knowing that religion is what binds us to righteousness, seeks to fill the emotions with love and fear of God and hatred and fear of the devil, in order to bind his hearers to the ten major laws delivered by Moses. His religion is founded upon a rock, which he does not imagine is of his discovery or invention. Mr. Wells has invented his God, but he has not yet invented his righteousness; and that singular omission leaves his deity out of all characteristic employment. He does not even pretend to know what righteousness is. Furthermore, he profoundly objects to being bound by anything. Accordingly, he makes a clean sweep of all religious authorities and all scriptures which have proved through generation after generation their regulative efficiency in human affairs. In their stead he offers his sketch of the Invisible King made in his own image early in 1917—a Utopian enthusiast whose function is not to bind and regulate but to fling the reins on the neck of enthusiasm. The Invisible King is no meddler, like the God of the Hebrews, in a man's private affairs. As Mr. Wells warms to his task of composition, the spirit of prophecy descends upon him, and he begins to declare what things this churchless, creedless, lawless faith is going to accomplish in the world. The tangle of contradictions into which he falls is amusing. 'We of the new faith reject Christ.' And yet, continues Mr. Wells, gravely, 'there is a curious modernity about very many of Christ's sayings.' " Professor Sherman thinks that Mr. Wells's most characteristic trait is his peculiarly sanguine and mellifluous egotism. "If he could only bring himself to acknowledge now and then that ideas may be true and useful even though they have always been recognized as such, he might occasionally find the whole force of ancient traditions gathering behind him and supporting his advance into the future. His passion for dynamiting his own rear and sallying out on that long march with only his 'personal luggage' betokens not an intellectual leader, but an intellectual madcap. It is a fine feather in the bonnet of a writer of

naturalistic fiction to create and bring out between novels a perfectly new divinity, and one so amiable as The Invisible King. But I, for one, find that his prophecy of the kingdom of this Utopian deity has only given me a particular relish for reading the nineteenth and ninety-first Psalms." The naturalism of H. G. Wells is described and distinguished by our author as "Utopian." The naturalism of Theodore Dreiser is here labeled "Barbaric," and his writings are said to entitle him to dispute with little Georgie Viereck for the claim to be recognized as the vulgarest voice yet heard in American literature. Against the naturalistic (animalistic) school the author has this to say: "The devil, as Goethe represents him, is the spirit that denies. Paul Elmer More, certainly one of the most penetrating moralists of our times, says that the spirit that denies and forbids is God. I do not recall any single utterance from living lips that has impressed me as more profoundly illuminating. I should not like to think that denial is the only aspect of God, but I am sure that it is the aspect of God most ignored by those who flatter themselves that because they have forgotten him he has forgotten them. And I am as certain as I can be of anything that God is a spirit who denies the validity of adopting the laws of the physical universe for the moral regimen of man. The great revolutionary task of nineteenth-century thinkers, to speak it briefly, was to put man into nature. The great task of twentieth-century thinkers is to get him out again—somehow to break the spell of those magically seductive cries, 'Follow nature,' 'Trust your instincts,' 'Back to nature.' We have trusted our physical instincts long enough to sound the depths of their treacherousness. We have followed nature to the last ditch and ditch water. In these days, when the educator, returning from observation of the dog kennel with a treatise on animal behavior, thinks he has a real clue to the education of children; when the criminologist, with a handful of cranial measurements, imagines that he has solved the problem of evil; when the clergyman discovers the ethics of the spirit by meditating on the phagocytes in the blood; when the novelist, returning from the zoölogical gardens, wishes to revise the relations of the sexes so as to satisfy the craving for three wives; when the statesman, after due reflection on 'the survival of the fittest,' feels justified in devouring his neighbors—in the presence of all these appeals to nature, we may wisely welcome any indication of a counter-revolution. Literary criticism has been an accomplice in the usurpations of the naturalistic philosophy. Disillusioned, it should be an ally in the revolt against it. There are signs of insurrection in many quarters. For the valor and high spirits of his revolt, one welcomes the critical writings of G. K. Chesterton. Fighting with intellectual mountebanks, he has stolen some of their weapons; he has taken his stand in what his adversaries will assail as a 'mediæval' citadel; yet in his Orthodoxy, he produced the most brilliantly sensible book that has come in recent years from the embattled journalists of London." Professor Sherman mentions one high service Henry James rendered to literature and mankind. "He reverenced goodness and helped it to win by setting forth its *fineness* and *beauty*, rather than by insisting on its obligatoriness. He gave it the benefit of the

æsthetic appeal. Let us not undervalue the significance of this ideal, either with reference to life or with reference to literature," says our author. "It is inadequate; but it has high merit. It had the precious virtue of utterly delivering Henry James from the riotous and unclean hands of the 'naturalists.' To it he owes the splendid distinction that when half the novelists of Europe, carried off their feet by the naturalistic drift of the age, began to go a-slumming in the muck and mire of civilization, to explore man's simian relationships, to exploit *la bête humaine* and *l'homme moyen sensuel*, to prove the ineluctability of flesh and fate and instinct and environment—he, with aristocratic contempt of them and their formulas and their works, withdrew farther and farther from them, drew proudly out of the drift of the age, and set his imagination the task of presenting the fairest specimens of humanity in a choice sifted society, tremendously disciplined by its own ideals, but generally liberated from all other compelling forces. Precisely because he keeps mere carnality out of his picture, holds passion rigorously under stress, presents the interior of a refined consciousness—precisely for these reasons he can produce a more intense pleasure in the reader by the representation of a momentary gush of tears or a single swift embrace than most of our contemporaries can produce with chapter after chapter of storms and seductions. The controlling principle in Henry James's imaginary world is neither religion nor morality nor physical necessity nor physical instinct. The controlling principle is a sense of beauty, under which vice seemed ugly. In the *noble* society, *noblesse* obliges. James transformed Puritan morality, of which the sanction was religious, into a kind of chivalry, of which the sanctions are good taste and honor and truth; Madame de Mauve, the lovely American, married to a naughty French husband, in that charming little masterpiece which bears her name, is not exhibited as preserving her 'virtue' when she rejects her lover; she is exhibited as preserving her *fineness*. *Noblesse* in the later novels inspires beauties of behavior beyond the reaches of the Puritan imagination." Professor Sherman notes James's imaginative insight into the possible amenity of human intercourse in *a society aesthetically disciplined and controlled* toward virtue and goodness. James's works throb with that fine passion for what might almost be called the *beauty* of holiness. He is pitiless in his exposure of the *"ugly,"* which to his sense *includes all forms of evil;* in that task he is remorseless whether he is exposing the *ugliness* of American journalism, as in The Reverberator, or the *ugliness* of a thin, nervous, hysterical, intellectualism and feminism, as in The Bostonians, or the *ugliness* of murder, as in The Other House, or the *ugliness* of irregular sex relations, as in What Maisie Knew, or the *ugliness* of corrupted childhood, as in The Turn of the Screw. The deep-going *uglinesses* in the last three cases are presented with a superlative intenseness of artistic passion. If the effect is not thrilling in the first case and heart-rending in the last two, it is because Anglo-Saxons are quite unaccustomed to having their deeps of terror and pity, their moral centers, touched through the æsthetic nerves. Granting the fact, there is no reason why they should deny the presence of a passion

of antipathy in a man to whose singular consciousness the *objectionable* inveterately takes the shape of the *ugly*. Such a man was Henry James, and such his virtue and his service; and for this virtue, in the years to come, one adept after another, till a brave company gathers, is certain to say, "I discriminate; but I adore him!" That is the heart of the author's treatment of the "Aesthetic Idealism of Henry James." Professor Sherman, discussing the naturalism of George Moore, says that Mildred Lawson, a principal character in the novel called Celibates, is "one of the most noxious and noisome creatures in English literature." He sets forth Mr. Moore's irrational animalistic philosophy thus: "The notion of a rational self-determination and self-direction, the idea of an intelligible object guiding a man like a star to ideal ends—this George Moore would have us believe is an illusion. The vital forces control us. We can do nothing but what is predetermined by the blind push of unconscious energies and appetites, which impel the beasts in the darkness below and behind us to surrender wholly to the current of our natural impulses, to ask not whither they are carrying us—this we are told is the way to make the most of ourselves!" To call this "naturalism" is euphemistic. Beastliness is the proper name for it; but it is audaciously championed by an accomplished man of letters in the twentieth Christian century! We are not surprised when he confesses thus: "The two dominant notes in my character are an original hatred of my native country and a brutal loathing of the religion I was brought up in." So we know on his own authority that his latest book, The Brook Kerith, was written with a "brutal loathing" of Christianity, and the book is, as our author says, "nothing but an impudent and detestable profanation." "The book," says our author, "leaves no doubt that Mr. Moore has done a good deal of—I will not say, of thinking. Mr. Moore does not think; he muses. He has, I say, done a great deal of musing about his subject. For some reason Jesus is a phenomenon that has disturbed his equanimity. The Beatitudes, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, have been obstacles to the equable flow of his naturalistic revery. The 'cross,' the 'crown,' 'renunciation,' 'self-sacrifice,' 'redemption'—all these ideas and symbols of our need of a spiritual life and of the means of attaining it have annoyed George Moore, have almost forced him to think. But Mr. Moore does not like to think; it is contrary to the stream of his tendency. And why, he mutters to himself, should one do what one does not like? Why, he muses, should one go against the stream of one's tendency? The Christian tradition runs counter to, and thwarts, one's instincts. Clearly, one cannot muse in comfort till one gets this Jesus out of one's system! Novelists and dramatists of this generation have tried various means to get the spiritual Jesus of the Gospels out of their systems. Oscar Wilde exorcised the spiritual Jesus by repeating to himself that it was an exquisite pre-Raphaelitish æsthete who walked in the Garden of Gethsemane. Others have accomplished the same end by repeating to themselves that he was an anarchist, a socialist, a humanitarian enthusiast. George Moore teaches that any one who desires to rid himself of the spiritual Jesus has but to put his own natural instinctive self in the place

of Jesus. The substitution brings instant relief from the pressure upon the consciousness of an exacting alien force. Thus, when Mr. Moore has performed this substitution and has converted Jesus of Nazareth into a sentimental Irish naturalist of our own day, he is no longer troubled by a voice calling: 'Follow me.' The only voice he hears now says: 'Follow your inclinations.'" Professor Sherman closes his keen analysis and scathing criticism of George Moore thus: "Mr. Moore is right in regarding his life as more significant than any of his works. When a man of great talent has made his mind a courtesan to nature, the only tragedy that he can write is his confession. When a man has shaken off the bonds that united him with civil society, the only confession that he can make of significance to civil readers is that such emancipation is exile." George Moore has used his talent to write a mean and measly book, which makes his light go out malodorously like a sputtering tallow candle in life's socket. We close this not-too-long notice of a book at once able and fascinating, with some extracts from the chapter on George Meredith, who called himself "a practical Christian," and who, as our author says, "writes in frequent passages in his letters like a man who has experienced what theologians call "the peace of God." He writes his son: "Virtue and truth are one. Look for the truth and follow it and you will then be living justly before God. Let nothing flout your sense of a Supreme Being. And do not lose the habit of praying to the unseen Divinity." Along with this Meredith's references to his wife go fitly: "When her hand rests in mine, the world seems to hold its breath, the sun is motionless. I take hold on Eternity." When in 1885 Meredith's wife lay dying, he wrote to John Morley: "Happily for me, I have learnt to live much in the spirit and see brightness on the other side of life, otherwise this running of my poor doe with the inextricable arrow in her flanks would pull me down, too. As it is, I sink at times. I need all my strength to stand the harsh facts of existence. I wish it were I to be the traveler instead." After her death: "While she lingered I could not hope for it to last, and now I could crave any of the latest signs of her breathing—a weakness of my flesh. When the mind shall be steadier, I shall have her calmly present —past all tears." Two days later: "She was the best of wives, truest among human creatures. . . . I believe in Spirit, and I have her with me here, though at present I cannot get to calm of thought, all the scenes of her long endurance, and the days of peace before it rise up." In another letter this "practical Christian" puts this creed: "I think that all right use of life is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us." He cherished that high sense of responsibility to society and for posterity, and he helped to save mankind from the pit by making war without truce against the confederated lusts and egoisms of unregenerated animal man, bruising the head of the Beast. He tried to make his own generation hear the cry of the conscience of Life in such appealing lines as these:

> "Keep the young generations in hail,
> And bequeath them no tumbled house."

The chapter titles of Professor Sherman's book are: The Democracy of Mark Twain, The Utopian Naturalism of H. G. Wells, The Barbaric Naturalism of Theodore Dreiser, The Realism of Arnold Bennett, The Aesthetic Naturalism of George Moore, The Skepticism of Anatole France, The Exoticism of John Synge, The Complacent Toryism of Alfred Austin, The Aesthetic Idealism of Henry James, The Humanism of George Meredith, Shakespeare Our Contemporary.

Personal Appeals to Sunday School Workers. By Oscar L. Joseph. 12mo, pp. 215. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

This book is written by a pastor who fully realizes the strategic importance of the Sunday school for religious education. "The new ideal is to have all ages studying the problems of life in their religious bearings in the Sunday school. The church is called upon to furnish clear and positive answers to the thorny questions of the day, all of which affect character and destiny. I am persuaded that in the Sunday school we have a rare opportunity to prepare ourselves for the task of moral and spiritual leadership which the church must assume or go out of business." This is a strong putting of the case and yet the writer does not overstate the matter. Mr. Joseph has written considerably for the Sunday school press and other periodicals. For eight years he prepared the Senior Lesson Quarterly, published by the Sunday school department of our church. His volume of constructive studies, The Faith and the Fellowship, appeared last year and met with quite a favorable reception. The present volume is a fine piece of interpretation. The chapters are cast in the form of letters, replete with workable ideas and clear-sighted counsel. They are shrewd and sympathetic and withal scientifically sound. Each department of the school is separately considered, but in addition there are letters to the mother, the father, the supervising principal of the public school, and even the sexton. There are also epistolary discussions on teacher training, constructive evangelism, missions, and temperance teaching. The author never forgets the present conditions and needs of the workers, but he also shows how the horizon must be widened and how the larger ideals can be inculcated and assimilated. There is no book that covers the field so completely, and it would be difficult if at all possible to get more in one cover. The volume is not academic in method. The author is no mere theorist, but writes from the rich experience of one who has thought, observed, and worked in this important field. Each letter is introduced with an apt quotation and concluded with a list of commended books. At the close of the volume there is a descriptive list of about two hundred select books dealing with the theory and practice of religious education in all its phases. The titles are arranged according to their subjects—general principles, childhood and youth, methods of work, the Bible and related topics, Christian life and service. We are impressed by the thoroughness and up-to-dateness of this section. Those who are looking for information concerning books cannot do better than consult this list and adopt its valuable suggestions.

The pastor's standpoint appears in every letter. This is not only a unique feature but gives the book additional value, for the pastor is the presumptive leader of his church in the matter of religious education. The letter to the pastor is very timely. "It is an injustice to expect of teachers qualifications which they have never had the opportunity of acquiring. It is equally vain to cherish hopes that they will be better qualified unless they receive direct help. The average teacher is often discouraged and needs the stimulating and steadying influence that the pastor can invariably give. This is the way to keep lighted a torch which in turn will light others. It further means that the pastor's ministrations are multiplied many times over. He will also be insuring better results in the conversion of the young people and their reception into the church. . . . In the last analysis the pastor will have to take charge of the class for prospective teachers and for those who already are teachers but who need help for better work. Even if it is possible to secure a competent person to take charge of such a class, the pastor must keep in close touch with it, for he is always the intermediary between all parties, the interpreter of needs and supply, and the inspirer of every forward movement. The pastor should also arrange to attend the several conferences of teachers and superintendents and lead in the discussions. No principal of a public school fails to hold frequent conferences with his teachers and take up all problems that need attention. And yet the Sunday school is allowed to go its way without serious attempts being made to face the important issues which the teachers cannot handle single-handed, but which they might be able to do after discussion with other teachers and leaders. Who but the pastor is the logical man to take hold of all these matters? He should therefore qualify himself for this most important part of his mission." The letter to the teacher of an Adult Bible Class treats this department with refreshing insight. Its purpose is "not merely to furnish information but to stimulate thought by suggesting the best ways of making real the truth of the gospel, which enables people effectually to live out its teachings in the humdrum routine or in the conflict and temptation of daily life. The discussions must therefore have a clearly practical motive, and should lead to doing in the name of Christ. If we fail here the class will become a sort of a club for good fellowship, which is a splendid enough thing. But a monthly meeting with a feed and a noted speaker can never place the urgent task of the church on the mind and heart of the men, who must view their own responsibility with intelligent seriousness and tackle the thorny problems with courage." The letter to the principal of the public school concludes in an optimistic vein, which indeed is one of the healthy features of the whole volume. "The better day is certainly coming when the public will reckon more intelligently with the important services rendered by the day school. With it will also come a recognition of the fact that this institution cannot furnish everything that is necessary for the all-round welfare of youth. 'The illusion of completion' which afflicts some of the leaders of public school education must also be exposed. But this must be accompanied by a deliberate effort on the part of the church to be responsible for better religious edu-

cation, so that the desired cooperation between church and school may enable both to discharge their respective tasks with the ability worthy of their great opportunity." This volume of suggestions and inspirations can be heartily commended as a general introduction to the modern view of the work of the church school.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke. By Lawrence Pearsall Jacks, M.A., LL.D., Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. Two volumes. 12mo, pp. ix, vii, 718. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $4.75 net.

These two volumes make us acquainted with one who was above all things a preacher. Whether in the pulpit or on the platform or through the long list of his able contributions to English literature, Brooke was essentially a preacher. He rejoiced in this privilege and made capital use of it. He had unusual gifts, and from the very outset of his public ministry he took a place among the leaders of thought. He was not fortunate in the enjoyment of ecclesiastical favor, due in large measure to his broad sympathies and liberal tendencies. But he maintained a characteristic equipoise and lived his long life of eighty-three years honored by a large circle. On his eightieth birthday he was presented with an illuminated address signed by ministers of many denominations, heads of universities and colleges, artists, men of letters and science, and a host of personal friends in all ranks of life. Three paragraphs from this address aptly summarize his various ministry: "We recognize your eminence as a preacher and the sincerity and courage with which you have always acted and spoken. Your message has been inspired by love and by a longing for the good and the beautiful. You have appealed to the deepest needs of men and women; you have helped them to realize the things that belong unto their peace. We have felt in your teaching a great delight in beauty and a great confidence in the goodness of life and the greatness of death. Your writings have made for a high joy in living. You have condemned evil only to reveal the good. You have always tried to speak the truth in love. You have touched life at many points. We feel in you a wide and sympathetic humanity and a noble imagination which has helped you to understand and interpret many various types of men and to find good in many different forms of activity. We thank you for what you have done as an interpreter of art and poetry. In your teaching we have seen that the love of beauty and the love of truth are essentially one. It has helped the lover of beauty to love the right, and the lover of right to love the beautiful. You have shown the inner unity which binds the seekers after beauty, truth and right together. Above all, we reverence your life and the power of sympathy and friendship you possess. You have lived a long life of devotion to high ideals, always brave and cheerful in times of trial, always meeting your friends with encouragement and your troubles with a smile." This is

a fine portrait of a preacher, and no minister can have better compensation than the assurance that he has actually helped people. The two volumes furnish many illustrations of the points made in the address. Principal Jacks has done his work well in presenting an impartial portrayal of Brooke, who was the soul of candor and who had the courage and strength to be himself under all conditions and in all relationships. "He was, in essentials, a surprising personality and only one land in the world could have produced him—the land where the inevitable happens seldom, and the impossible happens every day. His temperament, his intellect, his imagination, his tenderness, his manners were predominantly Irish, and the genius of his native land remained with him to the closing years of his long life." He was a son of the manse. His father, Dr. Richard Brooke, was a commanding personality and greatly honored as a clergyman of the Irish Church. The family knew the bitter struggle with poverty, but the atmosphere of the home made for all the elements of beauty, romance and spirituality. The life of a preacher appealed to Brooke as offering full scope to his powers, "having nothing unused, neither the love of nature nor the love of man, neither his loyalty to Christ nor his reverence for scientific truth." Following the impulse of his artistic temperament, he committed himself to the way of the poets in the search for truth. He held, in common with Robertson, that the highest truths were poetry—to be felt, not proved. Although he departed from the evangelical view, he always maintained that the last word of God was uttered in Jesus Christ, whom he continued to regard as the Master and Saviour of mankind. In one of his last letters to a friend he wrote: "I am glad I was able to make 'Jesus a reality' to you. In the midst of all these horrors he is now the one reality to me. The world was cruel to him, and he saw unlovingness at its height around him, and yet he said God was love, and he could leave peace as his last legacy to his people. I do not understand how he could say and do this, but I do believe he was right and cling to that." It was a testimony to his marked ability that when he was only twenty-five years of age and almost a total stranger in London, he was commissioned to write the life of F. W. Robertson. When it was published in 1865 it took the world by storm and still remains one of the classics of religious biography, chiefly owing to the dramatic and human interest with which this spiritual warrior was invested. Full recognition is given to the influence exerted on Brooke by his wife. Her death, after sixteen years of married life, left a vacancy which was never filled. "It is not in a nature like Mrs. Brooke to make many friends; but those she made were close and devoted; some are still living to bear witness. She had strength for her own part in life, and she could give strength to others. Her influence upon Brooke, acting through deep mutual devotion, was of the most salutary. She steadied and restrained him; when his imagination was most restless her judgment was calm; she was not only sagacious but practical in her sagacity, and that with a will of her own, which, though gentle, was firm in its pressure. She encouraged his friendships with men of the world, which he would otherwise have taken no pains to cultivate, much as he needed that kind of contact. 'With you,' he wrote at one of the critical moments of his career, 'I

fear not life.' What Brooke owed to his wife he never chose to tell. It may be gathered, in some measure, from the character of his work and of his message, in which there was ever a great tenderness. His silence on the subject is also eloquent. Only now and then is it broken, by some ejaculation in a letter, by some phrase in a diary which fall upon the ear like rare sounds heard in the night and remind us that even in the darkness nature is awake." He left the Church of England because he could not accept the creeds. There were some at the time who thought that he was superfluously conscientious, and others who to-day regard the creeds not as tests for the clergy but as symbols of the church's common faith. However that may be, the question of clerical veracity is involved and more harm than good has been done by those clergymen who recite the creeds which they do not believe or hold in reservation. Brooke did not connect himself with the Unitarians because he regarded their position as inadequate. It seemed to him that they had made the mistake of identifying religion with the pursuit of moral excellence. "The Unitarians love the good. But are they not afraid of the Very Good?" was a remark he once made. In a letter to his son, who was about to become a Unitarian minister, he wrote: "That was a sad account you gave me of the meeting. It struck me, as all these Unitarian assemblies do, with melancholy which had but little hope in it. They have set themselves up as a specially thinking body, and there is precious little original thought in them. Men and women want to know what to do with their lives, with their passions, with their temptations and with those desires which end in faith; and they are given nothing but theology and philosophy at second hand. They want something positive—were it only statements like those in John's epistles: This is darkness, that light; this truth, that a lie—want it even without proof, and they are given negations; it is miserable. It is the curse and disease of an antagonistic position, and if they really believed in anything, they would not bother so much to prove it and to disprove the opposite. Faith is fire in the heart, and when a man believes in God and all that flows from his union with man, it is so wonderful and glorious a thing that he cannot speak of its opposites. He proclaims the light he loves, and in the light he knows that falsehood will finally die. If the light doesn't kill it, his argument will not." There are copious extracts from Brooke's voluminous diaries which contain carefully thought out conclusions on the problems of life and destiny. In 1898 he wrote: "It is difficult as one grows older to feel as much as one did the importance to individuals of their individual trouble. So much experience has taught me to feel that sorrows and pain which once seemed overwhelming do not overwhelm and are turned by fortitude into powers of the soul. In us, or rather in us in God, resides that which, if we are brave, if we keep love, conquers life. The soul is the master of all evil, outward and inward." Book V is entitled The Second Harvest, and furnishes a record of the amazing amount of work which he accomplished after he reached the age of seventy years. "Of the last twenty years of Brooke's life it may be said with confidence that never was his spirit so clear, his presence so radiant, his self-expression so intense, his whole

personality so rich in emanations that charmed and inspired." Between 1896 and 1913 he published seventeen books, and was also busy lecturing, preaching and painting. An entry in his diary is very suggestive in this connection: "I know so many old men who have much deeper feeling for life and keener desire to get out of it its treasures than the young men whom I meet possess. They are even more reckless than the young men. It seems to me strange in contrast to the studied apathy and boredom of life which I meet so frequently among the young, and which bores me by its contact to extinction. Those follow the gleam, these never see a ray of it." In reply to a criticism that his sermons were not simple, he said: "Men are too lazy to think in church; they want something which gives them no trouble. Now I want if I can to give them trouble, to make them think, to make them say, 'What does this man mean? Does God say as he says? Is he telling me right or wrong?' And so to awaken personal investigation of the Bible, personal prayer for light. With this object I try to make my sermons novel with as much clearness of expression as I can use." The large congregations which he always had justified him in his course. Mr. Brooke's correspondence was extensive, and there are letters not only to the immediate members of his family, some of which might have been omitted, but also letters to people of note, among whom were J. R. Green, Viscount Bryce, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and letters from Matthew Arnold, Ruskin and others. This is one of the most encouraging biographies of recent years and deserves to be very widely read.

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, with the assistance of John A. Selbie and Louis H. Gray. Vol. IX, Mundas-Phrygians. Pages, xx+911. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Edinburgh: T & T. Clark, 1917. Price, $7 per volume.

As another volume of this tremendous venture in learning appears we are struck with the disappearance of the German names from the list of contributors (occasioned by this accursed war), though the French of course keep up their numbers. In the first volume (1908) there were 7 French and 14 German contributors, in the eighth (1916) there were 3 French and 20 German, and in this there are 7 French and 5 German. We predict there will be no Germans in vol. x. After the war is over will there be resumption of that beautiful intercourse of scholars which was such a marked characteristic of the last quarter of a century? Will there be an aftermath of devilish international hate? In this volume Menzies, a shrewd Scotchman, who, like many of his countrymen, especially in the Established Church, has been tinged with German rationalism, sketches Paul in 15 pages, though hardly with the scholarly apparatus we should expect. It was apparently his last effort, as he died during its progress, and it had to be completed by Edie. Its most striking point is his apparent adoption of Norden's hypothesis that Paul's speech on Mars Hill is made up by the author from Greek Stoic and other writers, hitching together a lot of quotations and palming off the whole on Paul. This

makes Paul more of an ignoramus than we thought him, because his other writings show him perfectly competent to deliver the speech. If it is supposititious, it was certainly a smart hit to add on the references to repentance, the judgment, and the resurrection (Acts 17. 30, 31). C. Anderson Scott's article on the Paulicians holds that they are a "section in that continuous stream of anti-Catholic and anti-hierarchical thought and life which runs parallel with the stream of 'orthodox' doctrine and organization practically through the history of the church." They built largely on Scripture, rejected priesthood, hierarchy, image-worship, monasticism, and called their clergy fellow travelers (Acts 19. 29), among whom there was no distinction in dress or habits. On this impulse they repudiated infant baptism, purgatory, intercession of saints, etc. The article Pawnee tells about the human sacrifices among those tribes, of a brave rescue of a victim in 1817, and of how the rite has been obsolete for over eighty years. Whitley, in Persecution (Modern Christian), has apparently not studied the Elizabethan persecution of the Catholics, which was for religious reasons as well as political, as in the persecution of the early Christians, and the political was itself a form of persecution. The damnable intolerance of Elizabeth and her Anglican advisers against Congregationalists, Catholics, and other Christians is a deep blot on the fame of England. It is disingenuous to speak of the Pilgrims using the "stocks, the cage, the jail," etc., as these were the ordinary punishments of the times. Either more or less should have been said of the treatment of the Quakers by both Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, as what is said gives a false impression. The Plymouth colony was private property, assigned in the second patent, 1629, to Bradford, "his heirs, associates and assigns," and the Quakers had no more right to persist in staying there when not wanted than in pushing into the house of the author of this article. Besides they were far from the innocent Friends of to-day, going to fanatical excesses of conduct which almost argue insanity. "They came not to find a home, but to molest the homes already established. New Plymouth was a private domain held by a copartnership of citizens who interfered with the faith and practice of no people outside their borders, and demanded like exemption for themselves." See remarks by Goodwin in his valuable The Pilgrim Republic, Boston, 1888 ('99), 479-82. Nor is it true that the Puritan colony of Massachusetts Bay "acted from loftier motives" than Plymouth. The contrary was rather true. The former was inclined to imitate the lonely tolerance of Holland, but was egged on to stricter measures by both the Bay and the Colonial Commissioners. Still Whitley's is a good article, with much interesting information, and there is an admirable treatment of Persecution (Early Church) by Gwatkin and of Persecution (Roman Catholic) by Fawkes. W. T. Arnold, who has always taken a favorable view of Mohammedanism, gives in Persecution (Mohammedan) many instances of persecution by Islam and compulsory conversion—very instructive article. The reasoning of Adam in article on Perseverance has an antiquated sound. If there is no real danger of a Christian finally falling away numerous passages of Scriptures are deceptive and frivolous. It is

hardly to be assumed that God treats his people so dishonestly, warning them against dangers absolutely non-existent on the Calvinist premise. Articles on Personification in different religions are very valuable, and the 16 articles on music are almost worth the price of the book. The article by Maclean (Episcopal) on Ordination is exceedingly instructive, but on the apostolic church especially it needs supplementing and correcting from Hatch, article Ordination in Dictionary of Christian Antiquities, and from Sohm, Kirchenrecht, pp. 56-66. See Platt's admirable article on Perfection (Christian), Parsons on Pelagianism, the series on Mysticism, Hartland's long discussion of Phallism (for surprising Roman Catholic customs see p. 818, col. 1), Box on the Pharisees ("the Pharisee religion never failed to produce genuine examples of profound pity, while its positive achievements in the domain of religious institutions were astonishing"—he quotes K. Kohler in Jewish Encyc., ix, 665, "Only in regard to intercourse with the unclean and 'unwashed' multitude, with the am ha-arez (people of the land), the publican and the sinner, did Jesus differ widely from the Pharisees"); series of ten articles on Philosophy; McIntyre on Phrenology (does not appear to know The Phrenological Journal, New York, published long after the English Journal of the same name was suspended in 1847); Ramsay's long and interesting treatise on the religion of the old Phrygians (worship of Mary by the Church influenced by the "Mother of God" goddess in Ephesus, p. 908, col. 2); elaborate article on Pessimism and Optimism; another by Griswold on Pessimism (Indian); Fawkes, on the Papacy (who quotes Rothe as saying that Christianity is the most changeable thing there is, and that that is its special glory, and then Fawkes adds, "The Papacy has, Christianity has not, arrested and excluded change"); and numerous other articles full of learning and interest. But that judgment of Fawkes on the papacy is a little onesided. It is the law of all institutions when once organized to resist change. The United States is about the same to-day as it was in 1790, and our church resisted so slight a change as the introduction of a few pious laymen into the General Conference for nearly three quarters of a century.

Atlas of the Historical Geography of the Holy Land. Designed and edited by George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., principal of the University of Aberdeen. Prepared under the direction of J. G. Bartholomew, LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., at the Edinburgh Geographical Institute. Quarto. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $10 net.

Dean Church once wrote that a map is a historical as well as a geographical picture, and represents on the background of unchanging nature the changing feats and fortunes of men. A map, or rather a series of maps, of Palestine can be prepared only by one who has large and accurate biblical and historical knowledge, and who knows the country at first hand by extensive travel. We know what to expect from Principal George Adam Smith. His expositions of Isaiah and the twelve prophets have made those ancient seers live again and speak with the unction of the Divine Spirit

to our own day. These four volumes were appropriately supplemented by the Yale lectures on "Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament," in which a modern prophet showed young preachers and older how to interpret and apply the inspired voices from the past. The fact that The Historical Geography of the Holy Land is in the seventeenth edition and is quoted by all biblical scholars sufficiently proves its real worth. We are gratified to note that this volume is included in the course of study for the fourth year. And now, after twenty-one years, distinguished by numerous other services, Dr. Smith offers his atlas. It is with feelings of joy that one handles this beautiful book, and with gratitude that he turns over its pages, which enrich the study of the Bible and of Christianity. Here is a unique combination of eminent scholarship and authoritative cartography, and the results are most satisfactory. The purpose of this historical atlas is to give the setting of Palestine in the midst of adjacent lands and to trace its varied history and influence during the centuries up to the present time. This encyclopædic task is carried out with characteristic ability. There are twenty-one pages of succinct and lucid notes on the maps, with a full explanatory bibliography; four pages of chronological tables; fifty-eight maps with three insets; and twelve four-column pages of a general index. This atlas has in mind the needs of students of the Bible and of church history, among whom preachers are in the majority. The maps are arranged in four parts. The first contains maps of the Semitic world; Western Asia before B. C. 1400; the world empires of Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Alexander the Great, and Rome; Western Asia from the fourth to the second century, B. C.; the world and its races according to the Old Testament, making vivid the names in Genesis 10; and Egypt and the Sinai Peninsula. The second part has a map of ancient trade routes to Palestine, showing its relation to the rest of the world; an economic map of modern Palestine, indicating the character of its industries; a two-page orographical map, setting forth the elevations by various colors, and giving the roads, driving roads, railways, and steamer routes; the geological map makes clear the several formations; and the vegetation map shows how really small is the extent of cultivable land. Next come eight large sectional maps, accompanied by eight indexes, which together constitute a most comprehensive map of Palestine and its environs. The third part is more distinctively historical. In sixteen maps we follow the political and social changes in Palestine from B. C. 1500 to A. D. 70. One map is devoted to the heroic times of the Maccabees, and recognition is thus given to the importance of the Apocrypha in the study of biblical history. Six maps of Jerusalem at different periods and one of modern Jerusalem enable us to realize the significance of the holy city. On this subject Dr. Smith has written two large volumes, which are greatly prized by all Bible students on account of the mine of information pertaining to "Jerusalem," from the earliest times to A. D. 70. The last part deals with the Christian era. One map is on Saint Paul's travels; another on Asia Minor indicates the positions of the seven churches; two maps show graphically the strength of the church in the empire under Trajan and

under Constantine. The others are maps of Palestine in the fourth century A. D.; Syria and Palestine in the time of the Crusades; Europe and the Nearer East during the Crusades; the expansion of Christianity in Europe and Asia; the present political divisions of Palestine under Turkey; and Protestant and Roman Catholic missions in Palestine. Two facsimile maps of Palestine from the fourth and the seventeenth centuries show the advance in map-making during these present days of scientific precision and reliability. We have given this somewhat detailed description of the atlas so that our readers may recognize its unusual value. It will be the standard work of its kind for many years, and should find a place, together with The Historical Geography of the Holy Land, in the working library of every thoughtful preacher. This atlas will be found of additional value since Jerusalem was taken by General Allenby from the Turks, who have held it since 1517, for exactly four hundred years. The Palestinian campaign of seven weeks reflected great credit on the British forces. The advance on the holy city was delayed because they did not want to run the risk of injuring any of the sacred places, which were precious to Jew, Moslem, or Christian. It is a remarkable coincidence that this sensational event should have happened on December 9. This day was the two thousand and seventieth anniversary of the Maccabean festival which celebrated the recovery of Jerusalem from the heathen oppressor, which event altered the spiritual future of the human race. We are confident that the changes in the Holy Land under British rule will be of the best.

The Churches of the Federal Council. Their History, Organization, and Distinctive Characteristics, and a Statement of the Development of the Federal Council. Edited by CHARLES S. MACFARLAND. 12mo, pp. 266. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

The Progress of Church Federation. By CHARLES S. MACFARLAND. 12mo, pp. 191. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

AN understanding of our differences will do much toward removing them. The multiplication of religious denominations has been caused by nationalism, polity, doctrine, and the spirit of protest. This last has been characteristic of Protestantism, which has always sought to supplant the barrenness and inefficiency of the religion of its time with something better. In many instances the tendency has been to go to extremes, with resulting outbursts of fanaticism. A calm discussion of this momentous subject is found in The Psychology of Sects, by Dr. Henry C. McComas. He deals with the subject from the standpoint of varieties of human types and offers a rational explanation of the existence of many of the divers and diversified sects. There are over one hundred and eighty in this country, whose hospitable and restless atmosphere has encouraged such an amazing multiplication, to the neutralizing and weakening of the influence of Christianity. There are suggestive studies of the action, experiential and intellectual types which have become embodied in several denomina-

tions. It is also recognized that no single body holds the monopoly of one or more of these types. Among the leveling forces, the first place is given to the public school, the college, and university; another is the widespread interest in missions; and yet others are the Sunday school, the Young People's movements, and the practice of exchanging church letters. These are steps toward unity and federation, and this subject is thoroughly canvassed in the volume edited by Dr. Macfarland, the General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. This organization has already done much toward Christian comity and cooperation, since the first Conference which was held at Carnegie Hall, New York, November 15-21, 1905. A full chapter is given to its activities. The other thirty chapters deal with as many denominations, and they are written by representatives who speak from first-hand and reliable knowledge. The possibilities of organic union between the sects within sects are very encouraging and the negotiations between these members of the same denominational family promise excellent results for the progress of the Kingdom of God. The chapters are, however, written from the standpoint of federation. Four are given to four branches of Baptists, six to the Methodists, five to the Presbyterians, four carry the word Evangelical in their names. Never was the need greater for cooperation on a common basis, for the extension of Christianity and the extermination of evil in all of its forms. Such a course will discourage that sectarian zeal which shows neither knowledge nor courtesy and whose bigotry is pathetically unlike the charity in Christ. It was natural that the writers of the several chapters in dealing with the distinctive elements of their respective denominations should occasionally indulge in special pleading. But there is nothing of the proselytizer in any of them and there is also a healthy absence of self-satisfaction which is akin to the conceit of the Pharisee. These are all indications of the better day coming. As a book of reference the volume is invaluable. It will help to remove misunderstanding, to increase sympathy with the attitude and outlook of the other denominations even when there cannot be agreement, and to deepen that spirit of toleration and appreciation which will make impossible the checkmating of each other's work to the detriment of both and to the loss of the cause of Christ. It is a particularly helpful contribution to the study of contemporary church history and should therefore be known by every preacher. Supplementary to this volume is another which records what has been done by the Federal Council during the quadrennium from 1912 to 1916. Its manysided activities in the interest of the social applications of Christianity alone justify its existence, but much more has been accomplished. It has acted as a clearing house for the evangelical denominations and as their representative body at the national capital during these critical months of the war. A large program has been outlined by the Council through its commissions on inter-church federations, evangelism, social service, country life, temperance, education, international justice and good will, and relations with the Orient. All this is an earnest of yet greater results in the coming days. Both these volumes will stimulate the cause of Christian progress.

A READING COURSE

The Social Teachings of the Prophets and Jesus. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

We are gradually learning that the Bible is a book of life. Its central and supreme interest is God and man. It is so correct an interpretation of life that it has been profitably studied from many angles. Only recently has the missionary message of the Bible received any appreciation. Dr. James S. Dennis has graphically shown in his three large volumes on "Christian Missions and Social Progress," what beneficent changes have taken place among non-Christian peoples after they accepted the gospel of redemption. This fact has reacted favorably on the church at home. Its significance has further been intensified by modern biblical scholarship and the pressure of social problems. We are thus being led to see that the Bible has a distinctly social message. Seer, prophet, sage, and apostle were guided by outstanding principles which aimed to humanize and socialize life by setting God at the center. They were all persuaded that from him alone there proceeds light to illumine, life to strengthen, and love to inspire us in the continuous service of our fellows, in the name and spirit of Jesus Christ. Well might Charles Kingsley say that the Bible is "the true radical reformer's guide, God's everlasting witness against oppression and cruelty and idleness." One of the best books on this subject is by Professor Kent. He enjoys first rank among Bible scholars and has made a place for himself by his many excellent contributions. The History of the Hebrew People, two volumes; The History of the Jewish People; The Historical Bible, six volumes; The Student's Old Testament, five volumes, are among his more important writings. He combines in a remarkable way scientific precision with popular exposition, and he does not burden his pages with technical disputes and academic differences. His latest volume is really a source book in which he traces the progressive development of the social ideals from the days of Moses to the establishment of the Christian Church. We do not agree with some of the conclusions of critical scholarship which he accepts. Then again in his desire to make clear the social significance of the Bible he tends to belittle its religion and theology. He further does not emphasize sufficiently the spiritual and eternal elements of the gospel, without which the social gospel is more like "a harness to be put on society rather than a heart to be put into it." These criticisms are not meant to disparage what is in many respects the most suggestive book on the subject.

The first chapter discusses the crisis through which Egypt was passing when Moses came on the scene. The Egyptian situation was occasioned by the union of great wealth and political power in the hands of a few and by the discontent and revolt of men who were unjustly herded together and pitilessly exploited. The true method of reform is not that of violence which Moses learned to his own confusion, but that of "education and organization of those industrially oppressed; clear presentation

of their claims and rights; patient, persistent agitation in order to educate public opinion; and efficient organization to protect their interests." The lessons of this period are impressively brought out by Dean C. R. Brown in his Yale lectures on "The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit." This book is well worth study, as is also King Coal, by Upton Sinclair, who sharply arraigns the industrial exploitations of our own day. How do your own observations agree with these findings? It is quite refreshing to learn that the Hebrew commonwealth was more democratic than it was despotic and that not ancient Hellas but Palestine was the original home of democracy. The great principle of democracy which we are endeavoring to apply to every part of our modern life was repeatedly enforced by the leaders of Israel. Elijah was one of the first defenders of the rights of the people against the aggressions of the ruling and moneyed class. Sin is so fatal because of its unsocial character and effects. Cain is such a red-handed criminal because there was not a spark of social consciousness within him. The tenth chapter of Genesis teaches in the simplest and most direct way that all nations are bound together by common blood and are the creation of one common God. Loyalty to God is the star which alone guides men through the temptations and misfortunes of life to the truest happiness. These few sentences show the fine quality of this volume. Ample justice is done to the work of the Hebrew prophets. The chapter titles indicate the character of the contents: Amos's interpretation of the responsibilities of the rich and ruling classes; Hosea's analysis of the forces that destroy and upbuild society; The social ideals of the statesman Isaiah; Micah, the tribune of the common people. Note how all these men insisted that a right relation with God is indispensable to the highest social efficiency. How does this bear on some of our modern un-religious social programs? A fine chapter is given to an exposition of the social principles of Deuteronomy. Compare it with chapters xiii and xiv on the social teachings of the wise; then turn to chapters xxi and xxii on the teachings of Jesus regarding the family and the state, and note the steady advance made in the conceptions of duty and obligation. The mature political ideals of Israel centered in the progressive unfolding of the Messianic prophecies which were not predictions but ideals concretely expressed. "They represent the highest aspirations not only of the Hebrew race but of the most enlightened citizens of the ancient world. They stand as goals to be attained. They are also vivid assurances that all the forces of the universe work with those who strive to realize the divine purpose in the life of mankind." The exile did much to broaden Israel's horizon. One proof of this is found in the ideal of social service of the second Isaiah. The nation came out of the crucible of suffering with a deepened sense of responsibility both to God and man. The crisis through which the world is now passing will enable the nations to appreciate more fully the truth of brotherhood, provided the church learns how to give itself to patient, persistent, devoted effort to uplift and transform humanity, in the spirit of voluntary self-sacrifice.

Part III, on the Social Ideals of Jesus, is a careful exposition of the

Master's teaching on social, civic and economic subjects. The writer draws a fair picture of Jesus the friend and sympathizer of the oppressed, who won the ready assent of his hearers by the ringing note of conviction based on personal experience. But it is an inadequate presentation of the character of Jesus. There cannot be a true brotherhood which is not broadly and deeply based on the divine Fatherhood. We need a communion with God which is personal and direct if we are to make his will the ruling aim of all we think and feel and do. Professor Kent gives the impression that this God is more a power that makes for righteousness, as Matthew Arnold vainly sought to demonstrate. We prefer to rely on the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who also is our God in whom we trust and who is the guide of our life. The chapter on The Rule or Kingdom of God is therefore seriously defective even though the practical conclusions are acceptable. There is also a failure to recognize the presence of the living Christ in the early church. It was this experience of apostle and disciple which explains more than anything else the achievements of the first-century Christians in giving expression to the spirit of brotherhood. We cannot agree that Paul the social teacher and organizer is commanding more attention and enthusiastic admiration than Paul the theologian. It is rather Paul the practical mystic who must be reckoned with as the effective exponent and advocate of the gospel of redemption. Professor Kent's criticism of socialism in contrast to Christianity applies to much of his own exposition. It places far too much emphasis on material values, focuses attention chiefly on the economic problems of society, and limits its vision to the present physical world. Instead it should, as Christianity does, make more of the ethical and spiritual, and regard man's life here and beyond as arcs of a larger circle. There is, however, much to stimulate our thought in these chapters. Note where the book is found wanting and what must be supplied to give social Christianity both fulness and depth, that it may thoroughly serve the present age.

Side Reading

The Social Problem. By C. A. Ellwood (Macmillan, $1.25). The social problem is at bottom a question of the relations of men to one another. It can be solved only as the central place is given to character, which will introduce a new soul and impart a new set of values. After considering the historical, physical, economic, spiritual, and ideal aspects of the problem, we are shown that our most pressing need is that of social leadership. An excellent introduction to the subject.

Social Evangelism. By H. F. Ward (Missionary Education Movement, 50 cents). Has the thrill and urgency of Jesus's enthusiasm of humanity. Appeals to the Christianized conscience and indicates in what directions the church must build the City of God upon this earth and so compass the redemption of the world.

For information about books of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METHODIST REVIEW

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THE REVELATION OF SAINT JOHN THE DIVINE

Adam Clarke, that erudite Methodist commentator, refused to write a commentary on the book of Revelation, whereupon some humorless brain proceeded to do what the Irish keen wit had refrained from doing, and the result is printed in Clarke's Commentaries. A commentary is an attempted explanation, wherefore The Revelation, which is a conflagration, does not yield to the commentator's pen. This present writer, therefore, is in haste to remark that he attempts no comment on this wonderful book. He is ill in arithmetic, and so will not cipher on the number of the beast 666. Were he an arithmetician he would be dissuaded from the sum aforesaid in view of the sorry array of figures which those wise in numbers have inflicted upon us, though not to the getting a correct answer. Possibly it were better to let God do his own figuring. God can cipher. The solitary purpose of this writer is to stand, or kneel, and wonder and rejoice and worship. That is not mathematical: that is human, and discreet.

This is how The Revelation appeals to one body: if left in the hands of an untutored mind who dwelt on the edges or in the heart of the desert, or dwelt rimmed round by the unshored ocean, by perusal of this book of rapture he would become a poet laureate. I should hesitate to put this book of fire in my pocket lest it should compel immediate conflagration. The Parsees should love this book—and would, should they read it. It is the volume of the multi-suns. Fire burns on every promontory and blazes in every low-sagging valley. Sometimes a volcano is in eruption, giving out a wild flaunting banner of sullen flame, sometimes it is moon-

rise, and the sky is grown silvern with that shadow-light which God endowed when he thought out the moon, sometimes a starry radiancy of evening skies, sometimes a sun, or a galaxy of them —but light all-wheres, so that in this book there is no unlit room. Radiancy appears ubiquitous and promissory of being eternal. All dark spots shall in due time leap out into authoritative glory. This is the Glory-book. Shadows and darkness are to be burnt up. "Let there be light," it would seem, is the motto of this book God took in hand to write. He is banishing the dark; he is ensphering the dawn so that it may take an eternal sunrise for the soul.

The Revelation is a book of spirit. Spirit only counts. The world, whereby the race has set such uncommon store, is, in this book, on the way to extinction, like a too-old volcano crater. Like the leaves on a green tree, when the fire burns too near, the world's substance withers, shrinks, falls. All solid things, as man had reckoned, prove volatile; the spirit things bound out into the landscape of eternity as the real substantialities. In this book is the certain, authoritative change of the center of gravity. Cities, mountains, kingdoms, governments make exodus, while the impalpable human soul, sainthood, the Church, the Lamb of God—the Resurrection and the Life, the Beginning and the End—the Almighty God, eternal conscience, the authority of the soul, the fruits of patience, the glory of goodness, the perpetuity of holy influence, the inevanescence of love, the calm eternal preeminence of God, the subsiding, as in a bitter sea, of all earthly kingdoms and dominions, and from the dim swirl and wrath of that wide, wild water the emergence of the Kingdom, when the kingdom of this world shall become a Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ—these are some of the things which no diminution can overtake and no mutilation can maim. The things we, in history, had supposed were perishable, and which we feared for and trembled over with brooding heart, are shown to be the eternal, the eventual immortalities. The universe has swapped centers. Matter must make way for spirit. Not that matter is a myth, but that it is diseased, and is perishable, and that it makes its blinded way toward sepulture while spirit, open-eyed and mighty, strengthened,

makes way into everlastingness, where tears dim eyes no more nor sorrow waits to deck the brow with withered leaves.

The Revelation is eternity on fire. God has seen fit to put eternity in a bonfire to the end that man might see what could not be burned up in any fire. We need such illumination. We had long enough had our torch of rushlight blowing in the wind to see by. Behind us was lit in a poor fashion, but before us was a valley of the shadow of death and this side of it stood the mountain of the shadow of life. We were heading into shadow. The tender saying of an old-time singer was, "He lighteth my candle." And our need is for a lamp for our feet and a light to the path. When the stars are invisible, or their tremulous light not enough to walk by, what shall lamp that night? Then cometh Christ with that song of daylight, "I am the light of the world." Howbeit, himself passed on a sunny day through sunny skies into a sunlight behind the sunlight and our graves are with us yet—ah, yet! And evil was raucous-voiced, and wickedness wore its bloody sword in its right hand and smote night and day, day and night, and history was like a beggar in the sun, who loitered rather than journeyed, and limped as always lamed, and begged with beggar's lips in beggar's humdrum iterance; and we plodded into a shadow afoot; and then God set eternity on fire that we might have the night-time of our darkness lit, and flung into the bold flaming outline of the serried mountain ranges of eternity the victory of righteousness to make us neighbors of heart's-ease rather than heart's-hurt, because we saw that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." So when God has lit his light we do well to watch the conflagration on the landscape.

"The Book-of-Vision-of-the-Landscape-of-the-Long-run"—that is the Revelation of Saint John the Divine. The Short-run, we know that landscape. There have we dwelt. It is an uncertain land, where tears mix with the sunlight and we can scarcely focus our sight on a scene ere it is drenched with a storm or lost in some sudden midnight. The peevish landscape of the Now and Near nags us, and ministers to constant perturbation. It unmans our spirit. We grow neurotic with its sudden and peevish changes.

We cannot keep our heads nor are we quite schooled to keep our hearts. We have inward fever. Our lips parch sometimes even when we come to pray. Sleet stings in the face and eyes so that we cannot see even when we look. Who knows how things are going to come out? We walk by faith. God says things will come out well, and bids us bide in peace. So we try to do, and so we do after our hectic fashion; but the way is long, and we are only tarrying a brief space, of a day or less, and we cannot command the landscape. While we look it shifts or vanishes. "How will things come out?" We weep, or pray sobbingly. Death stings us in the face, and by our tears our sight is blinded. "We touch God's right hand in the darkness and are lifted up and strengthened"—howbeit, we did not see; we could not see. The faces of our vanished beloved—we cannot quite set our eyes upon them. Where are our dear saints hid? Where do they stay while we are coming? Are they "kept by the power of God" for us near him? Soul, thou weepest so in thy praying, and thine eyes are too full of tears to see when the clouds rush apart for a moment, so that ere thou canst brush the tears away to look the vision is spent! Then God sets eternity on fire for us to see by and things invisible become apparent. Philosophy of History is a book we have read with less or more of information. Yet here in The Revelation is that philosophy of history set on fire, and we see it not as on a page, printed in black, but on a landscape of eternity written in fire. "Earth's holocaust" was what weird Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote of. Eternal holocaust is what the patient God wrote of in the book of Revelation.

"We who are about to die salute you" (*morituri salutamus*) was what the broken blade, called gladiator, sang with his last refrain; and in the Revelation the things that are not about to die (*non-morituri salutamus*) salute you. The deathless things spring into the daylight and lift up their carol. The deathlessnesses are singing in the heavenly choir. This is the learning of the angels, the anthem of the immortals, the pæan of the blood-washed who constitute the unfettered company of the redeemed, the hymnody of those who dwell near God about the throne.

The sublimity of the Revelation of Saint John the Divine

is to be set against all literature. Only the book of Job and the Gospels, memorabilia of the Son of God, can be mentioned here without a lurch in the voice. Of earth's monographs, Milton's Paradise Lost, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and Dante's Trilogy only can be spoken of. The Gospels give "the days of his flesh," The Revelation gives "the day of his spirit." The Gospels watch God at the cradle, the well, on the dusty way, in the anguish, in the grave, at the resurrection. And we watch while we kneel. His glory! "We beheld his glory in the holy mount, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," was what one disciple long after said. In The Revelation his glory is his every-day apparel.

> And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters.

This is the first picture painted of the Son of God. John wrote a biography of Christ, our Lord, but not in all did he attempt a portrait. The family picture of the Saviour might well be omitted. The eternal picture of the Lord of Life and Glory we must possess. John the Beloved becomes the first painter of his Master. His portrait is a blaze of pure splendor, light—all light. I can scarcely watch, the glory blinds me so.

"Jove frowned and darkened half the sky," presumably is the sublimest conception Homer has of his god. Though when we set alongside of this that pure rush of light, the purple splendor and the sun-white splendor of The Revelation, we cannot see Olympic Jove. The light of The Revelation's splendor changes Homeric splendor to dim twilight. Watch and see:

> And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written that no man knew but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and

clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. . . . And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

Here is seen "a woman clothed with the sun"—what raiment!—and the moon was under her feet; and the revelator saw "an angel standing in the sun"—not touched with flame or fearful of it! Poet John Zebedee, preacher John Zebedee, beloved John Zebedee, further saw an angel "with one foot on the land and one foot on the sea"—and the angel stood as if his feet pressed on a granite floor! He saw:

And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle. . . . And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped.

He sat and yet did the world's work. He sat on a cloud and harvested the ground!

Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus.

And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire: and he had in his hand a little book open: and he sat his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth: and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices.

Ah me! this is glorious apparel. The garments of eternity are very bright. No mourning gowns are worn in heaven! "Clothed with a cloud," we read of that; and "a rainbow is upon his head," and "his face was as it were the sun." Earth's imagery vanishes like a wasted dewdrop before sublimities like these. To be flatly accurate, there is no other sublimity when The Revelator opens his lips. He saw—

And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and

rocks, "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

He saw—

And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree.

He saw how "every island fled away and the mountains were not found." And he saw

thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and for the word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.

He saw souls. That is the Revelation in eternity. Souls we have not seen as yet. Men argue about them as if they were not. In eternity souls shall stand out apparent as the throne of God. He saw—

And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.

He saw man immortal. He saw—

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

He saw—

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of

heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel: on the east three gates, on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. . . . And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

He saw eternity at one with God. He saw—

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

"Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." The Lord of the Lamb shall overcome, for he is "Lord of lords and King of kings."

He saw and heard:

And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over

his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

He saw—

And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads.

And he heard—

And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters . . . and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: and they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth.

And saw—

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.

He saw and heard:

And the four and twenty elders, which sat before God on their seats, fell upon their faces and worshiped God, saying, We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned.

He saw and heard besides:

And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer.

I John saw these things and heard them.

No such sight-seeing has been afforded before nor shall be afforded again until we go sight-seeing in eternity. He saw and heard! Here angels are unfamiliar folk. There they crowd every street and smile across all morning meadows and fill all

choirs. Angels, angels everywhere, and the redeemed folks; those who have "come up through great tribulation, and washed their garments and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," those who have been scarred with fire and bitten by the lion's teeth and have suffered innumerable calumnies from wicked lips, there they walk, in everlasting morning, free from care; and God seeth them and smiles what time he looks their way.

The Book of Revelation of Saint John the Divine is the book of souls.

He saw souls. That is The Revelation in eternity. Souls we have not seen as yet. Men argue about them as if they were not. In eternity souls shall stand out apparent as the throne of God. They do not argue souls there—they see them! This is the book of the immortals. No Socrates, no Plato, or Paul argues the immortality of the soul in that immortal country. For the angels and the redeemed folks would laugh such arguments down. They would know such argumentation pure childishness. There they possess a pure immortality. There the babies know themselves immortal, while here their mothers wondered about it while their eyes were wet and their hearts were bleeding. Truly that is "The Better Land." It is the land of Christ the Lord. God there is visible and audible. God is everywhere and near, always near, and they see his face! They walk with him. They live near him. They talk with him. Their east window opens on God's throne so that they possess eternal sunrise.

When eternity puts faith into flower and faith is swallowed up in sight and the God of Love and Time and Eternity walks to and fro among his saints and makes them wonder that ever their hearts grew faint, then our years of weeping shall be forgot and only laughter and tumults of harps and voices and multitudinous glories set to music by the First Musician.

W. A. Quayle.

LOGIC IN RELIGION

The fact that man is endowed with the power of thought naturally has made him believe that he ought to use his brains, and that the results ought to be considered valuable. The importance of thinking led long ago to the formulation of rules of thought and systems of logic such as Aristotle's. There have been times when men have felt that their logical system had reached perfection, practically, and was never to be changed. It is not so today. All the processes of human thought are undergoing drastic criticism. The physiological psychologist, the logician, the philosopher and the sociologist are all at work on fundamentals: what is existence, what is reality, what is truth, what is thought, etc.? Men like Bradley, Poincaré and John Dewey are dealing with these matters *de novo,* and many things formerly considered well settled are again in the air. Strangely enough this has not had much effect on science, for the reason that science does not deal with fundamentals; it accepts them hypothetically, and goes on, leaving philosophy to deal with them. The scientist in his inductive way studies ocean currents, or the spread of weeds over the earth, or spiders, or the use of the bull-roarer in Australia. But the constitution of matter, or the origin of the universe, or the meaning of existence does not occupy him.

The scientific mind obviously cannot be expected to be much interested in religion on its theoretical side. In the department of anthropology, as in Frazer's Golden Bough and Westermarck's History of Human Marriage, it is quite ready to study the social manifestations of religion, but the philosophy of religion does not interest it more than any other form of philosophical thinking. All the scientist knows is to apply his inductive logic to concrete material facts. With those aspects of religion which lie back of such facts he will have nothing to do. They do not interest him. The theologians, on their side, being people also with brains, and inheriting the common belief in logic, have applied it to religion. But their method has differed from that of the scientist, for the

obvious reason that they have been dealing with the invisible and the intangible.

How fundamental religious conceptions came into the mind of man is open to discussion. The ghost theory and the animist theory both have their adherents, and there are syncretists who accept both, and still the possibilities are not exhausted. According to the former theory, it was perhaps through dreams that man became possessed of the belief in existences without bodies and in time attributed such existence to the dead. So spiritual beings were accepted as actual. According to the other theory, the strange phenomena of inanimate things led to the attribution to them of spiritual residents. And the rest followed. But, whatever theory is held, the fact remains that man universally tends to be religious; that is, believes in the existence of higher spiritual beings. He does not come by this belief by logical processes. It is always there, as far back as we can observe, a *datum* of human thought and life. With these beliefs as his material he uses such logical methods as he may have. He reasons, not in the modern scientific way, inductively, but deductively. Certain great religious premises he holds; from these he draws out conclusions. The scientific process is from the known to the unknown. The religious process is from what is accepted as known to detailed analysis of its inferential consequences.

The fundamental presuppositions of religion which spring up spontaneously, apparently, in the mind of man receive interpretation and supplement from great personalities, their actions, their writings, and the institutions which they establish. It is unnecessary to go into detail, but Moses, Gautama, Mohammed, and, we may say it reverently, Jesus, all illustrate the point. None of these persons argued or proved: he enunciated his ideas and let them make their own way by their own force. Thus religion comes to be authoritative and its *data* are given in traditions, or sacred books, or institutions. The foundations of religion, then, do not arise in logical processes. But the theologian comes along, the logician in the sphere of religion, and he takes the *data* authoritatively given and analyzes them. And on the sacred writings he constructs exegesis. Upon the sacred dogmas he con-

structs his systematic theology. The matters he is dealing with lie largely beyond the possibility of direct investigation. His work is therefore mostly purely inferential, without means of verification. He possesses certain premises, and because of them he says certain inferences must follow. So he constructs a whole world that is out of reach. Listen, for example, to Athanasius: "The Father and the Son were not generated from some pre-existing origin, that we may account them brothers, but the Father is the Origin of the Son and begat Him; and the Father is Father, and not born the Son of any; and the Son is Son, and not brother. Further, if He is called the eternal offspring of the Father He is rightly so called. For never was the Essence of the Father imperfect, that what is proper to it should be added afterward." (Discourse 1 Against the Arians, 14.) Here certain qualities are attributed to the divine essence and then it is said that certain results must follow, for logical reasons. This quotation is typical of the theologians. And the natural comment which arises in our minds is that such reasoning does not in any way add to knowledge, for it is wholly *a priori,* and simply unfolds what has already been infolded in the primary hypothesis.

In exegesis the logical process is used somewhat similarly. It is true that there is a limited application of the inductive method in gathering texts and making inferences from them. But after all it is only a seeming induction, for the real inference is deductive with the material as a major premise. Listen, for example, to Dr. Shedd proving the doctrine of the Trinity from the Old Testament: "The passages in the Old Testament which imply the doctrine of the Trinity are: 1. Those in which God speaks in the plural number. . . . 2. Of less logical value in themselves, yet having a demonstrative force in connection with other proofs, are the trisagion in Isaiah 6. 3, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts'; and the three-fold address in Numbers 6. 24-26, 'The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine down upon thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee.' . . . 3. Still more important than either of the two preceding classes of texts, are those in which God is expressly distinguished from God, as subject and object. The theophanies of the Old Testament, like the

incarnation of the Son, are trinitarian in their implication and bearing." And so forth. (Shedd's Dogmatic Theology 1: 263.) Obviously, this logical method, while it has a look of being inductive, is not really so. It takes out only what it has already implicated.

Again, logic is used religiously by starting from some symbolic rite and deriving conclusions from what is posited concerning it. There is, for example, the theory of the apostolic succession transmitted tactually. Concerning this Bishop Moberly says: "In them conjointly [i. e., the twelve apostles] dwelt for the present the fullness of the Holy Spirit, in so far forth as He was given from Christ to be transmitted for the sanctification of mankind. Personal graces, administrative graces, all the diversities of gifts to be given in many divisions to men in the Church through human agency, were to issue from that great gift which, hitherto undivided except to twelve holders, rested for such transmission upon them alone." (Quoted by Canon Newbolt, Religion, 242.) In this passage we have a certain meaning ascribed to a symbolical act, and from this meaning an entire system of ecclesiology is drawn. But nothing is taken out that was not first put in.

These examples of the use of logic in dogmatics, exegesis and symbolics show that there is no real enlargement of knowledge in any one of them. And these examples are to a large degree typical of the vast body of the theological thought of the world. It has meaning only to those who accept its conclusions in advance. In other words, there is no really logical process involved. The question then arises, Has logic any place in religious thinking? Newman tried it, and landed in a skepticism so absolute that it drove him to leap to the other extreme and enter the church which requires mental submission purely on the basis of authority. Some years ago, in a clerical club, a heavy paper on some philosophical aspect of religion was read. When the time for comment came an elderly clergyman (it violates no confidence to say it was the late Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn) said in substance: "I have been deeply interested in the paper. I always admire whatever my dear friend Dr. Blank writes. But I am frank to say that, as to his main contention, I take no stock in it what-

ever. Because Dr. Blank is a logician. And I do not believe in logic."

Has logic any place in religion? If so, what place? Has it any limits to its application to religion? If so, what are they?

As to the former question, whether logic, not in the merely *a priori,* deductive, sense, but in the sense in which it is used elsewhere for the enlargement of human knowledge, has any application to religion, the answer is, yes. And this application of logic to religion, belonging mostly to our own time, is capable of making some revolutionary changes in religious thinking and also in practical life. Some examples of such application are: 1. The construction of biblical texts, what is known as the lower criticism. Let the acute work of Westcott and Hort illustrate this, although it is already outgrown at many points. Very likely we are at only the beginnings of this kind of work. 2. The analytical work based upon the texts, known as the higher criticism. The books published in this department of study are innumerable, and the conclusions are so diverse that there are some who are bewildered and condemn the whole thing as impossible. But some definite results seem to be coming out of the confusion. 3. The sociological history of religion. The work done in anthropology, especially in studying the religious phenomena of peoples living in a comparatively primitive state, has thrown a flood of light on many things heretofore mysterious in early religious history. Our understanding of the Old Testament is largely enhanced by such books as Moore's Commentary on Judges and Kent's Historical Bible. 4. The psychology of religion, based on the study of it in now living persons. Starbuck's well-known book was the forerunner of a whole literature upon this subject. It is likely that we have only made our beginning in this direction as yet. But the work done has already had its effect; for example, on Sunday school curricula. 5. The application of Christian principles to the moral life of individuals, societies, nations, and the world. In the atmosphere of the great war, with possibly the most extensive economical revolution of history preparing among the nations, we realize how far we are from having exhausted the study and application of the teachings of Jesus. In all these new and most

interesting fields there is ample opportunity for the just and precise application of logic, in the scientific sense, to religion.

Now we must turn to the other question: Are there any limits to the application of logic to religion? If so, what are they?

1. One limit is the miraculous. The tendency to-day is naturally to bring the miracles as far as possible into consistency with the rest of our thinking. There are those who feel that the miracles of the Old Testament perhaps belong largely to folk-lore, and that some of those of the New Testament may have been colored by chroniclers later than the event. Nevertheless there is an irreducible minimum which no analysis penetrates and no criticism overthrows. The evidence, such as it is, is too strong, and the difficulties are so much increased by rejecting it that the line of least resistance is seen to be the acceptance of very much that is inexplicable, particularly in the life of Christ. We have passed far away from Hume's position, that no amount of evidence could prove a miracle, to that of Huxley, that there is no *a priori* evidence against miracles for the reason that no scientist would undertake to defend a universal negative, and say that anything could not be; it is simply a question of evidence. But the trouble is that the evidence is so limited that we can do little by cross-examination; on the other hand, it is so much that it cannot be treated as a negligible quantity. So there logic reaches its limit. We cannot prove. We can only judge by probabilities as they seem to us, and decide according to temperament. 2. Another limit to the application of logic to religion is the supernatural in the broad sense. It is the fashion among philosophers to leave the supernatural out of account and say nothing about it. Such thinkers feel that there is nothing in the supernatural that you can take hold of, and the best thing to do is to forget it. But this program of thought is false to man and his position in the universe. It assumes that, according to the old Greek saying, "man is the measure of all things," so that the things he thinks must be universally true. But when we consider the infinitesimally small place man occupies in the universe it looks absurd. It is as though the insect on its blade of grass should speculate as to the outcome of the world war. For, after all, what is human logic? Is it not just

a method of thinking which has grown out of human experience? Is it not really the boiled-down result of man's age-long cogitations about the things he has seen and handled? What reason is there to think it is valid universally? That is rather a large inference, it would seem. We speak of natural law. What is it? It is only the systematized conclusion man draws from his very limited observations, limited both in space and time. We depend on this inference, because we have to think and act and there is nothing else for us to depend upon visibly. But we are often misled by it, and natural law turns out to be quite other than what we thought. Let us recognize at once that the conception of natural law is entirely human; it is merely man's way of looking at the universe. It is good as far as it goes. But how far does it go? Kant pictures man's mental situation as like that of one who is stranded on a little island in the ocean. He soon reaches the limits of his abode, and on every side of him stretch the illimitable reaches of the unknown. And that unknown is as really a part of man's environment as the known. And he is not true to facts unless he takes an attitude of receptivity toward the unknown. And out there in the unknown is God, unreachable by the senses, yet inferentially recognizable in the positive reactions in character and conduct which arise through faith in him. We can no more abolish man's inevitable reaction to God than we can abolish his recognition of the fact that there are vastnesses of space out yonder beyond the farthest reachable stars. 3. Another limit to the use of logic in religion is in making religious definitions. The failure to recognize this is a defect in the thinking both of theologians and scientists. The theologians, as in the Athanasian Creed, have tried to construct an accurate definition of the deity and of Christ's relation to him. The scientist accepts it as such and shows its futility, and so is tempted to throw God over. Both are wrong. For what are words as applied to religious concepts? They are instruments constructed out of human experience which are being applied to matters that transcend human experience. Of course they never perfectly fit. Take the very word God. What do you mean by it? You cannot wholly say. The being designated is vaster than any term or group of terms that could be applied to

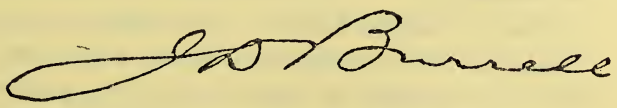
him. So any name is imperfect, and no definition is wholly correct. This does not mean that there is no reality corresponding to the word. Things that are real never wait upon man's ability to name or define them in order to exist. Take, again, such a phrase as the divinity of Christ. What do you mean by it? The hyper-orthodox theologian and the scientifically inclined Unitarian both demand precision in the answer. Both are wrong. There cannot be any such precision. We do not know ourselves what we mean by the divinity of Christ, but that does not mean that we are wrong to use the term, or that there is no reality corresponding to it. Quite the contrary. The fact is, we need to recognize that words are merely symbols, and very imperfect symbols, of ideas, and that in dealing with the infinities of religion they are but shadowy representatives of the sublime verities they suggest. On this point there is a noble piece of theological thinking in the introductory essay, on words and their use in religion, which Horace Bushnell prefixed in 1849 to his volume entitled God in Christ. He says, "As physical terms are never exact, being only names of genera, much less have we any terms in the spiritual department of language that are exact representatives of thought. . . . What, then, it may be asked, is the real and legitimate use of words when applied to moral subjects? for we cannot dispense with them, and it is uncomfortable to hold them in universal skepticism, as being only instruments of error. Words, then, I answer, are legitimately used as the signs of thoughts to be expressed. They do not literally convey, or pass over, a thought out of one mind into another, as we commonly speak of doing. They are only hints, or images, held up before the mind of another to put *him* on generating or reproducing the same thought; which he can do only as he has the same personal contents, or the generative power out of which to bring the thought required."

From the line of thought presented in this paper certain practical conclusions follow: We see the folly of attempts to require of ourselves or others a strictly scientific precision in thinking about religious subjects. We soon reach the point where it becomes impossible; but religion goes on beyond it. We see the folly of expecting to construct precise theological formulas. A

creed at best can be only a symbol, as its Greek name is, a token to indicate what cannot be expressed adequately, much less defined. We see the folly of all heresy trials. Endeavor as conscientiously as they will, neither the defendant nor the prosecutor, nor any of the adherents of either, holds any single word he uses in exactly the same sense as any one else. It is a mental impossibility. We see the folly of the holding apart of the churches on doctrinal grounds, when no one can define any of the doctrines with absolute precision.

The use of logic in religion along the lines previously mentioned is likely to be more and more fruitful with the years. But before the great realities of religion, the deepest experiences of the soul, the logic of man is feeble and almost ridiculous.

Listen, finally, to Bushnell again, who gives this thought in memorable and famous words: "Whoever wants . . . really to behold and receive all truth, and would have the truth-world overhang him as an empyrean of stars, complex, multitudinous, striving antagonistically, yet comprehended, height above height and deep under deep, in a boundless score of harmony; what man soever, content with no small rote of logic and catechism, reaches with true hunger after this, and will offer himself to the many-sided forms of the scripture with a perfectly ingenuous and receptive spirit; he shall find his nature flooded with senses, vastnesses and powers of truth such as it is even greatness to feel. God's own lawgivers, heroes, poets, historians, prophets, and preachers and doers of righteousness will bring him their company, and representing each his own age, character, and mode of thought, shine upon him as so many cross lights on his field of knowledge, to give him the most complete and manifold view possible of every truth."



RETIRING ALLOWANCES IN THE LIGHT OF THE CARNEGIE EXPERIENCE

The social conscience is rapidly developing. It is mad against war; it has grown determined against the licensed liquor traffic, child labor, corrupt municipal government, and shows sensitiveness at graft and the waste of public funds. Congress as well as Saturday, let us hope, will become "porkless." There is also a growing humiliation that men and women after leading useful lives come in old age to distress and poverty. Grant that often the parties involved have been careless in their expenditures, yet society is at the same time under condemnation for allowing promoters to rob gullible teachers and preachers of their savings with the promise of large profits and quick returns; for acquiescence year after year in insurance estimates that are shown practically fraudulent by the settlements that follow; and by a rate of interest in savings banks that records the greed of those who manage and the helplessness of those who patronize them. It is a social injustice almost never mentioned that savings banks depositors should be compelled to divide the earning power of their savings in order to secure safety. The pensions for civil service employees in England and Germany, the retiring allowances contracted for by several great universities, the Carnegie pensions in a selected list of institutions, as well as the attempts of the churches to provide suitable retiring allowances for their preachers, all indicate the solicitude of the public concerning old age and poverty.

In 1915, after ten years' experience, the Carnegie Foundation announced a determination to change its plans. The reasons assigned for the change were that only a limited number of institutions could participate under the old arrangement, lack of conclusive reasons for choosing among the colleges in making up the list of those whose faculties should be pensioned, and the inadequacy of the protection furnished those who teach in the accredited institutions. In the background doubtless were other reasons not mentioned: the difficulties in college administration which the system

created, the arrogance it bred in individual cases, and the incompetency and improvidence that have been consequent upon it. It must have taken courage to face about and admit the serious educational menace that was beginning to appear. But to these reasons which determined the action of the trustees must be added the wish to render a wider and more lasting public service by establishing a just and feasible system of pensions that will appeal to individual responsibility and comport with personal independence. In accordance with this spirit of helpfulness the Foundation has just recommended to all church and Conference pension boards "extreme caution and consultation with the best actuarial experience before pension schemes are definitely framed." This advice comes *ex post facto,* to most of our Conferences, but its value needs to be generally recognized. Even now it will be worth while for our Conference stewards to recognize certain actuarial facts, and to try to ascertain what Conference collections, individual participation and accumulated capital will be required to care for Conference claimants. The old Carnegie plan developed weaknesses that closely parallel those of our Conference retiring allowances, and their modified proposals make a comment that seems to have application in the appropriation of the income raised for Conference claimants. The Carnegie Foundation has been compelled to limit its gift to furnishing overhead expenses, guaranteeing interest rates, and looking after accrued liabilities among its pensioners, leaving the great body of beneficiaries to buy their own pensions. This change of method, as well as other considerations, makes worth while a brief exposition of the "Comprehensive Plan for Insurance and Annuities for College Teachers," by Dr. Pritchett, Secretary of the Foundation.

The claim to a pension cannot, it would seem, be based upon the altruism of the teacher, and then neither upon that of the preacher. Let us keep to reality. Men enter the ministry for the same reasons they enter other callings—the immediate opportunity, the social advantage, the love of books, and the hypnosis of hearing, from people whose judgment ought not to be determinative, "God has put his hand upon you for the ministry." Ambition for preferment as well as the highest motives of service and consecra-

tion will on analysis appear to be present. The retiring allowance makes itself heard in the choice of professors for Carnegie pension schools, and in Conference debates, just as it obtrudes itself into Jacob's prayer at Bethel. In Germany the pension is so much the part of a teacher's life that it is almost unthinkable that a professor would accept a position not carrying one. There are other motives in the church, and especially among the Methodists; for example, the fixed salary and the tenure of grade when once it is attained. But there is also emulation in the possibility of appointments to districts and big city pastorates, and elections to secretaryships, college presidencies, and bishopries work their leaven, perhaps unconsciously, in the brain. What we denominate the mission "call" has along with it the inducement of travel, responsibility in administrative matters not committed to young men in the home Conferences, and support equitably apportioned with the older men on the field. Why not say it? We do not disparage the great motive; we only say that it is interwoven with other motives that are not pensionable. There are possibilities of harm in any pension plan, just as they are present in any movement for social and economic betterment. Let it be frankly acknowledged that, as at present administered, the men who merit the retiring allowances do not always get them. That is true both of annuitants and "necessitous" cases. Men who have made an annual saving, and have invested it, and who have realized the truth of the scriptural maxim, "To him that hath shall be given," do not excite the sympathy of the stewards for their just annuity claim. The "necessitous" can hardly be known without an inquisition that puts a premium on falsehood or is utterly ruinous to delicacy. This latter group of cases is made up of what the life insurance companies call "accrued liabilities," and while they are immediate, and must be helped, they are claimants for charity and not cases for pension. For example, one group of cases is represented by a young preacher, not yet through the Conference course of study, who died without life insurance. In his case the Conference is called upon to carry a burden which it never should have assumed. Another illustrative case is that of a preacher who for years has put his savings into the support or waste of a reckless son, or who by support of those without claim upon

the Conference has made himself "necessitous." Then we have the great company of those who have no idea of saving; who anticipate support out of the Conference funds, and whose income, large or small, is spent annually. None of these men, in fact, have any claim except that of philanthropy, yet year after year dozens of real annuitants are deprived of their pensions by vote of the Conference in order that others who are "necessitous" may be protected against their carelessness, improvidence, and pride. Now add to these typical cases the hesitancy of men to be transferred from one Conference, where the "claimants" are generously supported, to another where the support of the pensioners is marked by great parsimony—and then, if it could be imagined that a man is helped into a Conference that he may become a "claimant" and that men are retired because they could live on their "annuity," we should have the itemized dissent of the Carnegie Foundation against its own plans. There are in the church certain phases of experience of which the Foundation report gives no hint. We all know of men who are retired because the Cabinet do not know what to do with them; and there are others, inefficient, kindly souls, who are moved year after year from one charge to another, causing division, strife, and the lessening of spiritual energy, just because they are "necessitous," and they are kept effective in order to protect the "funds"! The annuity claimants are not free from challenge. Some through a family bequest, and others through sordid meannesses practiced year after year, do not need the allowance. Still others, by working some "side line" made possible by the welcome and sense of security which the Conference membership brings, invoke challenge of their claim. The longer one thinks on all sides of the question the more certain it becomes that the value of a pension system depends upon the means by which it is established and the methods of its administration. Certainly some clear exposition of the principle of the pension in the case of the ministry is greatly to be desired.

Following, then, the advice of the Foundation, and wishing to draw attention to the subject rather than to offer any final judgment, in the light of actual as well as actuarial experience, let three pertinent observations be set down. The first of these advises at-

tention to the claims of annuitants rather than to necessitous cases. We are concerned about the proper composition of our ministry; that in itself would settle all questions of efficiency and the perpetuity of the church. We assume the obligation of the Conference to provide an annuity. No college or Conference has a right to expect a system of retirement in which it is directly interested to be established without its participation. The benefits inure to the Conference as well as to its members. Such a pension system not only cares for the superannuates, but by its very provisions serves to keep the calling attractive to able men, and invites sacrifice in social service during the gainful years. But the obligation to provide insurance and relief is not so clear, and as a matter of expediency the charity feature, as involved in accrued liabilities, weakens immensely the appeal to those who must provide the funds. On even superficial consideration it will be recognized that necessitous cases load any pension plan to the point of danger. We do have the poor always with us; but so far as Methodist Conferences go, regardless of the actuaries, we must do as we can. Misfortune appeals immediately, but those who are beneficiaries in the insurance and relief participation, and who are styled "necessitous" lie squarely across the path of the big donors, who are willing to give largely in order to make the old age of capable and loyal men comfortable, but who prefer to bestow their charity according to methods of opportunism, and on the advice of their neighbors or agents who, after investigation, pronounce the case worthy. Many of our laymen will give thousands to success, and to the heroes of the gospel crowned by years of service, who hesitate to give even a small check to an applicant for charity. Nor should they be taken to task for it. The gospel has its victorious and triumphant aspect. We miss the highest expediency when we always advertise sacrifice, and limit our ministry to a submerged tenth. Besides, sacrifice when it seeks publicity is something far less admirable. We must help the poor, but in our organized capacity as Conferences and churches we are to pour into great companies of men ideals and principles of service and expect them in multifarious ways to devote their goods and themselves to goodness, and inspire them to be in the place of Christ. It is easy on a Conference floor to appeal

for an adjustment calculated to relieve some "necessitous" case, and shunt off onto the permanent funds the charity that should be immediate and that should be given by those who know the case. But it saps the fountains of large giving to the big plan we are trying to establish. Relief! Yes—but not by appropriating the pastor's salary. "She did it for my burial," said our Lord, rebuking Judas, who in one of the great hours of Christ's Passion, wished to turn the current of a woman's love and sympathy into a barter of the alabaster box, of ointment very precious, so as to buy two hundred pennyworth of bread for the poor.

Again, the Foundation's Experience is against a fixed age for retirement. The army and navy, where promotions by reason of seniority have obtained, put officers on the retired list at a fixed age. But they maintain certain tests of riding, study and physical set up, and these warn the officers against indolence and its consequent adipose. They live in terror of the waist line. Even in these circles this has militated against two just principles widely recognized; first, retirement on a basis of service rather than of age, and, second, increased allowance for late retirement, with its corollary, decreased allowance, or no allowance at all for early retirement. One hesitates to run over the list of men concerning whom it may be alleged as a moral certainty that they asked for the retired relation in some moment of depression, or in a quiet bargain with themselves to capitalize their Conference membership while they went into business. In the early days of the church young men threw themselves with the utmost abandon into the work of the itinerancy for a term of years and then located. Nowadays few Conferences have the courage to locate men who have plainly lost their call and who have soul disability, some moth or corrupting rust. It is the easy way to end their problem by retiring them and referring their cases to the board of stewards. If no retiring allowance should be allowed to men who have not traveled for at least twenty-five years, and if the pension was significantly increased to men who had worked more than forty years, and if, furthermore, the amount of the pension could take into account the effectiveness during the years of service, we should have settled many of our difficulties. The Carnegie Foundation has recognized length

of service, and refuses pensions to those who have not put some just portion of their lives into teaching. They compute efficiency by the average salary of the later years—hardly accurate, but yet having much sound basis of reality in it. Our ministry needs that we should maintain efficiency—not be kept in a certain grade by the Bishop and Cabinet. Allowing all that should be credited to youth, its magnetism, its rainbow chasing, Elihu was not far from the point when he remarked, "I said days should speak," and it is the steady solid men who have long served, who carry forward the work, who perform their equal share in education, evangelism, and pastoral care. If young men persuade more converts to join the ecclesia a larger percentage of those who join under the older men are permanently coordinated to our doctrine and life.

Once more: let it be observed that the foundation idea of individual responsibility for earning and saving the pension would work a revolution in the ministerial situation. We do not acquiesce in the opinion that the preacher, like everybody else, should pension himself, though much can be said to support that position. Self-mastery, by whose principles we must police and support ourselves, is somewhat incomplete unless it includes self-pensioning. Another fact glinting the same way is the general sentiment among preachers that they should carry their fair share of the load—that is, that they should help buy or save their own retiring allowance. But, unfortunately, there is also widely discernible the other principle of trying to get something for nothing. For recognition of that first principle, a saving element in human nature, and for protection against the second, so disastrous to pension plans, individual participation in providing the money for the pension payment seems the one certain remedy. That is what the change of front on the part of the Carnegie Foundation means. That is what the new plan of insurance for the army and navy means, and that essentially is the significance of some Conference attempts to secure co-operation on the part of the members by requiring the annual payment of a fixed percentage of their cash salaries. Such a process of individualization would immediately bear upon the excessive appropriations for "necessitous" cases, and would serve to protect the pension for the men who had actually earned it. The debate

about the application of the law to particular men is obviated, and the deserving pensioner is in the same self-respecting attitude a man occupies who pulls out an annuity contract with a life insurance company when presenting it for payment. He is not lost in the generic whole and put at the caprice and balancing motives of a committee. Then too a sifting of our ministry would at once occur. It would mean a physical survey of each individual, and add the statement of an examining surgeon to those other questions we have been used to from time immemorial about debt and tobacco. Moreover, it would make it possible to accept the services of men, plainly weakened physically, who ask admission offering to waive claim against the Conference funds. The refusal of a physician's certificate would raise a bar to Conference admission which the statements of the party in interest and his consenting friends do not afford, and, better still, it would make it possible by this differentiation to check and tone up self-respect in the whole body of our clergy. Best of all, it would be a bulwark to the preacher in the community and Conference when the financial lapse of a brother minister is brought to light. Our certificate of pension with stipulated terms, kept among our papers and viewable, would become a certificate of character and an occasion of favorable prejudgment on the part of bishop, cabinet, and congregation. In the consideration of these important items, and others that are equally patent, if not mentioned, the advice of the Carnegie Foundation should have searching application to our present desultory and non-actuarial plans.

Edwin A. Schell

COMPARATIVE RELIGION AND THE PREACHER

Men are still living whose names are associated with the early days of the comparative study of the religions of the world. This does not mean that only in recent years have men studied and written on this subject, but that the changes which have taken place in attitude and method and in the amount of systematized material which lies at the disposal of the student have made over the subject into a new thing. Comparative religion is now fitted to take its place by the side of other academic disciplines and is doing so in all the great centers of learning.

Scholarly investigations have been prosecuted with great enthusiasm in every religion of ancient and modern times. Volumes have been issuing from the press in such numbers that the reader is baffled by the richness of his material. This work of research and classification is far from complete, yet the advance has been remarkable. A great impetus was given to these studies a generation ago by the appearance, volume after volume, of the sacred books of the East edited by the late Professor Max Müller of Oxford. An index, which comprises the fiftieth volume of the series, was recently added, thus greatly increasing the value of the volumes as a work of reference. And now one of the most significant indications of the drift of interest is the publication of the Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics, under the editorship of that expert marshal of intellects and maker of books, Dr. James Hastings. Despite the delays and the other almost insuperable drawbacks which follow in the train of the war the volumes have continued to appear. With the ninth volume now published the great undertaking begins to be in sight of completion, the announcement being made that the work will be complete with volume twelve. But this one consideration, the possession of a largely increased mass of information, would not justify the statement concerning the newness of what we now know as Comparative Religion. The vital point is that the whole investigation is not now conducted on the same basis and in the same spirit

as formerly. The one word which better than any other sums up this difference is *sympathy*. The usual attitude in former times was to look on other religions as inherently false. Between Christianity and other faiths a great gulf was fixed. Christianity could not have friendly dealings with these aliens. All that was Christian was good, all that was not Christian was evil in its influence or at best very questionable. Would it be possible for our Book Concern to publish a volume to-day with the title, Doomed Religions? Yet such a work appeared in 1884, edited by the secretary of our missionary society and written by a number of our most honored missionaries. With such an attitude true investigation could not be carried on. Comparative religion was a comparison of Christianity with other faiths in which the very viewpoint prevented a ready acknowledgment of the truly good things to be found in these religions. Such an attitude when found to-day is merely a survival of a bygone age. The feeling now is that such procedure was hardly comparative religion at all, but apologetics, the idea being not so much to let these other religions speak out their message for themselves, but to exalt our own faith at the expense of the others. The whole method was as unfair as it was easy. Every religion has its weak spots, either in theory or practice. The temptation is strong to pick them out, lay emphasis upon them, and judge a religion by them. The futility of the method may best be seen by applying it. We may take any religion and pick out with comparative ease inconsistencies and discrepancies, faulty conclusions based on contradictory evidence, inadequacies in doctrine, and fearful practices under the sanction of religious leaders. Then with a superior air we are apt to point the finger of scorn at such a misshapen thing as we have pictured and relegate it to the limbo of false faiths. In logical consistency the religion ought to die at once. But in fact that religion may have been in existence for a thousand or two thousand years and may be adapting itself to modern conditions for another lease on life. There is discrepancy somewhere, and it is probably in the mind of the critic himself. There must be something else in the religion which has not been discovered, something which to the people of that faith looks very

good and is deserving of their loyalty and devotion. It is this which gives a religion power, and it must be discovered and understood if we are to be able to appraise a religion at its true worth.

To enter the inner shrine of a religion and feel its heartbeats requires sympathy, and the incoming of this attitude as a leading characteristic of the study of religion makes possible an understanding which could not be attained in the old days. The newer attitude springs from an enlarging conception of God's revelation to the children of men. God has not left himself without witness among any people. He has made himself known "by divers portions and in divers manners," in ways far beyond our narrow thought. We are losing our unworthy timidity and are glad to acknowledge truth in non-Christian religions and real devoutness among many peoples. We are willing to credit truth as truth wherever found and not to discredit a good thing because it is found in a heathen religion and closely related with what may be most unworthy or even repulsive. The feeling has crept over us that religion at bottom is one and the same the world over, that in every case it is the reaching out of the human soul after some higher power, after God.

In making this declaration of the essential oneness of religion I do not even hint at the conclusion that, since all religion is a reaching out after God, the end attained is the same in all the religions. The further I proceed in these studies the more deeply is the impression borne in that the Christian religion alone has reached the goal and has found God and knows him as he is. No wonder our religion is called Christianity. It is of the very essence of the faith that in Christ we come into contact with the living God himself. The doctrine of the incarnation of the Son of God is the keystone of our faith. The sympathetic attitude toward other faiths causes the word "false" as applied to them to seem incongruous and un-Christian. That term should be reserved for the sordid, Pharisaical, hypocritical follower of any faith, Christian or non-Christian. We have found God in Christ; they, through no fault of their own, have never had the privilege of this experience. They have lost their way and are out on

the boundless deep unable to reach haven. They are lost, to change the figure, in the dark and terrible forest and cannot find the clearing. They need help, not censure; they are to be pitied, not scorned in their ignorance and sin. In what ways may the study of religions from this sympathetic standpoint contribute to the thought and work of the Christian minister?

The first thing the study of comparative religion may do for the preacher is to give him a better understanding of what religion is—not Christianity, but religion in general. It has already been suggested that, while there are many religions, religion is one and the same fundamentally wherever found. What is this bed-rock, called religion, which crops out at so many places and in so many forms? It is necessary to clear away much ground to discover the solid rock beneath, but when it is reached what always appears, from the highest to the lowest religions, is a sense in man of some power stronger than himself with whom he must have dealings. Under the powerful influence of Professor Harold Höffding, of the University of Copenhagen, a number of writers are echoing his definition that religion is a "belief in the conservation of values." This clear definition has compelled all students to rethink the whole question as to what religion is, but it is doubtful if it will necessitate a drastic change of view. There is no question that religion does always conserve certain values; otherwise it could not retain any hold at all upon a people. To emphasize this fact is of real value and must influence all our thinking. But to make of this statement a definition of religion is to mistake an invariable accompaniment for what is central and determinative. Man experiences emotions and possesses convictions which become religious only through association with what is inherently religion in his life. We must be sure what this distinctively religious fact in man is. This determinative fact is that when man is religious he is conscious of being in the presence of a power higher and more powerful than he is. Man is laid hold upon by God and religion is man's response to this approach.

No longer is there any serious discussion as to tribes of people without religion. The attempt was made a generation ago

to show there were such tribes, but further investigation of peoples and their customs, the light shed by archæology and other sciences, especially psychology, have banished such discussions to the scrap heap of outworn theories. Man is normally religious, and this innate capacity for religion rarely escapes such a stimulus from the experiences of life as to produce forms of worship and belief. Only among the most advanced peoples are those found who make denial of the need of religion. Here the function of the intellect is given a disproportionate emphasis as contrasted with the heart life, with the result that the demands of the whole personality are thwarted by the insistent and narrower claims of the intellect. The study of religion clearly shows that this is not any more normal than it is healthy. A man whose nature is simple and unfettered turns to that mysterious power above whom we call God.

One may be inclined to say at this point, Why should a busy pastor enter a new and not over-easy study to learn this obvious truth that man is a religious being? The answer is not hard to find. There is a great difference, as every teacher knows, between the statement of a truth which may be accepted and repeated correctly after him by a student, and its complete assimilation. Here lies the need of seeing for one's self, which is the function of the laboratory. In a real sense the religious life of the world is a great laboratory where truths become vivid and real because seen in a setting impossible without this discipline, comparative religion. To make an obvious truth one's own, until it veritably takes possession of him, is an experience to be coveted by any student. Such a truth is that of the ineradicable place of religion in the life of man. It is fundamental to all our study and work as ministers of religion. Comparative religion may prove most helpful to the preacher in his attempt to interpret the extravagant demonstrations of religious enthusiasm and the superstitions which still survive in every community. Though not confined to them, these expressions are to be found among backward and relatively uneducated people. It all assumes a new meaning to the preacher when he discovers that each phenomenon may be paralleled in other faiths. One of his prob-

lems is to deal wisely with outbursts of emotion. He sees their value and also their dangers. He will learn that uncontrolled enthusiasm is as dangerous in Islam as in Christianity. The superstitions in his congregation are evidently of the same kind and spring from the same source with the credulities of the savage. He recognizes the presence of magical practices, or survivals of them, among faithful Christian people. This discipline will make it clear that the reason why such practices and beliefs are so hard to eradicate is that they are embedded so deeply in human nature.

In the second place, comparative religion will help the preacher to a keener appreciation and broader interpretation of his own faith. Christianity is one of the religions of the world—what place does it take among them? Have we the right to claim for it a unique place? The great contribution of this study is to show how our faith meets the needs of the world as contrasted with other faiths. Here the wealth of material is so great that it becomes difficult to choose among the many illustrations at hand. We may instance the Christian conception of God as contrasted with the Mohammedan: on the one hand, a God of moral love; on the other hand, a despotic and capricious power raised to the dignity of the God of all; on the one hand, the Christian conception of a full, rich life of fellowship in a Trinity of love and devotion; on the other, the Islamic conception of a lonely, solitary God, almighty but not all loving too—to revise a famous phrase of Robert Browning.

Here comparative religion sheds light on the whole problem involved in the doctrine of the Trinity. We may apply the pragmatic test and ask what difference it makes whether or not we believe in such a conception of God. Few places in all the realm of religion will yield a richer harvest than this. Even in Islam the unsatisfactoriness of a bare, solitary Being occupying the place of God is felt by a few spirits. In speaking of the Trinity and expressing his belief that the doctrine has been misunderstood "by a majority of Islamic and even Christian thinkers," a learned Indian Mohammedan, a barrister-at-law and a doctor of philosophy, writes this sentence: "The doctrine is but another way of stating the truth that the absolute unity must have in itself

a principle of difference in order to evolve diversity out of itself" (The Vital Forces of Christianity and Islam, p. 190). A remarkable admission for a Mohammedan to make!

We need not stop at Islam to realize that the human mind cannot escape dealing with this baffling puzzle of unity and trinity —Hinduism has been talking about it for millenniums. True, there is a great difference between the Christian Trinity and the Hindu conception, but there can be no doubt that the idea has an attractive power over the mind of man, which in itself is significant. The same is true of Buddhism in its later developments, only here the relation of these mythical beings is quite different from that of the trios in Hinduism. We stop only to call attention to the fact that trinities do exist in Buddhism. Does not the presence of the doctrine in some form in one religion after another indicate as clearly as it could be shown that the human mind is not to be deprived of a doctrine with such fascination even though it be enveloped in mystery?

Only one phase of Christian teaching has been suggested to show the contribution comparative religion may make to the fuller understanding of our faith. An even more significant relationship may be shown in the doctrine of incarnation. The desire for a God close at hand, who understands and sympathizes with men, is widespread. The teachings of the various religions relative to the future life, the inspiration and authority of sacred books, the meaning of mediation and sacrifice, and the significance of the organized church, are phases of our Christian faith upon which new meanings and stronger convictions may be had by viewing our faith in the light shed by the study of the religions of the world. At all these points we may see Christianity in a nobler and more impressive light.

I am wondering if the full significance of our method of argumentation has been appreciated. What it means is this: that our confidence in the validity of the teachings of Christianity is increased when we recognize that for long ages and in widely separated parts of the world the heart of man has been reaching out after what the Christian religion offers. It is an argument from human desires and longings, human needs as speaking God's

message to us. It is, moreover, the acceptance of human nature as a guide to what must be true in religion. Do we appreciate what a change has come over our thinking that we allow unregenerate human nature such a role? Professor D. B. Macdonald has summed up the thought thus: "The human soul, when unbiased by systems and prejudices, is naturally Christian" (Vital Forces, p. 234f.). Naturally *un*-Christian is what we were taught to say in an age not so long past. It fares ill with the doctrine of total depravity, but what harm is there in that? No one can hold such a theory who reads the secrets of the religious life of the world to-day with an understanding and sympathetic mind.

We come now to the third and last ground upon which our reasoning is based that the Christian preacher should acquaint himself with the religions of the world. He should become acquainted with the field from which some of the sharpest attacks against the Christian faith are now being delivered. He realizes how the faith of some of his people is being troubled, if not upset, by this or that theory. He may not realize that a number of the strongest of the assaults come from the non-Christian faiths, either directly or indirectly. As God's messenger he should be equipped with such a knowledge of these movements as to be able to interpret them correctly and thus disarm the assailants in advance. He may warn his people of dangers whose seriousness, because of their very newness and strangeness, they do not suspect. In the review of a recent book on Comparative Religion Mr. J. H. Oldham makes this statement: "The attack from the side of Comparative Religion is one of the most formidable with which the Christian apologist has to deal at the present time, and if it were driven home successfully it is difficult to see how the missionary motive could survive in any adequate form" (International Review of Missions, vol. ii, p. 804f). There is first the danger from the foreign cults being propagated in our land. Spiritualism, theosophy, Bahaism, and certain other phases of occult teachings, either in whole or in part, are the product of India and the near East. The thing which the man or the woman in America does not appreciate is the history and relationships of these cults back in the lands of their birth and early development. But these facts

are essential if one is to render a trustworthy verdict as to their value and inevitable trend. Taught in this country by men who have great skill in making their arguments plausible, men and women are swept off their feet and in a trice are lost to the Christian Church. I may not go farther in this field, where a volume would not suffice. I merely call attention to the danger and its source, and point to the method by which the danger may be met with understanding. A more subtle danger is to be mentioned. It has assumed many forms, but its aim is always the same. The uniqueness of Christianity is assailed in every form the attack takes. One of the forms may be stated thus: You are willing to acknowledge there is truth and good in all religions; why then insist that one is the final faith? why not pick out the good things in all these religions and be truly liberal? Plausible enough, and seemingly unanswerable, because of the real truth contained in it, yet unanswerable only so long as Comparative Religion has been allowed to speak out only a part of its message. A more thorough study will show that eclectic faiths have had a sorry time of it historically, and that, since religion is, at the center, not a belief, but an allegiance, a divided allegiance becomes almost a contradiction in terms. Another statement of the same theory is the declaration that, while religions may differ, the differences are not to be compared in importance with the likeness; the upshot of the whole contention is that one religion is about as good as another; the last thing one should think of doing is to attempt to displace one religion with another; the religion of any people is the best religion for that people. Again the plausibility of the theory is evident only so long as the facts of missionary history are unknown. I refer not only to Christian missions, but to those of Buddhism and Islam. The present religions of different peoples are not in many cases of local origin and have not developed by natural evolution from within. What is now found has supplanted a more ancient faith, and did so either by the power of the sword and political influence or the more peaceful penetration of the written and spoken word.

And, lastly, the claim is made that, since underneath all the rituals and beliefs which differ so greatly there is the common

religious impulse or instinct, we ought to lay emphasis upon this common and invariable factor and pay little attention to ceremonies and dogmas. These may be anything at all, they may be laid aside, they may be changed, and yet religion moves on majestically, irrespective of these changeable trappings. Why bother about them? They have been the source of all the bitterness and persecutions of the past and might well be left behind, as outworn and useless. Yet again the need of drinking deeper at this deep pool is most evident. Religions without a distinctive message die, only to be replaced by a more vigorous faith with a definite doctrine to proclaim. When Buddhism ceased to have such a message for India it was absorbed by the Hinduism it had almost overcome. This is but an illustration. There is something exclusive about the claim of every religion which has become a power in the world, and of none is this more true than of Christianity. And in the end, when we cherish the hope that mankind may be united in one faith, we may rest assured that that faith must be grounded on a few strong well articulated beliefs or run the danger of being assailed and superseded by another form of religion which will win the allegiance of men because it possesses sufficient rigidity to bear the weight of man's sin and sorrow.

Enough has been said to indicate that the way of the student of the world's religions is not an easy one. He must know his ground before he speaks. Yet the rewards are great and the way he must travel is full of interest. He may turn his face away in shame from a revolting custom, but he will be the more sure to be impressed with the eagerness and ingenuity and pathos of man's climb into the regions where he may see God. Here is man at his best, and he is worthy of study.

Edmund D. Soper

LORD MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS[1]

It is conceded that the most important book from the press of 1917 is John Morley's "Recollections" as embodied in his autobiography. In fact it was stated by a well-known judge in the United States that the work was "the literary performance of the last twenty years." The author took the title of Viscount Morley of Blackburn to distinguish himself from the Earl of Morley of Saltram, near Plymouth, Devon. It is now fourteen years since the Life of Gladstone, by this distinguished master in the realm of literature, appeared. The three large, handsome volumes commanded universal satisfaction and admiration, and the general verdict was upheld that it was a grand portrait of a grand subject on a great scale, and a masterpiece of historical writing. It was the "best biography of a great man ever written." When it is remembered that Viscount Morley completed his seventy-ninth year in December last, it is interesting to note how much of his latest literary achievement displays his fine intellectual vigor, high purpose, and splendid determination. The past three years have not been favorable for large literary undertakings. Men specially qualified for such endeavors have been so absorbed by the world war that all other demands have been laid aside. Lord Morley's retirement from the British Cabinet at the commencement of the struggle secured a period of leisure during which the present work has been produced. The author's great abilities have been recognized in the most influential quarters for many years. As a virile, independent thinker and writer and man of affairs Mr. Morley has easily ranked in the highest class, and his invaluable services as adviser and administrator in the interests of his country have led him to the House of Lords. The two volumes of recollections cover a period of about sixty years and contain a vivid and comprehensive summary of the men and events and forces making notable and vital contributions to the life and

[1] Recollections. By John Viscount Morley, O. M. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York and Toronto. Price, $7.50 per set.

progress of the British nation during that period. They are not only the most valuable personal record of years; they are in fact the history of that epoch—intimate, suggestive, significant, important beyond words of ours to express and emphasize, and always history, the history of a long and not inglorious era in a pregnant, vanished past.

In addition to his life of Gladstone Mr. Morley has to his credit many other works of the first rank. He was the real founder of the Fortnightly Review, sometimes sarcastically called the "Forked Lightning," because at the time of its appearance it looked like a menace to certain theories then in wide circulation among the English people. He was editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, when that popular London journal was a force in its influence on the social and political life of the nation. At this time the services of W. T. Stead were sought for the same paper, and he founded the Review of Reviews, which for many years was the chief corner stone in the edifice of English-speaking journalism. Mr. Morley was also editor of English Men of Letters, writing the lives of Burke, Walpole, Richard Cobden, and Studies in Literature, etc. In the present volumes those who have marched in the foremost ranks in the political, educational, religious, literary, scientific, and reformatory departments of the nation are revealed to us, and they constitute a record at once illuminating and of the deepest interest. In rapid succession the leaders in those various movements pass before us, with many fine touches of character. To have this portrayal performed by one who was on intimate terms with most of them, and who himself played a prominent part in many of the movements and reforms of the time, invests his descriptions with an interest of no common order.

Mr. Morley was born of Wesleyan Methodist parents, but as a youth he does not appear to have received any lasting impression of a religious kind, for in the first volume he makes the following note in this relation: "My father was born a Wesleyan. He turned, though without any formality that I know of, from chapel to church, but he was negligent of its ordinances, critical of the local clergy, and impatient, as if of some personal affront, of either Puseyites on the one hand or German infidels on the other. Though

vague, his disapproval of these foes of evangelical truth was stern; the divine to whom he was chiefly addicted was Channing, and the ecclesiastic whom he most admired, both as preacher and church governor, was the famous Chalmers. As domestic disciplinarian he was strict, and the rigors of Sabbatical observance forced on us a literary diet that neither enlightened the head nor melted the heart and temper." Herbert Spencer, in his autobiography, speaks in very similar terms of his father, who also for a time was a Wesleyan. What a really devoted parentage might have accomplished in both homes it is not difficult to imagine. The formal beginning of both was certainly not auspicious from a Methodist or Christian standpoint. After necessary qualifications, Mr. Morley says, "I got a scholarship at Lincoln College, Oxford, and it gave my father a little whimsical pleasure to think that John Wesley had been a fellow of the college (1726), nominated thereto by a rector whose two names happened to be my own. For many terms I was lodged in Wesley's rooms, sometimes ruminating how it was that all the thoughts and habits of my youthful Methodism were so rapidly vanishing." Mr. Morley on the same page refers to conditions at Oxford which explain somewhat the disintegration of his early convictions and faith in orthodox Christianity. He says: "Lincoln College was at that time in a sad intellectual dilapidation. A common-room intrigue had ended in the installation as its head of a clergyman from a college living in Yorkshire who hardly knew how to read and write. The consequence was the withdrawal in black unphilosophic mortification from all college work of Mark Pattison, the man whose zeal and competence for university teaching in its true sense was unsurpassed by any tutor or professor in Oxford and only rivaled, perhaps, by one. If I had fallen under his influence it would assuredly have made all the difference in a thousand ways. When he afterward became my friend it was too late."

It is also too apparent that other inferior influences were at work in that ancient seat of learning, which must have been antagonistic to anything like a serious religious life. A prize-fighter had been admitted to some of the college rooms to impart lessons

in self-defense: "It was a long journey," says Mr. Morley, "from such a practice to the little Holy Club of Oxford Methodists that had, in the face of gay opponents, gathered itself in the same ancient triangle a hundred years before." Just at this time there was a wave of theological unsettlement sweeping over many classes of the English people, and many of the middle and upper classes yielded to the disintegrating influences which had been set afloat. Agnosticism, positivism, humanitarianism, and other forms of unbelief had affected many and made them indifferent to the claims of the Christian faith. Oxford was not free from these influences, and it is regrettable to have to admit that these institutions, founded by Christian reformers, should to any extent shelter teachers whose work should prove destructive of the very object they were established to promote." Mr. Morley says, "It had been intended that when I was of due age I should go into orders, but life at Oxford had shaken the foundations."

For several years journalism occupied the attention and gifts of the aspiring student, and it was in this field that many of Mr. Morley's finest achievements were won. It is wonderful how rapidly the young man from the Methodist home and Wesley's college rose in public affairs and the esteem of such a large circle of persons in the various professions and occupations in the life of the nation—parliamentarians, poets, scientists, reformers, and men and women of national distinction in the world of letters. To Mr. Morley the door was open to all these classes, and his friendship with many of the leaders was deep and enduring. Mr. Gladstone was his warm and constant admirer and friend. In many of the great Liberal measures of reform which the Gladstone government placed on the statutes of the realm Mr. Morley's advice was sought by the great statesman and his cabinet, advice that was never sought in vain. Through Gladstone's days of triumph and through times of trial and failing strength, when the brilliant career of one most gifted was nearing the end, "honest John Morley" was the friend most welcome, and when the great man lay peaceful in his last sleep, after weathering the numberless storms incident to such a career, this prized companion, adviser, and friend was close to the sorrowing household at Hawar-

den. No wonder he was selected to record the life which he had admired and never ceased to love.

But Gladstone was only one of the famous circle of acquaintances in which the writer of this autobiography moved. There were Joseph Chamberlain, the Earl of Rosebery, Harcourt, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, John Bright, James and John Stuart Mill, Renan, Parnell, Disraeli, Matthew Arnold, Balfour, Asquith, Carlyle, Henry Lewes, Carnegie, Cardinal Newman, Macaulay, and a long list of others. The Recollections are of rare interest because of conversations and estimates concerning these men of distinction. It was not only because Lord Morley was a man of special attainments that he was eagerly sought in times of extraordinary need, whether in Parliament or outside, but he was so finely balanced in all great essentials that in critical hours he was relied on as a safe adviser and administrator. For five years he was Chief Secretary for Ireland when conditions there were simply deplorable. He, however, gave himself to his most difficult task with a devotion nothing less than heroic. The second volume records something of the pacific mission which he performed. He was a friend and advocate of Home Rule, and spared no effort in the House of Commons and throughout the land, by pen, speech, and varied effort, to bring to a successful consummation one of the supreme purposes of his life and in the plan of the Gladstone administration. He stood up against the failure like a brave man, and when the Liberal party was defeated on this great measure John Morley was not even then without hope. Quite a large number of pages in the volumes are devoted to the measures which were intended to alleviate, if not remove, the long-standing discontent of Ireland and the Irish people. The same may be said of his five years as Chief Secretary for India. These were laborious years, and the problems were many and grave.

While Mr. Morley voted for the abolition of religious tests for a member of the House of Commons, it is quite significant that he never once mentions, in either volume, the name of the man in whose interest the case was raised and the test abolished. Charles Bradlaugh was too extreme in his attacks on religious

convictions and beliefs for a man like Lord Morley to champion, so he simply passes over in utter silence the name of a man whose record and influence he knew full well. Mr. Morley always cherished liberal estimates of those from whose religious opinions and beliefs he might differ. He writes on page 71, Vol. I, that Pope Paul III was spinning no cobwebs when he admonished his Council of Trent that "Belief is the foundation of life, that good conduct only grows out of a right creed, and that errors of opinion may be more dangerous than sin. Difference of opinion may possibly mean everything." The autobiography does not pass over the sad, depressing, and utterly black despairing outlook which a bare agnosticism involves. During a visit to Herbert Spencer, accompanied by Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley says, "We only touched from time to time on serious things, and then Mr. Spencer would draw off in haste, as fearing cerebral agitation. He went on to say that when you grow old gardens and trees make but depressing company; what you need are the winds, the changing light and cloud, the wild tossing of the waters, the forces of nature in their loving commotion." This certainly does not appear to be an adequate consolation when the earthly life of prince or peasant is nearing its close. Nature in all her varying aspects then affords little or no answer to the great questions which will not down. But Mr. Spencer has something more to say about the problems of human existence, and on page 113, Vol. I, he says, "After contemplating the inscrutable relation between brain and consciousness, and finding that we can get no evidence of the existence of the last without the activity of the first, we seem obliged to relinquish the thought that consciousness continues after physical organization has become inactive. But it seems a strange and repugnant conclusion that, with the cessation of consciousness at death, there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed. With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived." Mr. Morley remarks in this connection (p. 113): "This moving hint of difficulties in discarding the accepted tradition in that solemn enigma was due to the impression made upon him by certain new speculations upon space. 'The mysteries of the objects presented to our senses,' he says,

'may be explained by Creation or by Evolution, but theist and agnostic must agree in recognizing the properties of space as inherent, eternal, uncreated—as anteceding either creation or evolution. It is impossible to imagine how the marvelous space-relations discovered by the geometry of position came into existence. The consciousness that, without origin or cause, infinite space has ever existed and must ever exist produces in one a feeling from which I shrink.' " Again Mr. Morley remarks: "Natural, pathetic, and in its implications sublime even as this was, it seemed like a weakening of agnostic orthodoxy. It made some of the narrower or the firmer among us to quake. I wrote to tell him that the gospel of the Unknowable seemed to be in peril of heresy like so many other gospels."

On the page following: "I am reminded by this of a passage in correspondence with a certain philosophic confederate, though Spencer would have fought hard against being called anybody's confederate in terms without rigorous qualification. It was in 1883 that Huxley wrote to me: "It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way.' " If Christianity has its demands and difficulties, from the above confessions it is undeniably true that agnosticism and other forms of unbelief have their difficulties and demands in superabundance. Witness, as a proof of this, the grave of "George Eliot" surrounded by Tyndall, Huxley, Lewes, and a large company of agnostics listening to a practical Christian address by a clergyman of their own choosing!

Mr. Morley adds another remark which is quite significant: "A day or two before the last volume of Spencer's work was published a friend who had read much philosophy warned me that the system expounded by Spencer was already dead, or on the eve of death. How this turned out I am not able to decide, but then in a single lifetime some half dozen philosophers in their turn, after meteoric flight through the heavens, had fallen to the ground." The closing paragraphs contain an interrogation which

is specially suggestive and capable of a most definite and conclusive reply. Lord Morley, p. 366, Vol. II, says: "A painful interrogatory, I must confess, emerges: Has not your school—the Darwins, Spencers, Renans, and the rest—held the civilized world, both old and new alike, European and transatlantic, in the hollow of their hand for two long generations past? Is it quite clear that their influence has been so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches?" His answer is, "Circumspice." When we total up the purest and best things in the English-speaking world, the progress, ideals, institutions, and present-day forces, it would not be a difficult task to show that the gospel of the churches has in every instance been the mainspring of all that is best and noblest and most enduring in modern life and civilization.

The only criticism we make in connection with this profoundly interesting autobiography is, that we think the writer has not sufficiently recognized the vast influence for good in every department of British conduct, life, and nation-building forces which the Christian churches have contributed through a long series of years. Green's History of the English People does not fail in this particular. The last words are truly pathetic. Thinking over the great questions he has been discussing, and absorbed with queries of pith and moment that autumn evening as he paced the cliffs above Minehead—for company, a little dog, looking up into his face now and then and at last starting on a quest of its own, eager to resume an endless hunt after she knows not what, just like the "chartered metaphysician. So to my home in the failing daylight."

William Harrison.

"INASMUCH—"

Simeon Streek believed in the immediate efficacy of the preached word. This and a settled conviction as to the imminence of the Lord's return were the alpha and omega of his faith. In a literal sense his system required instantaneous conversions. His blood was slow. It needed the stimuli of strong sensations. Otherwise he hardly would have been found there, on the steps of the street chapel, every bright afternoon, preaching to the crowd of Chinese who swarmed at the busy corner. It was a heedless crowd, hard of heart as the granite slabs which it trod upon until they were worn to a glaze. He persevered with uncouth utterance, repeating again and again the words of his new vocabulary, in desperate effort to ease himself of his one idea, "the woe is me if I preach not" of the true disciple. He grasped hopefully at every sign of attention, but with little luck. The crowd dwindled away after the first yawn of weariness. Then the red sedan of a new bride filled the street in front of him, crowding the remnant out of range of the challenging voice, and the missionary to the Chinese stopped midway of his peroration in sheer chagrin.

After the passing of the scarlet pageant he tried again, taking occasion from the color of the interruption to refer to the "scarlet and purple" of the woman and the beast in the Apocalypse, and the doom impending above the unconscious world. All of a sudden he became aware of an ominous quiet and the street folk shrinking into alleys and doorways. There was the barking of dogs and heavy cursing on the lips of their owners as fear—not of God—throttled the pulsing life of the street. A clattering procession, bearing red and yellow canopies and a band of screaming pipers, ushered a purple sedan, out of which a pair of eyes glittering like beads of jet gazed inscrutably. Those eyes were set in a smooth yellow waxen face as seamless as a child's. In their light was the blackness of death. A string of soldiers in dark blue turbans followed close behind. In their midst was a slender-looking man, dressed in the silken gown of the scholar, who was led, or rather

dragged, by a rope which encircled his neck. A name was murmured by someone, the name of a daring reformer and journalist whose writings had stirred the more enlightened among the gentry. The name had been noted in high places. He had been arrested by imperial warrant in his own home a half hour before, and was going to his doom. Those were the days of the dragon empress, when power was a reality in Peking, and the couriers of death went forth from the four gates of the capital and stayed not until they had carried their dread tidings to the ends of the Middle Kingdom, or on, as the case might be, into the heart of Asia. In every provincial capital a Tartar chief, loyal to nothing but the sign of the yellow girdle, bore the sword of the imperial despot, and he bore it not in vain. The prisoner who was being dragged by the rope had dreamed of better things for his people—better things than opium and extortion, torture and poverty, for 400,000,000 of his kindred—and with this result. That night, at the hour of twelve, the young writer was whipped to death in the vice-regal yamun; and, all things considered, the grace of mercy had not been withheld in the mortal extremity. There were other ways of divorcing the soul and body in China, and those also had the sanction of legality.

After the arrest, some of the soldiers had looted a wine-shop and they were now swaggering in the flush of spirits. They were tall fellows, Honan braves, a big-boned breed, who feared nothing but the invisible Tartar from whom they had their rice and wages. A lank countryman with two heavily laden baskets of persimmons came grunting along the street. Some drunken curiosity was stirred, or the tail of an eye caught the gleam of the golden fruitage from the slits of the baskets. In a moment greedy hands were pawing among the ripe honey-balls and the yellow apples of the south were rolling in the baggy pockets of the soldiery—all but a few dozen in the bottom of the baskets, which he desperately sought to salvage by flight. A sudden hand was at his cue, and in an instant a twist and jerk, done with all the deftness of experience, brought him full length to the ground. His face met the angle of a projecting stone, which entered the cheek nearly an inch. He lay half-stunned while the passing soldiers trod the

prostrate figure or thumped it with their gun-butts, luckily forgetting their bayonets in the sheer sport of the thing. It was not every day that they had the chance of kicking over one of these country swine. As the last soldier disappeared the crowd came back. They stared at the stricken figure and blood-stained face—some in stupid silence, some with laughter—but no one concerned himself about the man's injuries. He belonged to a certain clan and family, like every other human entity in China, and, none of his kin being there, it was no one's business whether he died or lived. A yellow-robed figure with blue shaven head stopped to stare. It was a Buddhist monk, from the great white monastery on the mountain-side across the plain, which a good eye could pick out from the veiling purple on a clear day when the sunlight washed the distant slopes, pouring down in golden floods from the hazy tip of Mount Kushan. He was returning from a burial service with a present of silver hid in the folds of his priestly garments. His features were pale to ashiness as he stood staring at the man on the pavement. Blood was caking on the black cue, and thickening in clots on the red gash of the cheek. A little girl clad in green trousers balanced a moment on the tiny red points of shoes which shod her bound feet and ran screaming from the sight. The purchase of brown tea-oil which she carried in a saucer in one hand was spilled on the man's chin, while a glaucous mass of oysters which she held on a leaf in the other struck the pavement in a lump. The monk continued to stare, a pale flush tinting his thin face. Then a look of bewildered wonderment overspread his stony calm. He saw Simeon, whose eyes had turned earthward while the scuffle was on, leap from the chapel steps, stoop down, and lift the head of the beaten man to his knee. He saw him draw out a large white handkerchief, bind it tightly about the wounded face, gather the trampled figure into his long arms and carry it into the chapel. Then the priest went by on the other side, like the one on the Jericho road, but with a turned head which kept the chapel door within eyeshot until the street curved off.

Simeon's street preaching stopped for a fortnight, while he went every afternoon to the mission hospital to comfort and exhort

the sufferer, whom he somehow considered as a brand plucked from the burning and very precious in the sight of his Redeemer. But his high hopes went waning almost as soon as they were born. The strong young heathen, while full of gratitude, remained resolutely untouched by his benefactor's gospel. He read aloud large extracts from the Holy Book while the other listened quietly in his cot. Sometimes he reasoned with the wounded man of "sin, of righteousness, and judgment to come," reverting more and more to the last item of this triune gospel which was linked so closely to the dearest of all his beliefs. The solemn warnings of the Lord's last days were often on his lips, and he tried patiently to engrave them on the simple heart of his protégé, who, unlearned in the Chinese character, must be taught word by word to read, and then by heavy labor to repeat the words from memory. They went over nearly the whole of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew before the week of convalescence had passed by. By the end of that time he had forgotten all but one verse, the fortieth, beginning "Inasmuch." He had received good from a suspected foreigner, and he was glad because the religion of the alien promised recognition and reward to his benefactor. When he left the hospital he carried a vivid red scar on his right cheek which Simeon thought very striking: there were two cuts that intersected like a cross. A present of white dough cakes signifying a heart full of good will, and lettered with red characters testifying to the same, found their way to the missionary's table, but he saw their donor no more. He had given him a Chinese Testament, with certain passages underscored, before he left the hospital, and to this last act was anchored any hope he may have cherished for the final opening of the unreceptive heart.

After this incident there were fewer sermons from the chapel steps. The young missionary was growing into the harness that many predecessors and inevitable conditions had prepared for him before he had ever dreamed of old Cathay. The lure of the character, which is the real lore of the sons of Ham, laid hold of him and made him a slave. Rarely is its gray and subtle enchantment felt by the keen new blood of the West, but when it is the capture is complete. There are shy, silent white men,

like the ghosts of the sages, who live in an atmosphere as dry as a temple shrine and wear out their hearts in thrashing the husks of a buried wisdom. But Simeon continued to preach from his two early inspirations, though oftener to his own colleagues than to the Chinese flock who tarried at the threshold of the deeper mysteries of the faith. Then he was shunted into school work, and early in his second term he was made dean of the Bible Training Institute, a position which he held steadily during the years of transition while a new world of thought and practice was born around him. He added nothing to his two basic ideas in the sphere of religious thought and nothing to the psychology of teaching. Indeed, that blessed word "psychology" found his consciousness an impervious medium. All the days of his life that strange science with all its works remained as blank a mystery to him as "Mesopotamia" might have been to his unlettered grandfather back in the Ozarks. He lived through the last quarter of the nineteenth century and knew nothing of William James. Yet he held his place. Old Simeon, with his antiquated D.D., in the high chair of a theological seminary—the grotesque unfitness of the thing had been pointed out more than once and not only by younger men than himself. But he held on, in spite of criticism, with his queer old notions and incorruptible rectitude, adding depth to depth to his fund of Chinese lore, while the world changed and China with it. The years wore him down while he grew gray of head and heart. The golden hope of his youth burned dimly, and he seldom broached it to the unsympathetic ears of the younger generation: that splendid and tremulous expectation of the early church, the very heart of its glorious life that was a scandal to the new religionists of social righteousness. He held his peace, but his heart was desolate. His work as a schoolman kept him aloof from the vital current of evangelism, which was creating a new church and a new China just beyond the gates of his old seminary. As the living hope grew fainter his creed had hardened. It was a frozen faith he now held, without the inspiration or dreams of the morning time. He thought more severely of the conduct of men and had fallen into the bad habit of questioning motives. He was becoming a pessimist in

fact, if not in theory. That bitter spirit found a natural habitat in his severe puritanic nature. His sharpening features might have served for a mask of Dante. The compressed lips drawn over the projecting line of teeth, the narrow bone of nose bent severely down from the ridge at the middle, these were the symbols of a spirit censorious of man and all his ways. The gray eyes, which were once softened with warmth, were glassy and shallow, patient rather than kind. There is a flat green bead of jade, without shadow or depth, from which the fretting cormorant regards his watery world with a glancing keenness. That eye is set for prey and its light is cold. Simeon was beginning to see humanity as an abstraction, and his fishing for men had turned from a fierce instinct to a cold habit.

It was twenty years since the episode in front of the street chapel. The September heavens sparkled with blue light and the crisp air touched the blood. Air and sun and sky thrilled like a prism and the red brown edges of the hills seemed to flush and vibrate under the gales of silver sunlight. The Rev. Simeon Streek was striding before his sedan, a black rod of a man, with a heavy purple scarf at his neck and a great red hood of Chinese pattern framing his yellowish countenance. These outings were a rare thing and he enjoyed them in a chill and ghostly way. He was going on a special mission to the outstation of Ling Yang, and as the river was too dry for launch travel he was climbing the overland trail. He had two burden bearers, one to carry his bread and blankets and the other a heavy weight of silver, the quarterly stipend of two score preachers and teachers who were awaiting him at the half-ruined town beyond the bald plateau. He should reach a little white-walled chapel in the plain about six o'clock and he was now eying the horizon for the fringe of cypress trees which he knew led up to the village. There the night could be spent in safety and comfort. But at half past five he began to climb a barren ridge with the white sunset flashing down upon his face like the points of a thousand spears. Then for another half hour he moved along a grassy level at the end of which a ragged cone of rock and timber rose steep and black above a hidden gorge. The road dropped into this green ravine,

where the dusk seemed to grow into a solid core of gloom. The gorge wound round the base of the cone, whose sides were shaggy with pine and thickly streaked with naked trunks that gleamed spectrally in the twilight. Mighty cryptomarias sprang from the roots of the mountain and heaved their dark plumes against the rocky slopes above them. It was one of the hoary places of eld which survive among the denuded ranges and hide in their black seams the growths of other ages. Simeon Streek descended into the bowels of the earth, grimly conscious of sympathy with his surroundings. Three hundred feet down the road crossed the torrent on a stone arch at the opposite side of which were a group of huts huddled against the mountainside. There were signs of human neighborhood in the shape of some great planks of sawed wood which workmen had been shaping to build into coffins.

One of his loadmen went to explore an entrance into one of the houses. He waited some minutes in the cold: it seemed to pierce his heart. With a sigh of relief he saw the man return, shoulder the load, and make straight for the door. He followed him into a dark interior lit by a few red streaks which flashed now and then from the hearth of an oven at one end of the room. Something stooped there blowing up the flames while the stranger waited within the threshold. The fire brightened a little, then a man rose and greeted the guest—a western stranger who had missed the way. Ah, there were many rogues on the highway who were happy in deceiving strangers. Yes; they were bold rascals who made the road *lie*. Might one stay the night under his wretched roof? Ah, if it were only fit for the guest he should have the whole house. In a few moments a bucket of steaming rice was placed on the board table, a bit of salted fish with a relish of pickled bean-mash was added, and a bowl of soup flavored with dried mushrooms completed the menu. The stranger was invited to sit and eat. There was neither woman nor child visible. The host seemed quite alone. Simeon had time to note his surroundings more minutely. A bright new coffin stood by the wall, intended, no doubt, for the use of the host when the time came. A few sticks of incense stuck in a pewter bowl burned before a sleepy-faced idol which sat upon a shelf above the table. The

dry fumes floated visibly, making a pleasant pungent smell. There were chickens and ducks about a pig which lay snoring near the oven. A tea-oil dip spread a smoky light. Simeon talked with his host in familiar fashion. He was well furnished with the colloquial dialect, the native Doric of the people, which has power in the mouth of the outlander to open the doors of speech and to unseal the gates which bar him from the native born. He found he was talking to a celibate of the male order; that anomaly of Chinese life—a man unmarried. His parents had been too poor to purchase him a mate in the regular way and too witless to provide him one by adoption; that is, by taking a little cast-off girl into the family to be reared as a future bride for one of the sons. He was a bachelor, turned sixty, and no sons to perform the rites at his grave when he should have gone on into the land of spirits. It was a bitter and dolorous prospect.

Pity stirred in the heart of the white man, a pang of suffering kinship which rose up articulately in the consciousness of his own lonely life. He felt a movement of friendliness toward the old man, and would have done something to help him if he could. He had to resort to a few stale phrases, a shop-worn stock grown shabby with the years. They were mostly platitudes of universal currency about contentment, and godliness, and the great gain resultant; and—truth even more painfully patent—about the nakedness of the exit and entry of the mundane state. He was preaching a gospel which had grown old in China thousands of years before he was born. His words returned to him like sounding brass. Too long his mind had ceased to be a workshop; too long it had been a lumber-room where odds and ends of old furniture were heaped together, worm-eaten, unjointed, and useless. Simeon felt that an opportunity had been given and he was in danger of losing it. He was groping for a lead. He spoke of the futile waste of idol worship, of the boundless folly of superstitions which enslaved the living to the dead, all the while with an awareness of another thing—that a gulf was opening between them where there had been a bridge of sympathy before. Then his host arose and prepared a bed, some clean thin boards over which were laid a few bundles of rice-straw. Fumes of oil, in-

cense, and charcoal had thickened the air. The desire for a clear cold breath came over the missionary. He stepped out into the stone court and stood with bared head under the stars. It was a spontaneous act of worship, an elemental impulse of a pure and simple nature. He was gazing up through a green mysterious well. From a depth of shimmering gloom he gazed into a crystal deep where the heart of heaven throbbed with golden fires.

From the level above the gorge the effect was very different. There it was a dry clear world of unveiled spaces and naked lights, high and gray and desolate. But a glamor was upon the gorge. It was of the faintest visibility, and this anointing medium was a stimulant to the man's uplifted soul. At full meridian above him, in a nest of down and sparks, shone a large rose-colored star. It was a royal Aldebaran and the sweet Hyades in the mid-glory of their long procession across the heavens. A chain of memories flashed across his mind, lighting far back into the chambers of a child's enchanted life. The star of Bethlehem was shining mystically on a young boy's eyes. Then he was kneeling at an altar with other penitents in strong crying and tears; the heavens were opened upon him and the visions of the infinite mercy shone from the bosom of the Father. Again he was kneeling, and the hands of the elders crossed and clasped upon his head, consecrating and empowering, and the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of the Christ was all his eyes might hold. He stood there long, gazing from depth to depth of throbbing revelation, till beauty turned to grace, and grace was changed to glory, pouring from the mystic fountains of love far down in the heart of the Infinite. It was the sense of God flooding his soul with the ancient heartbreak. As the vision passed his lips were softly framing words as if for his own sake: "This is the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The light was in his heart as he reentered the doorway. The old man was squatted before the oven drawing on his long bamboo pipe and nodding drowsily between the whiffs.

Simeon found his large-lettered Bible and began to read. First he read the prelude to the Fourth Gospel, then the wondrous chapter to the end, and on to the mighty consummation in the

third: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son—" Here he rested on the heights. The puffing of the pipe had ceased. He repeated the verse with a pungency of accent as if he himself were tasting for the first time a rich and strange experience. He read on in the marvelous Gospel. He was in the fourth chapter at the breaking up of the deeps. The revelation seemed to be within himself, as if a hidden spring had been opened from whence a fresh fountain of wondrous sweetness was breaking out. The dip burned close to Simeon's face, throwing the outline of his features into strong articulation. His host had come near, arrested by the moving tones of his voice, and was searching with wild earnestness the reader's face, as if startled by sudden memories. He stood close enough to see the print, but he was gazing on the living page, interpreting by that fleshly tablet the words he was hearing: God, life, Father, love. Simeon was soaring on the wings of a new hope. Faith was at work. He was standing at the verge of the longed-for triumph, the instant conversion of an outcast and a sinner. "The bread which I will give is my flesh, for the life of the world." The golden bread was feeding the flame of love which filled his shaken soul. He could feel the counter-throb in the withered creature beside him. "The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep."

His host was asking a question of the burden-bearer. There was a whisper of assent.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." He felt a strange assurance about the matter. The pure word which he was intoning seemed itself to ring with deep expectancy, and he dared utter no word of his own at this juncture. "Every man who beholdeth the Son and believeth on him shall have eternal life."

"It is he," whispered the old man. "Master"—he cried; but the reading went on. He turned again to the burden-bearer. "It is very long since I knew him, but it is the same—the very one," he whispered excitedly. "He read that book and those words."

Simeon read again, "God so loved—" He suddenly faced his excited host. "Do you believe," he said, "that he died for

you? For 'as many as received him, to them—' Have you received him?" demanded Simeon.

"Master, I believe," said the old man. "I have *seen* the love of the Father. I understand."

"Do you believe that he saves you *now?*"

"I believe; yes, yes. It was you who picked me up," Simeon gave him a puzzled look, "on the street at Ching-tau."

What did he mean? Was he driveling? The strong preacher clove to his point. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," he was saying.

"The soldiers, the runners, they had pulled me down and were trampling me under foot," went on the other, jerking at his cue to describe the process. "You were the friend who saved me bleeding there in the street." Then in a gush of gratitude he fell on his knees before the bewildered Simeon, who, under the compulsion of the master-bias of a lifetime, grappled with himself and seized the opportunity.

"Let us pray," he said, laying a broad hand upon the other's shoulders as he knelt beside him on the ground. In awed acquiescence the simple soul listened as the other lifted it up to the Lord God in a sonorous pæan of praise and thanksgiving for the love which had found and saved him that night. What vision of things above the minds of men in the bosom of the Father that prayer brought to the awakened soul may not be written, but it was enough to silence the words with which he would have led the missionary through the "dark backward" of the stretch of time to the bright spot where his old heart clung as to the one revealing of the Divine Love which he could understand. There he had seen and loved God in one of his creatures. The preacher stood up masterfully, triumphantly. "Do you know that Jesus saves you now?" he repeated, under the full sway of the ruling passion.

"Yes! yes! master; I know Jesus and God, and—you—all—but you first."

Simeon felt no call to analyze the problem presented by his convert's peculiar hallucination concerning himself and the divine relations. The religious psychology, which was pouring in as

a flood, he regarded as a peculiarly subtle form of blasphemy, and the devil's own form of devitalizing experience. "I always believed it," he said, as he unrobed his gaunt figure for bed. "The work of grace is an instant work. It is the Lord's work and marvelous in our eyes." There was joy in his soul as he lay down to sleep, and all night long, through dream and slumber, it was singing the same deep song. He woke early and ate his breakfast in the spell of a strange benediction. Outside was a radiance of wintry whiteness. The ferns of the roof were shining with the frosts of heaven. They seemed like feathers fallen from angels' wings and a happiness like their winged peace filled his heart. He prayed again with the new-born comrade, lingering as if to breathe the Holy Ghost. As he passed from the court the old man looked hard at the preacher for a moment, and then ran up to him, turning his face up sideways and pointing to a scar which showed livid beneath the skin.

"Don't you remember? Don't you recognize it?" he cried.

For a second the gates of memory balanced as if to open on the past. They closed again, but the old man persisted. He held up a tattered blue book and made Simeon understand there was something marked to be read. "Inasmuch—" he began to read for the old man. When he had finished, the other raised his voice to a shout: "You did it to me."

"Who? I? For *you?* Ah, yes; last night. You were in prison—to sin. You thirsted—for the water of life. You hungered—for the bread of righteousness."

He was half way up the gorge before he thought the puzzle through. "The colporteurs did good work in just such places as this," he was saying to himself. "They should never have been dropped. It was a mistake—that."

"A peculiar scar," he went on musing. "But he must have gotten it long ago."

W. L. Bisonnette

TENNYSON'S CRITICISM OF LIFE

In recent years there has been a noticeable return to the earlier conviction that Tennyson is a great thinker as well as a great poetic artist. There was really no reason for ever giving up the idea, except that the beauty and splendor of his poetic work disguised the essential strength and soundness of his thought. While it has long been known that great art conceals art, it has not been so well known that great art also conceals thought. But beauty is truth, and truth is beauty, to Tennyson as well as to Keats, and great poetic thought is essential to true poetic beauty. In the Dedication to "The Palace of Art" Tennyson set forth his conviction

> "That Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters
> That dote upon each other, friends to man,
> Living together under the same roof,
> And never can be sunder'd without tears."

His earliest work, however, is critical rather than constructive, and served to clear the way, perhaps unconsciously, for his highest endeavors. In several of these earlier poems he has given us searching criticisms of the æsthetic aloofness from life that seemed in danger of becoming an accepted ideal of the romantic poetry and art of his youth. He realized the necessity of full participation in the social and other activities of life, and in the imperative need of close contact with reality. An idealist of the most convinced type, he yet believed that the ideal cannot be divorced from the real except at its own infinite peril. Beauty cannot be sundered from Truth and Goodness; all three must be kept together under one roof. It may seem strange for Tennyson to advocate this, as he does in so many poems. The poet himself seemed to live aloof from his fellow-men. He engaged in no business or profession and declined to take any active part in politics. Even after he was knighted he continued his isolation, and voted only once in the House of Lords—but that was for the Franchise bill. But though he lived a strictly private life he was

not therefore a hermit. Though he abstained from direct participation in public affairs, he maintained throughout his life the closest intellectual contact with his age. No poet of his day, and no earlier poet except Milton, was more in touch with the great movements of his times. His country homes were not out of intellectual contact with the great centers of thought and life. He was preeminently the poet of the two great movements of his day —the scientific and the social political movements that so profoundly stirred the Victorian era. He was an evolutionist before Darwin and a social reformer before Gladstone. With all his love of personal and family privacy no mind was more absorbed than his with public matters. It is this great interest in public affairs that enabled him to become the most national and the most representative of all English poets, and, as T. B. Aldrich says, "England's voice with one acclaim for threescore years."

In "The Lady of Shalott" Tennyson ventures beautifully upon his first criticism of the isolated life. Here he pictures the attempt of the lady to live alone in her island castle, absorbed in the weaving of her magic web of beauty and art and indifferent to all the realities of the great world lying just outside her window. She sees only so much of this real world as is reflected in her mirror, and the shadow is all she desires to see. She has not, however, succeeded in eradicating all interest in real life, and her seclusion had not rendered her incapable of love. When the shadow of the "two young lovers lately wed" flashed into her mirror she realized her isolation, and

> "'I am half sick of shadows,' said
> The Lady of Shalott,"

and when the brave knight, Sir Launcelot, came by his reflection flashed into her soul and she at once left her web and her isolation for the larger and nobler life of love. The poet himself told Canon Ainger that "the new-born love for something, for someone, in the wide world from which she had been so long secluded takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities." At this the magic web of her secluded life was shattered, but she had been unfitted for the new. The old life was abandoned, but she

had by her long seclusion made a return to real life perilous. She had left the old, but could not take up with the new life. She had forsaken love, and now love abandons her. Love is not now for her, and she pursues it only to her undoing. When her dead body floats into Camelot her beauty is admired, but her knight has only pity for her, no love. He only prays, "God in his mercy lend her grace." It seems to be part of the poet's conception that this sort of sequestered life is fatal to our highest good. The magic web of art is not enough to satisfy the soul. The Lady of Shalott has sacrificed love and life to her art. She has separated herself from her fellows only to find out too late that she cannot do without them. Her ideal is shattered and her life destroyed. It is needless to say, however, that when the poet again took up this story, in "Launcelot and Elaine," he gave it a different significance, transferring the cause of the tragedy from the lady herself to the faithless knight.

The poet goes much further, however, in developing his idea in "The Palace of Art." Here he pictures the attempt of a beauty-loving soul to live apart from her fellows, away from all that is common and ugly, in the enjoyment of seclusion and beauty. This soul builds for herself "a lordly pleasure-house" on "a huge crag-platform," far removed from "the darkening droves of swine," as she calls the common people. Here in "god-like isolation" she plans to "make merry and carouse, "where," as she says, "in bliss I shall abide." With some detail the poet describes the situation and the structure of this "high palace" where the beauty-loving soul endeavors to reign "apart, a quiet king." Four great courts are built, with every accession of art and beauty. The cloisters, the lawns, the fountains, all are carefully built. Then the numerous corridors are described in detail, and are suited "for every mood of mind, or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern." The rooms are decorated with tapestries, depicting every kind of legend, from Christian to Indian and Greek. Portraits of the great, the poets Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, and Homer, hang on the walls, while frescoes adorn the ceilings, and mosaics cover the floors. These latter give the "cycles of the human tale," and reveal a scorn of the people, and a cynicism of their upward

strivings. These, with many other decorations, complete the furnishings of this wonderful Palace of Art. Then the soul thinks she has succeeded in separating herself from the fortunes of men, whether in peace or war, and flatters herself,

> "I sit apart, holding no forms of creeds,
> But contemplating all."

But her self-satisfaction is short-lived. She could not escape her humanity and her connection with human affairs:

> "Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
> Flash'd through her as she sat alone."

For a brief three years she prospered; but

> "on the fourth she fell,
> Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
> Struck through with pangs of hell."

In order that she might not perish utterly God "plagued her with sore despair." She had neglected her moral nature, and now it had awakened to torment her. She began to realize that she had made a mistake. Her very solitude was in itself a torture, and she began to scorn herself. For a time her mind was in utter confusion, and her soul in dull stagnation. Her isolation was seen to be a curse, and not a blessing, and her serpent pride curled back upon her and tortured her. Then follows an account of her moral regeneration, of her remorse and her purging, that is scarcely surpassed in any poem and would do credit to Marlowe or Shakespeare. In her self-loathing and shame she feels that she is

> "exiled from eternal God,
> Lost to her place and name."

Death and life she hated equally, and was in despair, and could find nowhere any comfort. At last she fully realizes the situation, and recognizing the true character of her life, she cries out:

> "What is it that will take away my sin,
> And save me lest I die?"

The attempt to live a life of god-like isolation has failed, and because it misconceived the nature of the divine life. Art

has not ennobled life, but has been a means of sin. The soul has not become better by its separation from the common herd, but worse. Four years of such a life has sufficed to prove its error and evil. Now she throws her royal robes away and will leave her palace of art to live in a cottage, among the people, where she can share their sorrows and their joys. She will use her palace again only when she can return with others there, as she says, "When I have purged my guilt."

In "The Vision of Sin," published ten years later, Tennyson develops the idea that the life of isolation and pleasure is apt to become both sinful and gross. In "The Lady of Shalott" and in "The Palace of Art" there was no suggestion of grossness or bestiality, but only of selfish indulgence in beauty and in art. Ten years more of life, however, seems to have convinced the poet that such selfishness could not retain its refinement, but must inevitably lead to self-indulgence of the grossest sort and to a cynicism that would laugh at truth and virtue. It is not possible, he now believes, to keep sin refined and respectable. Its natural affiliation is with grossness and brutality. "The Vision of Sin," therefore, depicts the rapid downward course of a youth who rides up to and enters the palace gate of pleasure. He is received by "a child of sin" who leads him to fountains of pleasure and to an indulgence that soon ruins his soul. Even the music of the place is low and voluptuous, and the company of pleasure-seekers soon dance themselves into sin. Their pleasures become ever coarser, until they are weighed down by sin, and the winged horse of the youth's soul becomes nothing but an old jade, and he "A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death."

In spite of the warnings of God he goes on, and presently alighting at a ruined inn he sings to the barmaid the song of "The Feast of Death." He calls for wine and more wine, and as he drinks he becomes more cynical. He mocks and jeers at virtue and liberty, and laughs at what he calls the "hollow hearts and empty heads" of men. With each drink and each foul jest he mocks the more, and laughs and sneers at life and death until madness fully seizes him. In the concluding lines of the poem Tennyson gives us three of the most incisive criticisms of the

pleasure ideal to be found in either poet or philosopher. He says that pleasure is "a crime of sense avenged by sense." In a prose note on the poem he says: "The sensualist becomes worn out by his senses." In other words, pleasure defeats itself and cannot, as such, be a true and permanent ideal. Then the poem adds that "The crime of sense became the crime of malice." Pleasure transforms itself into bitterness, and ends by destroying all love for mankind. And the loss of love is the loss of pleasure itself. Finally he says that "A little grain of conscience made him sour." This seems to mean that, as conscience cannot be either satisfied or eradicated by pleasure, it remains only to plague and torture the victim. The poet is not sure whether there is any redemption for such a person, and contents himself to leave him in the hands of God. No poet has ever given a more artistic or a more valid criticism of the ideal of pleasure. From early life Tennyson was impressed with the inability of art to furnish all the elements of life. As late as 1890 he quoted with approval a remark made by Trench when they were boys together at Cambridge: "Tennyson, we cannot live by art." In the Dedication to "The Palace of Art," by calling the beauty-loving soul "a glorious devil" he showed the depth of his conviction that an attempt to live by art alone is not only foolish but sinful. A selfish indulgence even in so excellent a thing as art and beauty is sinful, devilish. This conception of the sinfulness of indulgence in pleasure is made more emphatic in "The Vision of Sin." He once said that this poem "describes the soul of a youth who has given himself up to pleasure and Epicureanism." The poem, in fact, is the poet's complete and sound criticism of the pleasure ethics that dominated English thought in his youth.

A. W. Crawford.

THE BLOND BRUTE

It is a singular fact that the phrase of a mental degenerate formulates the practical philosophy of many sane men. That expression is "The Blond Brute" or "Master Man" of Friedrich Nietzsche. Nietzsche, neither pure German nor Saxon, was born at Rucken near Lutzen in Saxony and at the age of fifty-six died a raving maniac. Oswald Crawford (Nineteenth Century, October, 1900) thus analyzes Nietzsche's code of ethics, and it will be seen at a glance that his doctrine of the "Master Man" is not only anti-Christian and non-moral but also frankly brutal. Crawford says, "Nietzsche divides the conventionally moral evolution of mankind into three periods: the primitive pre-moral period, when primitive man killed his enemy by stratagem, cheated his friend, ran away from his enemy, tortured his captive, stole his neighbor's wife and goods and lied all around; the man so behaving was reckoned, and thought himself, a good and pious person." The second period is what Nietzsche calls "slave morality," in which the victims of this Blond Beast turn against him and by their efforts at self-protection organize a system of morality which condemns these qualities and conduct of the "master man." This slave morality made vices of the "master man's" virtues. We are now facing the third period, which is certainly a reversion rather than an advance. Crawford continues, "We have now at last arrived," says Nietzsche, "at the brink of a period when wickedness shall again prevail, as it did in the good old heroic times when the strong man scalped and stole and lied and cheated and abducted. The day has now come for the strong man, who can rule himself, to do just what he likes; goodness and wickedness are as one to him and to him nothing is forbidden." This primal man seems to be Nietzsche's ideal being (quoting his own words): "A beast of prey, a magnificent blond brute, ranging about and lusting for booty and victory." He assures us that, "At the root of all noble races lies the beast of prey. . . . This foundation needs from time to time to disburden itself; the animal must out, must hie him back to the desert."

It might be supposed that a conception of life so frankly brutal would be regarded as an insane raving of this crazy philosopher, but in various forms the same idea appears in other literatures, both old and new. Probably its earliest expression is found in the pagan philosophers and Greek writers. In its ancient form it has been ably considered and refuted by Hugh Black in his recent work, "Culture and Restraint." It reappears in the pagan redivivus of Goethe, the German Homer. His conception of culture, while more refined, is essentially the unlimited egoism of the "Blond Beast." With all his genius Goethe's soul never escaped from Auerbach's cellar with its wassail song,

> "Happy as cannibals are we,
> Or as five hundred swine."

Nothing dares to interfere with Goethe's conception of his welfare. Friendship, honor, purity, love, all—everything—must give way before Goethe's progress in what he conceived to be his self-realization. It was not self-realization but the realization of sublimated selfishness. A later apostle of the Blond Beast philosophy is Ibsen. The doctrine takes form in the phrase motto of "All or nothing" in Brand. In the Doll's House Nora leaves her husband and children because of "other duties equally sacred, duties toward herself." It turns out that this "sacred duty" was to marry another. Ehrhard sums up Ibsen's doctrine as "The revolt of the individual against society. In other words, Ibsen is the apostle of Moral Autonomy." To this Max Nordau replies: "Ehrhard dares to use the expression 'moral autonomy.' In the name of this fine principle Ibsen's critical heralds persuade the youth who gather round him that they have the right 'to live out their lives,' and they smile approvingly when their auditors understand by this term the right to yield to their baser instincts and free themselves from all discipline." Indeed, like a poisoned stream, this evil view has tainted much of modern literature and is still spreading its virus in popular thought and conduct. We hear a great deal of "living out your life," "the assertion of personality," "moral independence," "the right of self-disposal," "the right of self-realization," "cosmic thrills" and "elemental passions." These are

all specious forms of Nietzsche's brutal doctrine. The worst of all is that the Blond Beast is appearing in conduct as well as thought. The philosopher has large responsibility, for, ultimately, the leader of thought becomes the leader of action. Sentences kill as well as bullets. A phrase of Luther shook Europe. A writer in the London Times declares, "An unconscious discipleship to Friedrich Nietzsche is common in business, social and military circles in America, where deeds of a type once denounced as criminal are now applauded as clever, and where Christianity, the golden rule of ethics, is for slaves." It is believed that this arraignment is from the pen of a prominent American, which fact adds nothing to our comfort.

It is the persuasion of many that the Blond Beast philosophy has invaded our educational ideals, as shown by the abnormal and irrational dominance of athletics. Whatever may be said legitimately in favor of a sound body is heartily admitted, but a University in which the football game is *the* event of the scholastic year is Nietzscheized. Muscle is better than mind. Beef is greater than brains. It is all a horrible reversion to the primal touchdown and horned struggle of the bellowing herd. Behold these "human plows," these modern bulls of the University of Bashan, the proud product of the brainy professor's art, and remember Nietzsche's "magnificent blond brute."

There are many results of this philosophy. The dainty dirt in polite literature, the impurity of the stage, the reeking realism of fiction, the cruelty of greed, the rottenness of politics, the worship of millionaires, the social *entrée* of moral degenerates, the cult of Bernard Shaw, all attest the presence and practice of these principles of anarchistic egoism. Mr. Thomas Hardy attributes to Nietzsche a large responsibility for modern militarism. He says that, if the destruction at Rheims was premeditated, "it will strongly suggest that a disastrous blight upon the glory and nobility of that great nation has been wrought by the writings of Nietzsche with his followers, Treitschke, Bernhardi, etc." It is apparent that the transition from "The Super-man to the Super Nation" is logical and easy. This logical sequence is seen in the frank brutalism of Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War," published before the

present world war and a striking forecast of what has already happened. Nietzsche's doctrine shows up in Treitschke's famous and fiendish phrase, "God will see to it that war always occurs as a drastic medicine for the human race." An American critic, Paul Elmer Moore, says, "The force of Nietzscheism may be summed up thus: A violent repudiation of any faith or tradition which recognizes a power of right and justice lying beyond our impulsive nature and pronouncing a veto on the willful expansion of that nature; an identification of self-restraint with degeneracy and of self-assertion with health, resulting in a deadening of the response to the value of harmony and proportion and voluntary moderation; a search for happiness in the conquest of others rather than in self conquest, and a hatred of all sympathy for the weak which would involve even a partial surrender of the privilege of strength; a sharp distinction between the superior individual and the servile horde; a substitution of the 'will to power' for the Darwinian 'will to live,' with the consequent intensification of the unconscious and instinctive struggle for existence into a battle for conscious mastery; a sharpening of the competition of life with its self-observed rules of fair play, or its traditionally imposed limitations, into a glorification of war as the supreme test of strength, obtaining its justification in success." This arraignment of the militarism of the mad philosopher is just; for he has written: "You have been taught that a good cause justified even war; but I teach that a good war justifies any cause." It is high time that the mad career of the Blond Brute should be stopped.

1. Nietzsche's teaching is subversive of all social order. Take one of his sentences: "The virtues (such as diligence, obedience, chastity, piety, justice) are for the most part pernicious to their possessors." This is rank anarchy. His attack upon what he calls "slave morality" is an effort to destroy society, and we are not surprised to find his poetic interpreter, Ibsen, making direct battle against government. Ibsen glorifies the deluge because it was so radically ruinous. He would go further, for he assures us that he would "place blissfully a torpedo under the ark." In anarchistic clearness this leaves nothing to be desired.

2. This theory of life, for it is not worthy of being called a

philosophy, is unscientific. Max Nordau has shown that man was not a "solitary roving brute," and alludes to Darwin's heroic baboon to show that such representation of primeval man as the view involves is nothing short of slander. He also maintains, "The biological truth is that constant self-restraint is a necessity of existence as much for the strongest as for the weakest." In the teachings of evolution nothing is more emphatic than that "arrest of the body." There is a limit to the organic—the brute-development. Drummond says, "We are confronted with a stupendous crisis in stature—the arrest of the animal. The Man, the Animal Man, the Man of Organic Evolution, it is at least certain, will not go on. It is another Man who will go on, a Man within this Man; and that he may go on the first Man must stop." Le Conte observes, "As the material evolution of Nature found its goal, its completion and significance in man, so must man enter immediately upon a higher *spiritual* evolution to find its goal and completion in its significance in the ideal man—the Divine man." Evolution is no friend to brutalism, for its ultimate field and function lead onward in the higher realm of the soul. Man is not to pause. John Fiske urges that man should make all possible haste to throw off "his brute inheritance"; and Tennyson cries:

> "Arise and fly
> The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
> Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die."

Finally, this teaching and its tendencies are thoroughly irreligious. Le Conte observes, "There are two, and only two, fundamental moral principles; namely, love to God and love to man. Both of these must be embodied in rational worship." This philosophy knows nothing of either. There is one God—neither divine nor human, only "The Blond Beast." No one questions that the result of true religion is altruism, but here is only the worship of selfishness. It is not the "survival of the fittest" but the crowning of the beast. Le Conte insists upon the "higher spiritual evolution." He declares that a new factor appears in human progress. That factor is *"the conscious voluntary cooperation of the human spirit in the work of its own evolution.* The method of this new

factor consists essentially in the formation and especially in the voluntary pursuit of *ideals*. In organic evolution species are transformed by *environment*. In human evolution *character* is transformed by *its own ideal*."

Drummond makes very clear that evolution does not stop with "the struggle for life," but passes on to "the struggle for the life of others." "The struggle for the Life of Others is the physiological name for the greatest word of ethics—Otherism, Altruism, Love." He assures us that, "Beside the *struggle for the Life of Others* the struggle for Life is but a passing phase," and that the "first chapter or two of the story of evolution may be headed 'the Struggle for Life,' but take the book as a whole and it is not a tale of battle. It is a Love-story." In fact, he declares in a well-known and eloquent passage that "Christianity is the Further Evolution." Alas! the "Master Man," the "Blond Brute," knows nothing of these high ideals. He has no conception of man's lofty destiny. Goethe's five hundred hogs have escaped from Auerbach's cellar and roam at will among the children of men.

H. W. Barnes.

HENRY JAMES, THE REALIST: AN APPRECIATION

Henry James in fiction, like his distinguished brother William James in philosophy, succeeded in writing his name large in the annals of American letters and had attained to no mere ephemeral distinction at the time of his death. It has been aptly remarked of these two noted brothers, in illustration of the contrast in their style as writers, that William wrote psychology like a novelist while Henry wrote fiction like a psychologist. It is with Henry James the novelist, the realist, the impressionist, not Henry James the psychologist, that the present paper is concerned and with his work as a writer of fiction. When his facile and prolific pen was stilled by death, only a few months ago, he left behind him to the broadening and enrichment of our literature a very considerable quantity of prose fiction, which bears eloquent testimony no less to his inventiveness and craftsmanship than to his industry. His literary activity, however, was not confined to the novel simply. He produced a highly creditable number of short stories and, furthermore, established for himself an enviable reputation as a literary critic. He shares with William Dean Howells the distinction of being our foremost exponent of the new school of realism in fiction. But it is to be observed that Howells and James are only representatives of this school, not its founders. For realism existed and was recognized as a distinct school of fiction long before the time when Howells and James began to write. Moreover, these two novelists never claimed to be considered the first realists. They knew perfectly well that realism as a school of fiction was recognized in the novels of Jane Austen, and, even earlier, in the novels of Henry Fielding and Samuel Richardson, the founders of modern realism.

The life of Henry James was comparatively uneventful. He was born in New York in 1843, the eldest of four sons. His father, Henry James, senior, was a well-known philosopher and theologian, held in high repute despite the rapid change his religious views underwent from orthodox Presbyterianism through Swedenborgianism to spiritualism. He had inherited from his

merchant father no inconsiderable fortune, and Henry James, junior, was reared in the lap of wealth, and his education, conducted under his father's special supervision, was quite out of the ordinary for an American youth. He pursued his studies abroad, at Geneva, Paris, Boulogne and Bonn, and upon his return to America he entered the Harvard Law School in his nineteenth year. Certainly this method of education, by foreign travel and tutors, has much to commend it, in that it furnishes a young man with a speaking acquaintance with several of the European tongues with which our time-honored colleges fail to equip him, and Henry James is a shining example of its advantages. Perhaps it would not be wide of the mark to assert that Henry James possessed a more intimate acquaintance with European languages, society, and manners than any other American novelist ever has enjoyed, not even Crawford or Howells excepted. But this foreign education was not an unalloyed advantage, an unmixed blessing. It handicapped him with one serious defect: an apparent, if not a real, discontent with his native country, so that he seemed, in his tastes at least, more European than American, and he resided abroad almost continuously from 1869 till his death. This long residence in Europe enabled him to become better acquainted with foreigners, particularly the French and the English, and these he knows thoroughly, as he also knows the traveled American. But the American at home is a comparative stranger to him.

I. Henry James early demonstrated what the Roman satirist calls *cacoethes scribendi*—a passion for writing. No sooner had he settled in Boston than he published in the Atlantic Monthly, in 1865, his first story. After this followed his serial story, Poor Richard, and hard upon the heels of this his story with a French name, Gabrielle de Bergerac. His next production was a novel with the alliterative title, Watch and Ward. This proved a somewhat more clever performance and in analysis and comment appeared decidedly characteristic. It gave promise of something still better to follow. Perhaps the success of these early products of his pen determined for the author the question of his vocation, vacillating as he was between literature and the law, and sealed literature as his profession for life.

But these early writings, though caviar to the critical few, failed to appeal to the reading public, and he came first into general recognition upon his publication of The American, and Daisy Miller. These two books brought him not only a well-deserved renown but also adequate remuneration, and he regarded himself as fully repaid for his unstinted and laborious efforts. After this he was in request as a writer, and the leading English journals and American magazines, such as The Century and The Atlantic, eagerly sought the products of his clever pen. So he wrote and published in rapid succession Roderick Hudson, Portrait of a Lady, Princess Casamassima, The Bostonians and The Tragedians, besides numerous short stories. But he did not restrict himself to fiction. In 1878 he published a sizable collection of trenchant criticisms of French authors under the title, French Poets and Novelists, and it was this performance that revealed his ability as an incisive and independent critic of literature.

In his early work Henry James inaugurated a new type of fiction, a type generally recognized as the "international novel." He stood forth as the champion of social righteousness. He selected as the theme of his novel some incident that furnished a contrast between American and European life and manners, and he portrayed his characters in such a way as to compare American and European culture to the detriment of the former. A good illustration of his practice is furnished by the first-named novel, The American, which he published in 1877. Here the author portrays as the typical American a self-made man in middle life who has accumulated a fortune, and on retiring decides to go abroad to enjoy the fruits of his toil and his industry. Newman, the hero of this novel, appears to be a gentleman of considerable intelligence and culture, but somewhat lacking in grace and polish, a lack which his fortune is to supply by foreign travel and contact with society. In short Newman firmly believes that his accumulated fortune will avail to atone for his deficiency in culture. Accordingly he sets out for France, where in the gay French capital he meets a charming young widow of noble family and falls desperately in love with her. She happily re-

turns his love, and her mother, who desires her daughter to marry a rich man for her second husband, somewhat reluctantly consents to the engagement, but later, ascertaining what a wide social gap there is between her daughter and Newman, the mother and brother of the fiancée, who have the direction of all the affairs of the family, flatly refuse consent to the marriage, and the engagement is broken. The young widow stifles her affection for the rich American and forthwith enters a convent. Newman, who feels bitter resentment against the mother and her son for thwarting his personal marriage, somehow discovers through a dependent maid incriminatory evidence against the mother in the death of her husband, and induces the maid to deliver to him the tell-tale document. This damaging document was a letter written by the husband, upon his death-bed, charging his wife with criminal design in his death. Newman then indicates to the mother and her son, the marquis, that he has in his possession the accusing letter with which he threatens to expose her. Though alarmed at his threat she shows resolute courage. But Newman relents, upon reflection, and finally destroys the letter. Thus the story ends in a very unexpected manner and the conclusion proves a manifest disappointment to the reader. This, however, is characteristic of Henry James's novels. Daisy Miller is written somewhat in the manner of The American and is in the nature of a protest. This book is in the form of a comedy in three acts and is a satire on the American girl abroad. The play opens with a scene at a hotel in Geneva, Switzerland, in which there figure a Russian matron and a knowing servant, formerly in her employ, but of late in the service of a wealthy New York family temporarily domiciled at the same hotel. The scene then shifts from Geneva to Rome, which serves as a convenient background for the detailed portrayal of the rich young American girl, the heroine of the story. Daisy Miller, the counterpart of Newman in The American, is an attractive American girl, exceedingly unconventional, who does not care for all the social forms and precedents and conventions which a European girl scrupulously observes. Though she does many shocking and audacious things, Daisy Miller is really at heart a good girl. Her *risqué* acts must be

the result of her woeful ignorance of the conventions of European society rather than of her rash willfulness. By the universal verdict of critics this portrait is conceded to be an exaggeration. No doubt there have been American girls, like Daisy Miller, who traveled through Europe doing all sorts of shocking things without realizing that they were offending good taste and showed no regard for the proprieties, yet most of these were probably our "innocents abroad." The type has practically disappeared, and our girls who tour the Old World to-day are as refined, cultured, and observant of the proprieties as the European girls.

These books were believed to be very realistic. It required, no doubt, a keen and scrutinizing eye to discover and a trenchant pen to depict the foibles and frailties of traveling Americans, and Henry James, it must be conceded, whether from set purpose or incidentally, certainly administered a stinging rebuke to the Americans abroad; but he was more severe in his criticism of the woman than of the man.

While they are fairly representative of Henry James's manner and art, the novels just discussed do not register his last word in fiction, nor do they represent his very best in technic and workmanship. In Roderick Hudson and The Portrait of a Lady James furnishes a more brilliant exhibition of his inventive genius and artistic execution. In them the situations are on a larger scale, the characters are more interesting, and the technic and workmanship are manifestly superior. Like their predecessors, however, they present American characters upon a European background. By the general verdict The Portrait of a Lady is accorded the first place among Henry James's novels—a verdict approved even by the critics. Isabel Archer and Ralph Touchet are no mere lay figures, but characters that deeply move our emotions and challenge our admiration. In their creation the author reaches the acme of his gifts as a novelist and his effort has rarely been surpassed by any of his contemporaries. Indeed, most of Henry James's characters are rather statuesque—cold, intellectual creatures whose emotional natures are dwarfed or atrophied. But not so Isabel Archer and Ralph Touchet, who are endowed with feeling and affection, like real men and women. It is a

commonplace criticism upon Henry James that, while he has created a greater variety of men and women than any other American novelist, his characters are endowed far more with qualities of the head than with those of the heart. Unlike Dickens or Hawthorne, James does not enter into the emotional life of his characters. It is said that Dickens even wept over the death of some of the characters in his novels, but one can hardly conceive Henry James doing anything of this sort. After having created his characters and introduced them upon the stage, as it were, Henry James stands off as a disinterested spectator and observes them from a critical point of view as they move to and fro in the performance of their respective parts, nor does he appear to manifest any special interest in their conduct.

Henry James's invention did not find expression in intricacy of plot. Indeed, all of his novels have very slight plots and are, for the most part, quite simple. They do not depend upon their plot for their interest. Their interest lies in the fact that they are psychological studies chiefly. There is but little action in his novels. There is dialogue, of course, but this is not used so much to advance the action as to set forth the characters. Of brilliance and wit there is a plenty, but of humor there is glaring deficiency. More attention is given to incidents that bring out certain mental states and impulses issuing in actions than to the actions themselves. When the characters in their interrelation have been adequately portrayed and their actions satisfactorily explained on rational and scientific principles, then the novel terminates. As notable examples of psychological studies among James's novels it will suffice to mention The Wings of a Dove, written in 1902, and The Golden Bowl, which was published two years later. In these novels are found long and intricate psychological explanations that fail to explain, at least to the layman, because they are so very abstruse. It appears then that the author, in his effort to explain, far from making clear actually becomes obscure. In general he conceives it to be his office to adduce sufficient data to account for all the actions of his characters on a reasonable basis. To this end he invents suitable adventures and incidents and then leaves off, supremely indifferent as to whether or not

the story terminates to the reader's satisfaction. Not infrequently, as in The Tragic Muse, the story ends rather abruptly and makes an unhappy impression upon the reader, as if the author had not worked it out to its logical or natural conclusion. The expected marriage does not occur. The truth is, nothing happens in James's novels. Accessories and environment are described in detail up to a certain point for the psychological effect. In such a study undue weight is attached to certain mental states and impulses and very minor attention is given to natural description. In fact, natural description forms no essential part of Henry James's conception of fiction, which was to study and present man and life as they actually exist, without extraneous embellishment or unessential accessories. He follows the selective method, describing only what he actually perceives, but not all he perceives. In his essay on "The Art of Fiction" in his Partial Portraits he says: "A novel is in its broadest definition a personal, a direct impression of life: that is, to begin with, constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression." James, of course, is an impressionist, and so regards the externals of life from the point of view of the painter. He begins on the outside, as a critic of the contemporary novel has remarked, and passes a little way beneath appearance, reading character through feature and movement of eyes, head and limb. His selective method is based on the trained perception that science has bequeathed us. This is what the impressionist is pleased to call art, but art reenforced by science. It is the formula of the new school of fiction that was inaugurated by Emile Zola, who drew up a body of principles that should guide and govern the experimental novelist. It is therefore from the contemporary French school of fiction that Henry James derives the fundamental principles of his theory and practice of fiction.

II. Henry James's theory of fiction would seem to apply with even more appropriateness to the short story than to the novel. We are not therefore surprised that he saw fit to devote his gifts as a writer largely to this *genre*. He achieved rare distinction in this field, and is recognized as the first American novelist to win renown in the department of the realistic short

story. Indeed, it is to be said to his credit that he is unsurpassed in this special branch of fiction and has really no equals in our literature. For, unlike Hawthorne or Poe or any other practitioner of the realistic short story, James does not introduce the supernatural or the romantic element to enhance the effect he desires to produce. He does not rely upon this device for his impression. He does not even select an especially dramatic situation for his short stories. Nor, on the other hand, does he select a commonplace situation. He steers a middle course in general. Frequently, however, he chooses a difficult theme, or at all events a theme out of the beaten path, and—skillful impressionist that he is—he presents it with telling effect by the aid of his subtle, incisive art. Thus he produces an engaging, yea, a fascinating story, despite the unusual or abstruse theme he may have chosen. As in his novels, so in his short stories, he exhibits his exceptional analytical methods. Withal his skill and workmanship are marvelous and but little short of perfection. To cite a concrete example, where can one find a more cleverly written short story of the realistic type than James's A Passionate Pilgrim, or The Madonna of the Future, or The Beldonald Holbein, or The Real Thing, or, if you please, The Turn of the Screw? One should have to go far afield to discover a volume of short stories of more excellent invention and execution than those collected under the comprehensive title The Better Sort. Not only this, but all of James's volumes of short stories manifest their author's subtle analysis of character and motive as well as his superior technic and exquisite finish. Yet there is but little stirring action in them and very meager attempt at climax. In this respect they show a striking family resemblance to his novels, both being psychological studies.

Now, it is a well-established fact that there are several distinct varieties of the short story. Of these well-defined classes the story of serious situation is readily to be distinguished, on the one hand, from the story of surprising or humorous situation with an unexpected flip at the end to drive home the point, and, on the other hand, from the story of local color. Of these three types James is the acknowledged master of the first—the story

of serious situation. Of the second type—the story of surprising and humorous situation—Aldrich, Stockton, and O. Henry are our foremost representatives. All three of these were disciples of the French school of which Maupassant is conceded to be the leader. Of the third type—the story of local color—Bret Harte and G. W. Cable rank among our most conspicuous representatives. It remains to be seen whether any living American whose pen is still active will eclipse, or even equal, their brilliant achievement. Of these named O. Henry is conceded to enjoy the greatest popularity; but whether his charming stories of surprising and humorous situation possess enduring elements of popularity only the future will disclose. James's stories have entirely different characteristics, being far more serious—in fact, stories of serious situation—and for this very reason it is difficult to compare his with O. Henry's. On his own ground he is unsurpassed. But the type of serious story he cultivated does not make the popular appeal which O. Henry's or even Aldrich's or Stockton's stories make. Nor can we affirm that James's stories, with all their serious situations, have any greater elements of permanence than the surprise stories have. This, however, can be affirmed, that James's workmanship, his art, his technic—all these qualities are superior to O. Henry's. His language, too, is far more choice and classic and his style of a much higher order of merit. But it would hardly be profitable to contrast these two masters further, they are so very unlike. Yet each is unsurpassed in his own domain, though O. Henry's is the larger domain of the two.

Now a word or two as to Henry James's special domain. In his short stories James grasps his situations with a vise-like grip and holds on till he succeeds in making the point of his story. He makes us feel as none of his predecessors, not even excepting Poe or Hawthorne, ever did, the challenge of a good situation. It is not that he concerns himself with the task of conveying a great moral truth. As a matter of fact, while his stories are all wholesome, he does not regard it as within the province of art to teach morality. Nor does he purposely undertake to do so, as Hawthorne so frequently did, though perhaps unconsciously. James's chief concern, as an artist, is to present a serious situa-

tion, and this he is resolved to do, even though it may require a volume to work out the desired end. And it must be admitted that he succeeds, but with the result that some of his short stories are a contradiction in terms. For he seems in some of them rather prolix, spinning his narrative out until it encroaches upon the limits of the novel. An example in point is furnished by his story, The Real Thing, or by The Turn of the Screw. In each of these the narrative extends over numerous pages, and yet each is unified in its impression and produces a single effect, as much so as Poe's famous Fall of the House of Usher, so frequently cited as a model. It goes without saying that James in his practice of the short story, just as in his novels, turned to the subtle contemporary French realists for his inspiration. For he is nothing if not a realist. Furthermore, he is the first American author to exploit the province of realism in the short story. Of course Hawthorne, Poe, and O'Brien struggled more or less after realism and gripped at serious situations, but they did not quite arrive at what the critics call realism. Bret Harte's work naturally suggests itself in this connection, but Bret Harte depended mainly upon local color for the realistic effect he sought to produce. Henry James, however, did not have recourse to these aids and accessories for his realistic effect. And realism he interprets to consist in a more or less literal transcription of life. Henry James therefore occupies a unique position in that he is our first writer to introduce realism into the impressionistic short story, thus advancing into a field hitherto uncultivated.

Edwin W. Dodson.

"WITH SOUL SO DEAD"

"Oh, darn this country!" snarled the bleached blonde girl with the green hose and vaudeville voice. After several of the party had looked wonderingly at her and their hushed gasps had subsided, she continued: "They can take the whole smear, for all me." "That's me, too," joined in the anæmic youth in the "elephant-breath" Norfolk coat who occupied a near-by seat and was vigorously operating the other end of a cigarette. "None of this nature business for me," continued the girl, unabashed by the searching eyes that were turned disapprovingly upon her. "Down at Blanchard they have a lovely scenic railway where we loop the loop, and a grand dancing pavilion where we dance till two in the morning. I love that."

These remarks were a cross-section of a free-for-all conversation among a half-dozen passengers on the observation car of a Great Northern transcontinental train as it rolled magnificently through the glorious Cascades. It was not the slang nor the vulgarity of the girl that shocked us. It was her profanity. I do not mean the profanity of her speech. I mean the profanity of *her*. Such speech from the lips of a young girl was startling enough, to be sure, but such language in that environment was a revelation of a profane soul, the glaring disclosure of which sent a sudden shudder through the little group. For hours we had been whirling through the silent and sublime grandeur of the mountains. The changing panorama of majestic scenes had caused the hush of worship to fall upon our souls. Truly we were in the heights. Here the seasons met. Above us on the right, and plainly within sight, winter held unbroken sway amid the eternal snows. To the left and immediately at hand was a tropical profusion of foliage — impenetrable shrubbery and "forest primeval" — that seemed months and miles removed from frost; and between these extremes an incalculable variety of green and growth rioted in wild confusion. There a foamy stream rattled and splashed among the rocks. Here the tall pines and firs lifted their slender lengths to doubtful heights above our height, and yonder towered the peaks,

spreading out their craggy shapes against the grey, dull sky. Purple mists and smoky amethyst veil hung on mountainside, revealing, concealing, coloring, confusing, astonishing, bewildering, overwhelming by their beauty and wonder. "Darn this country! . . . Scenic railway!"—Ghost of James J. Hill! There's no greater scenic railway on earth than this! Some of us had skipped luncheon lest we should miss some part of this transcendent glory. We were on the frontier of earth and heaven, the meeting place of nature and God. It is not surprising that the ancients thought the mountains were the dwelling place of God. The ancients were right. The wonder is that anyone should come here and not know it. Not without visions of ladders reaching into visible heavens and sweeping hosts of descending and ascending angels will some souls ever discover Bethel. The climax of human failure is that of Jacob: "Behold, God is in this place, *and I knew it not!*"

Between dizzy height of hanging rock and awful deep of gaping gulch we flew along as if in mid air. Extended distances, kaleidoscopic changes, indescribable colors, haunting silences, all conspired to fill us—the most of us—with a solemn sense of The Presence that caused the quiet of prayer to still and subdue our spirits. Within the week we had read in "The Point of View" column of the current Scribner the author's search for the "Poetry of the Heights" and were still in the afterglow of his penetrating and illuminating sentences. With him we were musing: "The chanted spirituality of Hebrew poetry is the sole literary language in tune with high places." Profanity and dancing pavilions didn't fit these regions. Such things belong to realms remote. "We need not a photographer of beauty but an interpreter of silence and strength," we went on repeating and, as the strident, hollow notes of the girl kept breaking upon our ears, we questioned with our author "whether the greatest æsthetic lack of our generation is not the lack of the art of worship." That was the fatal defect of this young girl and the puffing youth by her side. It was not that her brains had gone to her feet nor that his were going up in smoke, though these facts were sad enough. The tragedy was that in their eager adjustment to the immediate, alluring, hurried, pass-time, loop-the-loop world that lies about us they had

failed to make any adjustment to that deeper, hidden, hovering, spirit world that dwells within us. Their power of answering to the sublime was atrophied through disuse. They were incapable of awe. The roots of their reverence had been denied the sunlight of prayer. Their arid natures were as barren of the flowers of faith as the bleak rocks above us were void of ferns.

And that is the tragedy of thousands of American youth. But not of all, thank God! In this same little group on the observation car sat another young girl of about the same age as the one already mentioned. Hour after hour she sat gazing in rapt wonder at the glorious mountains, saying nothing, apparently hearing nothing. I thought perhaps she was a stranger to such scenes and possibly this was her first sight of the mountains. In answer to my question she said reverently, "I live among them." "And do you not tire of them?" I ventured. "Tire of them? Never! I love them." And the serene smile upon her lips was like a breath of incense from an altar in her heart. The difference in the two girls was not a difference in age, dress, nor intelligence. It was a difference in soul; a difference deep and radical. A friend of mine in Tacoma tells of a swearing chauffeur whose business it is to drive tourists out to Mount Ranier. All the way out he invariably "cusses" with every breath; but as they approach the great mountain, which the Indians called "Tacoma," meaning, it is said, "the Mount of God," the profane speech automatically dies away and not an irreverent syllable is heard in that awe-inspiring presence. There is hope for a soul that responds to the appeal of majesty.

Darkness gathered and the grey Cascades were disappearing as the train swept on toward the Pacific. We went in to dinner and the vaudeville voice clattered on while the pale specimen of unfinished masculinity rolled another cigarette.

Across the little white table of the dining car Blossom looked at me, her face shadowed by a cloud of pain and perplexity, and feelingly repeated, "With soul so dead."

Ernest Dale Tuttle

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FORGIVENESS

"Forgiveness ought to be a canceled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it never can be shown against one."—*H. W. Beecher.*

THERE are certain fixed principles in the Christian religion which may rightly be said to be the foundation stones of the entire system. They belong to the realm of the spirit, and are as real in their operations as any law in the realm of physics. Principle is law in the realm of the spirit, and must always be so considered. There are those who think of it as mere sentiment, subject to opinion, open to speculation, and wholly within the sphere of dogma. The foundation principles of Christianity are these: faith, repentance, forgiveness, reconciliation, consecration, service. Six in all, but so correlated as to be dependent each on the other. Nor can a single one of the six be left out or overlooked without jeopardizing the other five.

Forgiveness. We are well aware that philosophy, whether applied to the concrete or to the abstract, is of little concern except for the satisfaction it brings. This is why the chemist stands so high among his fellows. They know that he knows the why and the wherefore and can speak with confidence to the extent of his knowledge. So it is with the theologian. His fullest satisfaction is in knowing, from a spiritual point of view, the why and the wherefore of those laws which have to do with human welfare. Experience teaches that "All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way," and when we read, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," there is no tendency on our part to repel that thought as being unworthy of further consideration. "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Here we are confronted by the plainest of statements; it can neither be challenged nor set aside as irrelevant. And it is on the strength of just such statements as the foregoing that one is compelled to halt, in his thinkings, and ask, "Does this mean me?" Then it is God, in the person of his Spirit, drives the truth home to one's conscience and the reality of it both convinces and convicts.

It Lifts the Load. Psychology has long since defined Conscience as the sensitive part of life on which the record of personal conduct is made, to one's comfort or discomfort, in all matters where right and wrong are involved. The most troublesome thing with which Jean Valjean had to deal was his conscience. So with Lady Macbeth. The same was true of Iscariot. The greater the sense of guilt the heavier the load. This obtains in all cases; and has been so from the beginning. If the load could be dislodged by argument, or if it could be flung into the depths of Lethe, or if it could be buried out of mind by additional cares filling the mind to the limit—but not so; conscience simply will not down, and will not out! Now suppose there were no such thing as forgiveness. Then what? This is what we read: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." In other words, the load can be lifted, the sense of guilt removed, and the entire life placed in new alignment. Observe the point at issue—forgiveness as a specific for the conscience. This cannot be said of the "Analects of Confucius." No mention is made of it in the Koran. The Vedas do not suggest it. The nearest approach to it is some form of penance by way of appeasement or atonement. Even the Hebrew conception of forgiveness was by proxy. Nor can it be shown that any golden age theory has sufficed to lift man to his highest level. Instance the Greeks under Pericles, or the Toltecs under Quetzalcoatl. The New Testament alone lays bare the point at issue; namely, the forgiveness of sins on the basis of a direct understanding between God and man by which the latter becomes the unqualified beneficiary. When one can say,

> "My God is reconciled;
> His pardoning voice I hear;
> He owns me for His child,
> I can no longer fear,"

it means the removal of the load, so that one can straighten to his full height and press forward with elastic step.

The Basis of Reconciliation. Imagine this: The prodigal of the parable returns home ragged and penniless, and without any sense of contrition. He does not say to his father, "I have

sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Instead of this he assumes an air of nonchalance and gives his father to understand that he is still entitled to all the rights and privileges of the home, regardless of how his father may feel about it. In this case there would be no basis of reconciliation between father and son. The son's delinquencies would create a conscious barrier between them. They would have nothing in common as of yore, and the strained relationship would continue till the breaking point was reached, which in turn would mean separation forever. No argument can here be raised in favor of the son's rights, or against the father's hardness of heart, for the simple reason that history has repeated itself so often. From this it is clear that forgiveness is one of the most potential factors in the realm of the spirit for the removal of existing differences and the leveling of conscious barriers, and without it there can be no hope of forgiveness either between God and man or between man and man. An erring son throws his arms around the parental neck and with the tears rolling down his cheeks he says, "Father, words fail me to tell you how sorry I am for having done violence to your will and wishes; will you forgive me, and take me back into your confidence, and restore me to my rightful place in your affections? I would give more for your counsel, and your love, than for anything this world can offer me." The warmth of the father's embrace indicates, even better than words, that forgiveness is freely and fully granted. Mark you, forgiveness was not granted as a matter of sentiment on the father's part; but as the result of the operation of a fixed law in the realm of the spirit; and what is more, it is the only law capable of furnishing a correct basis for reconciliation.

The Passport Into Heaven. The heaven of the Christian differs widely from the heaven of the Mohammedan, in which wine and women figure as sensual inducements. Nor is it like Valhalla, the heaven of the Norseman, whose portals are accessible only to him whose valor warrants such distinction. Neither is it to be compared with the happy hunting ground of the red man, whose hopes are staked on bravery. Nor is it at all like the Nirvana of the Vedas, in which personal identity is forever lost.

The heaven of the Christian is best understood by the homely phrase—God's country. Its chief attraction is entire freedom from sin and everything appertaining to it. It is a state of being in which the soul shall best be able to glorify God and enjoy him forever. To quote another, "There are two unalterable prerequisites to man's being happy in the world to come: his sins must be pardoned, and his nature must be changed. He must have a title to heaven and a fitness for heaven. These two ideas underlie the whole of Christ's work; and without the title to and the fitness for it no man can enter the Kingdom of God. (J. H. Seeley.) This quotation is here used to emphasize the thought in mind, namely, the forgiveness of sins as a prerequisite. Suppose heaven admitted of defilement of any sort—there would be no manner of proof against infection. If the surgeon refuses to give a clean bill of health till every vestige of physical infection is removed, the same thought holds good in relation to the soul—a clean bill of health when one passes through the gates into the city that lies foursquare. One's passport must bear on its very face the stamp of forgiveness, or it will not be accepted as valid. In these days of rapid thinking there is great need of holding fast to the great fundamentals on which the soul's highest welfare depends; and in dealing with the philosophy of forgiveness there has been but one dominating thought; that is, to establish the importance of clearly discriminating between sentiment and law. To speak metaphorically, sentiment is sand, while law is rock. And what is true of forgiveness is likewise true of Faith, and Repentance, and Reconciliation, and Consecration, and Service: not sentiment, but law, immutable law, from which, if ignored, there is no escape.

Norman La Marche

THE CHILDREN'S ISAAC WATTS

John Milton was a writer for "grown-ups" and Mother Goose a writer for children, while Isaac Watts had a pen with which he could write for children of a larger or a smaller growth at will. We are too prone to forget, when we ourselves are impressed and helped by Isaac Watts's "holy songs," that his poetic ability was Januslike, one face always having been fondly directed toward Childhood—the beautiful "Book of Beginnings."

Isaac Watts was born July 17, 1674, the son of a boarding-school teacher. The boy's father, also named Isaac, was a nonconformist. He suffered imprisonment for his devotion, and "during his confinement his wife," so Southey tells us, "often sat on a stone at the prison door with this their child, then an infant, in her arms." The poet was a decidedly precocious child, "dangerously" so, one has said. He began a study of the classics before he was four years old. While a remarkably thorough student, Watts did not enter upon a university career, owing to his "having been brought up as a dissenter." The young man entered the ministry, after having "applied himself to the study of the Scriptures, and to the reading of the best commentators, both critical and practical, preparatory to his undertaking the pastoral office, to which he devoted his life."

During his ministerial career, as at all times, Isaac Watts had a deep and abiding interest in children. He delighted to instruct and amuse them, spending much of his time in their service. It was this poet-preacher's opinion that a child should be early warned against foolish behavior and thoughtless sins. He believed that no stronger agency against such tendencies could be employed than bright, attractive and practical verse. Many of his songs composed with this end in view early passed out of the realm of the commonplace into that of the classic. He enumerates under four heads the advantages to be gained by children in reading poems and committing them to memory. "There is, first," he says, "a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties in this way. Secondly, what is learned in verse is longer

retained in memory and sooner recollected. And it may often happen that the end of a song, running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off temptations. Thirdly, this will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon and sing over to themselves. Lastly, these songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship."

Without doubt the most widely known of Watts's songs for children, and one that for years has found a ready entrance into the school reading-books, is the poet's plea against idleness, which evil he regards as the "devil's road to sin":

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

"How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

"In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

"In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last."

Against associating with evil companions Watts anxiously asks:

"Why should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill names and fight?

"I hate to hear a wanton song;
Their words offend my ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

"Away from fools I'd turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

"From one rude boy that's used to mock
Ten learn the wicked jest;
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest."

Watts's miniature "sermon" on quarreling and fighting probably stands second in popularity to his advice against sloth:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature to.

"But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

"Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

"His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew
He grew in favor both with man
And God, his Father, too."

The climax in the poem against lying is to be found in the second stanza:

"But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true,
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two."

Isaac Watts had, to a decided degree, the power of literary condensation. The Ten Commandments he reduced to their lowest terms, presenting them to children in such an easy and attractive form that they almost "learn themselves."

"Thou shalt have no other God but me.
Before no idol bow thy knee.
Take not the name of God in vain,
Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
Give both thy parents honor due.
Take heed that thou no murder do.

Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean;
Nor make a willful lie, nor love it.
What is thy neighbor's, dare not covet."

And the summing up of the Commandments, as found in the New Testament, is compressed by the poet into a couplet nutshell:

"With all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbor love."

That the Golden Rule might be impressed more deeply on the child mind Watts has expressed it in quatrain form, repeating the thought in the last two lines:

"Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again."

Two stanzas on theft contain the essence of all the tragedies that have been lived or written on the subject:

"Why should I deprive my neighbor
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labor,
Not to plunder nor to steal.

"'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain;
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain."

To Isaac Watts belongs the distinction of having given to the world its most endearing Cradle Song. Hand in hand with "Now I lay me," wherever the English language is spoken, it has taken the Citadel of Childhood:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

"Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

"How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended
And became a child like thee!

"Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

"Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise."

Dr. Watts's deeply glowing patriotism, an inspiration to all thinking young people, is breathed forth in his hymn, "Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land":

"I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than East or Western Indies hold."

A revelation of the inexhaustible treasures of God's Word is found in "The Excellency of the Bible." Such a testimony can come only from one whose knowledge is based on a living experience:

"The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy Word.

"Here are the choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

"Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night."

Very vividly the non-conformist singer pictures the evil of "scoffing, and calling names," and cites the punishment once

inflicted on the children in "Bible times" who were guilty of such wanton misconduct:

"Our tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word
We must not rail again.

"But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock and jeer and scoff
At holy things and holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

"When children in their wanton play
Served old Elisha so,
And bid the prophet go his way,
'Go up, thou baldhead, go,'

"God quickly stopped their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears."

One of the "little foxes," pride in dress, the poet charmingly provides against in:

"The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms and flowers exceed me still.

"Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace—
These are the robes of richest dress."

A poetical supplement to the Scripture which gives promise of long life to those who honor their father and mother is "Obedience to Parents":

"Have you not heard that dreadful plagues
Are threatened by the Lord
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

"But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too."

Beautiful indeed in its sweet simplicity is Isaac Watts's "Child's Doxology":

"Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done."

Admonishing "all that are concerned in the education of children," Dr. Watts once said: "It is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generations are intrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery and happiness in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish of virtue and religion ought in the first place to be proposed by you. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the Songs of Moses, and we are directed in the New Testament not only to sing with grace in the heart, but to 'teach and admonish one another by hymns and songs.'"

Thus, with the firm conviction herein expressed, Dr. Watts felt it a part of his mission in life to "teach and admonish" the young by divine and moral songs.

A. F. Lesesne

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

HOLY SCRIPTURE—THE WATERMARK

The oldest Scripture is written legibly in the created universe, wherein is a revelation of infinite power, wisdom, and beneficence. The universe and its revelation are older than the Bible, older than man.

The clearest, fullest, all-revealing, all-sufficing Scripture is written in the Bible, chiefly in the New Testament by its revelation of God in Christ—his personality, his life, his teaching, his atoning death and glorious resurrection.

But the closest, deepest, most intimate and most inescapable Scripture is written not in stars and seas and rocks nor on tables of stone nor in the Holy Book, but on the tablets of the human heart and conscience; more inescapable than the revelations of universe, or Bibles, closer to us than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. The physical universe is external to man and the revelation of God therein can be ignored; the Bible also is external and can be put upon the shelf; but a man cannot put away his own inner nature nor tear out instincts and convictions which are woven into the very tissues of his moral being.

The watermark in human nature seems an apt descriptive name for that inwritten Scripture. The watermark in writing paper is something worked into the very tissues of the paper. It is part of the plan and make of the paper, not stamped on externally after the paper was finished, like a notary public's certificate and seal on a legal document, but put into the paper when the paper was made by whoever made the paper. Usually it is the name of the maker. A peculiarity of the water-mark is that it is invisible if the paper lies flat, but becomes visible when the paper is lifted and held against the light.

The bottom fact for man, the fact which is the very corner stone of all religion, is not an inspired Book, but his own moral and spiritual nature. Except by exercising the faculties of his own spiritual

nature man has no capacity for receiving a revelation from any source, nor any power of judging whether a book is or is not divine. And it is upon the verdict of those faculties that the Old and New Testaments chiefly depend for acceptance as divine and authoritative. It was that verdict that settled the faith of the poet Whittier, who in his late years wrote to a friend: "Really the convincing reason why we receive the Bible as the word of God is because it accords with our highest intuitions. We find the law and the prophets in our own souls. Our hearts burn within us as we walk with Jesus through the New Testament." Those farsighted intuitions, deep and high, are God's tuitions. To another friend Whittier wrote: "The inner revelation written by the spirit of the living God is the stronghold of Christianity against the critical and agnostic spirit of our age. No revelation of science, no destructive biblical criticism can shake the faith of those who listen for the voice of God in their own souls." In accord with Whittier's reasoned conviction, based on the Scripture written on the heart and conscience, is Russell Lowell's faith in what he called the Rock of Ages. That he regarded those intuitions as fundamental and decisive was indicated in a letter to a friend by a remark directed at those who make protoplasm an atheistic fetish: "Such a mush seems to me a poor substitute for the Rock of Ages—by which I mean a certain set of deep central instincts which mankind have found solid under their feet in all weathers"—instincts which lie deeper than natural science can fathom with its explanations.

As to the contents of this inner Scripture, a brief analysis and orderly enumeration may give greater definiteness to faith and greater depth to conviction and may kindle into intensity our Christian enthusiasm. Holding human nature up against the light we see watermarked in its tissues certain words corresponding to realities and indicative of innate convictions concerning spiritual things.

I. Truth. Truth is the opposite of falsehood or error. It is idea, conception, statement corresponding with the facts in the case. Every sound mind believes in the *reality* of truth, and recognizes its *superiority* to error, its *claim* on human credence and acceptance, its sure *guidance* to safety and well-being. Moreover, the human mind, instinctively assuming that truth is within its reach and that man is equipped with faculties able to discover and apprehend truth, seeks truth as hungrily as it seeks food, and forever persists in the pursuit of truth from generation to generation, however unsuccessful

the search. It is impossible to make a sane man believe that there is no such thing as truth—or that truth and error are the same thing, or that they are of equal merit and worth, or that it makes no difference which of them we choose and follow and propagate. When an Indian squaw, being sworn in court, was asked if she understood the nature of the oath she had taken, she said it was a strong promise to tell the truth. Requested to define the difference between the truth and a lie, she said: "The truth is the truth and a lie is a lie: they are different, and you can't make them alike." Even a squaw knows that. Finally, man instinctively expects with undying optimism the ultimate triumph of truth and the banishing of error.

II. Right. Right as a reality is written on the tablets of the heart, watermarked in the tissues of man's nature. Right is agreement with the will of God, conformity with the supreme moral standard. Whether it is right because God wills it, or whether God wills it because it is right is a metaphysical question of small practical importance; though we incline to think the authoritative standard is lodged in the divine nature, in the bosom of God. Man instinctively knows that right and wrong are opposites, and that all sanctity, dignity, authority, and claim are with the right, none whatever with the wrong. Impossible to persuade any normal person that there is no difference between them, or that the difference is unimportant. It is the supreme difference, and cleaves the universe in twain. And man's own nature tells him he ought to "abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good."

However men's ideas may differ as to what is right and what wrong in any given case, no normally constituted human being can question the reality of right. When young Horace Bushnell paced his room in Yale College, overwhelmed by doubt and darkness, he said to himself, "Is there then nothing that I firmly believe?" And his mind answered, "Yes, there is this one: I have never doubted the distinction between right and wrong. I cannot doubt the reality of right." And when a man recognizes and admits the reality of right he faces the necessity of believing, and is mightily helped to believe, a great deal more.

As Froude, the historian, said in his greatest lecture, "The moral law is written on the tablets of Eternity. The universe is so made that truth and justice alone can endure. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes to them at last, often in terrible way."

God's will fulfilled shall be,
For in daylight or in dark
His thunderbolt hath eyes to see
Its way home to the mark.

The same moral law which the student of history sees operating in events and in human experience, the student of anthropology finds written on the tablets of the human heart as on the tablets of Eternity. The organ or faculty by which man discerns right from wrong we call Conscience—con-scio—knowledge with—with God, known as God knows the difference between right and wrong. As Browning puts it,

The truth in God's breast
Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed.

Of conscience there is no better brief and simple description than to say it is the voice inside a man which says "I ought" or "I ought not." Of this holy voice Bishop Butler says in one of his "Sermons on Human Nature," "Had it strength as it has right, had it power as it has manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world." It is the voice of duty.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So like is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

And when he says, "I will," his soul is saved.

By following Nietzsche beyond Good and Evil, a man or a nation comes to the place where Might makes right, and that is hell, the abode of the damned. Twenty centuries after Christ a professedly Christian nation or government by disregarding the majesty and authority of Right, and acting upon the diabolical doctrine that might makes right has made "kultur" and barbarism synonymous, has caused itself to be abhorred and despised by mankind, so that the mere mention of its name sickens the stomach of the world with loathing and sends a shudder of horror through four fifths of the human race. The task before civilized nations to-day is to enforce upon all governments the law of righteousness written in the conscience of every sane and undebauched moral being.

III. God. In the sixteenth century Calvin emphasized the evidential force of what he called the *sensus divinitatis in ipsis medullis et visceibus hominis infixus*—the sense of God infixed in the very brain and viscera of man. And long before the third century, Ter-

tullian, famous for his defense of the Christian community against its vilifiers—a defense which pictured the innocence, brotherliness, and philanthropy of the Christians, their simplicity, frugality, and prayerfulness, in the days when all that Rome could hear from the catacombs where the Christians hid persecution was the murmur of prayer, the hymns of the martyrs and songs of praise to Christ—Tertullian in those early days pointed out to the Romans that the universal sense of God and craving for God was a proof of his existence, and set forth "the natural Christianity of the soul" by showing that the truths of the gospel find an echo in the convictions and needs of the human heart.

IV. God—The Creator. Practically all men, the untutored and the learned alike, believe in a Creator. The North American Indian, whose favorite name for the Supreme Being is a word which literally signifies the "Power that makes," and Herbert Spencer using the lingo of science: "Amid all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, nothing is more certain than that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed"—savage and sage are agreed. Napoleon on the ship's deck, waving his hand toward the glittering night sky and saying, "Gentlemen, who made all that?" spoke the universal human mind. The formulated argument from design is as old as Xenophon's "Memorabilia." Paley and the authors of the Bridgewater Treatises gave the argument its fullest development. Even to such a man as Voltaire that argument furnished convincing proof of the existence of God. To the logical mind of John Stuart Mill the manifest presence of intelligence and design in nature was the most unquestionable of all theistic evidences, amounting to absolute demonstration.

For over two generations past some have imagined that the certainty of a Creator was blurred by some discoveries in natural science; that the force of the argument from design had been weakened; and thus the flimsy faith of some was shaken. We have passed through a period of hasty, shallow, and near-sighted thinking. We have emerged into the open. The panic proved to be but temporary. To-day the man of science who does not know that even in scientific circles the over-pushed pendulum has swung back again to the argument from design as proof of an infinite creative Intelligence is belated and uninformed as to what has gone on in the intellectual world. Once more the logical proof of God as Creator has its unclouded place in the sun, just as the innate belief in the Power that

makes is lodged firmly in the common sense of mankind and graven deep into the tablets of the human heart. If the Son of man should come now he would find on the earth more faith in a divine Creator, a Power that makes, an infinite and eternal personal Energy from whom all things proceed, than was here thirty or forty years ago, or ever before since the morning stars first sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy their homage to the Creator. Darwin's theory of the origin of species lack's confirmation.

That a regulating law of development is seen in natural history controlling the order of progress no intelligent person will deny. God is a God of order and not of confusion. But the Darwinian theory of natural selection as a valid and adequate account of the universe is unproved by facts. There is no instance of variation by natural selection. The Darwinian school reasoned that it is no longer necessary to infer the presence of design in this universe "now that the law of natural selection has been discovered." Darwin's discovery, shared by Wallace, was supposed by many unscientific persons to have dispensed with a Creator. The funeral of God was announced. But after the Darwinian theory had been long and searchingly scrutinized, pondered, and tested, Lord Kelvin, a scientist of highest rank, summed up his judgment in these words: "The argument of design has been too much lost sight of in zoological speculations. Overpowering proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us, and come back upon us with irresistible force showing us the influence of a Free Will working through nature, and teaching us that all living things depend on one ever living Creator and Ruler."

Lord Salisbury, one of England's greatest minds, in an address delivered by him as president of the British Association of Science in the Sheldonian Theater, at Oxford, controverted and dismissed Darwin's theory of the origin of species, criticizing in particular Professor Weismann for demanding acceptance for a mere theory the truth of which Weismann admitted he could not demonstrate, and for a hypothetical process the operation of which he confessed he could not even imagine. Lord Salisbury pointed out that no instance of variation by natural selection had been proved. But variation of species by external superintending purpose directing the action of natural forces is one of the most familiar facts of our modern world. (For some of these facts inquire of Luther Burbank, whose superintending intelligence makes a business of producing variations

of species.) Science cannot silence Browning in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau":

> This is the glory—that in all
> I recognized a mind,
> Not mine, but like mine,
> Making all things for me, and me for Him.

Darwin did not render absurd the rapturous words of Kepler, discovering the laws by which the planets move, recognizing a Mind like his own at work in the universe, and exclaiming with a sense of kinship and intercourse with the Infinite Intelligence, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee."

V. God—A Moral Governor. This, too, is among man's natural and instinctive convictions, written within; also forever corroborated and taught in that School of Law which we call Life. The human being very early becomes a student of law, with experience as his teacher. Beginning probably with the law of gravitation, he encounters the laws one by one and learns what they require of him. The child failing through ignorance to regard the law of gravitation, falls and is bruised; gets his first lesson in law. The System of Things uses the earth as a big hammer to drive the lesson in with painful emphasis. The child puts down in his note-book that day, "Law No. 1." From that he goes on discovering laws, finds that he and the whole universe are under law—laws physical, mental, moral, spiritual. He observes that the System of Things smiles on the lawkeeper and rewards him, frowns on the law-breaker and penalizes him. The System of Things says, "It shall be well with the righteous."

This is a governed universe, a cosmos, not a chaos. Law implies a Law-giver, government means a Governor. Belief in a Moral Governor is natural and almost inevitable to normal human nature. Men announce their discovery and phrase their common conviction, each in his own vernacular. A sea captain, ashore for a few hours, went into a prayer meeting and stood up to bear this testimony: "My friends, I have sailed many seas, landed in many ports, heard many languages, seen many peoples in many lands. I have observed that this world seems to be so made that wherever a man is he can afford to do just about right, and he can't afford to do otherwise." So testifies the plain sailor man, coming from his ship at anchor in the harbor, and standing up to speak in church. To like effect if not in like manner Matthew Arnold, speaking from his pinnacle on the highest plateau of intellectual culture, using the vocabulary of his

critical class, voices the same conviction with equal certitude, when he bows reverently before the "Power (not ourselves) that makes for Righteousness."

This conviction concerning moral government and a Moral Governor, which is confirmed by common experience and by the loftiest and profoundest thinking, is among our intuitive beliefs, written in us by the spirit of the living God that made us.

VI. Free Agency. Moral freedom, power of choice, ability to choose either the right or the wrong is elementary in consciousness. When a fatalistic theology, now silent, told us that our fate is foreordained by eternal decrees; or Spinoza told us that our free-will is an illusion; or a metaphysical fatalism tells us we are necessarily controlled by the strongest motive, so that our choice and action are determined by the Power which selects and presents the motive; or materialistic scientists tell us that we are automata, mere machines operated by vital forces: we pay no more attention to them than was paid to the old sophists when they proved the impossibility of motion by saying "A body cannot move where it is nor where it is not." Men kept on moving about as usual, simply got up and went in the most unsophisticated manner, not being metaphysical enough to know how impossible it was for them to do so. The denials of Free Agency make no more impression than did Bishop Berkeley's denial of the existence of matter, to which Byron replied, "When Berkeley says there is no matter, it is no matter what Berkeley says"; no more impression than was made on the Board of Education in Burlington, Iowa, by Mother Eddy's non-Christian non-Scientists requesting that their children be excused from studying physiology because they did not want their children to believe that such things as stomach, liver, lungs, and other physical organs have any real existence. Although Huxley's general teaching favored the idea that we are machines worked by vital forces, yet he says, inconsistently, "Our volition counts for something in conditioning the course of events."

The only answer we take the trouble to make to the deniers is the curt and impatient reply of rough Sam Johnson when he broke away from a pertinacious disputant, saying, "I *know* I'm *free*, and that's the end of it."

Man's free agency and power of choice are matters of consciousness written deep in his inmost conviction, a part of the Holy Scripture watermarked in his very nature.

VII. Accountability. This is the inevitable corollary and

consequence of freedom. However the speculative question may be subtly argued about, man's accountability is everywhere assumed as a fundamental certainty. Human society treats the individual as responsible for his doings, and calls him to account. Every man, whatever his attitude toward himself, holds his neighbors responsible for their behavior toward him. The transgressor is prone to put in the plea of non-responsibility. In the New York City Tombs there was a prisoner who wrote poems for the newspapers, one of which was a plea for leniency on the ground that he had been overcome by too-strong temptation, that he was not bad but only weak; and he spoke of himself pathetically as "a waif of life in the current strong." But I noticed that no attention was paid to his plea by the court which tried him. When his case came up he got the full penalty of the law he had broken. Every court on earth or in heaven proceeds and must proceed on the certainty that the individual is responsible. Gradually it is explained to the individual by the System of Things, by the sky and the earth and the men around him, that he is held accountable for his words and actions. Omar Khayyam probably knew in his inmost soul that he was guilty of a futile attempt at evasion when he argued with the Supreme Power which held him responsible, "True, I am a sinner; but consider in what a tangled world you placed me, with what strong passions and what a feeble will."

Far deeper, and more convincing still, man's own nature holds him responsible. There is an Authority within which summons him to the bar and pronounces judgment. "Every man bears about a silent court of justice in his breast, himself the judge and jury, and himself the prisoner at the bar."

Physical science teaches that the universe makes and preserves as in a book a literal record of every word and act. A Day of Judgment when the books shall be opened is scientifically among the most reasonable of human expectations, and the transgressor's "fearful looking for of judgment to come" is warranted by the habitual attitude and aspect of the System of Things toward the violator of law.

VIII. Sin. Sin is moral misbehavior, moral failure. The figurative words used to signify sin are suggestive. Among the punctilious Chinese, the most minutely ceremonious people in the world, the word which comes nearest to expressing our idea of sin is one the root meaning of which is *a breach of etiquette;* in the minds of the rigidly punctilious an inexcusable offense.

The figurative word of the New Testament for sin means literally *missing the mark.* "I have sinned: I have missed the mark." One of the New Year's emblems which Japanese friends send to each other pictures a target with an arrow sticking in the bull's-eye, meaning, "May you hit the mark!" Here is the idea of a mark to be aimed at, a definite standard to be recognized and complied with. Men know they have failed to reach their own ideal, much more the divine standard of right behavior. They have missed the mark at which the soul and life should aim. Nay, worse! They have often utterly ignored the mark, not even caring to hit it. Even the best of them know they have fallen short, and the better they are the more painfully conscious are they of their shortcomings and failures.

Sin as a fact is watermarked in the central consciousness of mankind. The hearts of men are troubled by a sense of guilt. Even through the rudest worship of savage peoples the penitential note strikes in. Even in forests and jungles there are altars raised for the offering of propitiatory sacrifices to placate offended deity and avert divine wrath. Self-inflicted penances are practiced even among untutored tribes. Such things are proofs of conscious sin and guilt in the natural man.

The distinctness and intensity of this natural sense of sin vary in different individuals and at different stages of spiritual progress. Keukichy Kataoka, an eminent Japanese statesman, became a Christian by degrees, and described the stages of his progress. He came first to a belief in God as a heavenly Father who cares for his children and hears and answers their prayers. The sense of sin, at least any deep sense of it, and the belief of the divinity of Christ, were slow in coming. And these two came close together. He could scarcely tell which came first. The most significant fact is that as his sense of demerit, short-coming, sin, deepened he felt his need of divine help through an atoning Saviour, and soon he could look up humbly to the Redeemer and say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God." Then he publicly made confession of sin and openly declared himself a Christian. Incomplete religions, like Parseeism, say, "Yes, man is a sinner in word and deed and thought. The way to atone is by better behavior." Without the Christian gospel no other atonement is known. This is the defect of non-Christian religions.

Sin, guilt, penalty—these are written connectedly in the convictions and apprehensions of man's inmost soul; and the tragedy of them is the theme of some of the mightiest literature.

Truly it is said that "Dante's conception of the Inferno was wrought out of his life, with labor, with agonies, with blood, and tears. It was conceived in a passion of love and regret, matured through years of struggle and sorrow. That world of torment which he pictured—he knew it, for he had lived in it. He had tasted the bitterness of banishment, destitute, exiled, and hated. He had learned that the soul has no hope and no stay save in the Eternal. Thus he came through suffering and torment to an overpowering conviction of the reality of the Unseen. In a sense he took upon himself the sins of the world, and felt that the cause of the world's woe is wickedness and that its one all-inclusive misery is its want of the knowledge and love of God, the Saviour."

Herbert Spencer is quoted as saying, "Every man with a sensitive conscience knows what it is to be in hell and has stayed there long enough to know what eternal punishment means." Sam Jones, reformed from a life of dissipation and vice into a powerful evangelist, when asked if he believed there is a hell, answered, feelingly and conclusively, "I've been there."

Seneca, the ancient Roman moralist, said, "The whole human race needs forgiveness."

And now for the first, in our present study, we have come in sight of Calvary. The consciousness of sin and the conscious need of forgiveness make Christianity credible. That deep want is a socket into which the Cross fits exactly. The crucifixion took place on the summit of man's highest heavenward aspiration.

We have enumerated some of the convictions watermarked in man's nature, innate and intuitive, not injected and not originated or introduced by education or invention.

A VISIT TO RHEIMS WITH THE COMMANDING GENERAL

By "Mademoiselle Miss"[1]

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At my last writing I was on the eve of a historic trip to Rheims with General de Mondésir. As so rarely happens in this world, the event far surpassed my fairest anticipations. It was not only a trip of picturesque and archæological interest, but it was also an inspiration and a promise. The memory of that tragic but ever victorious city gilded by the afternoon sun of one of those rare, still, lustrous

[1] Extracts from a private letter (not intended for publication), by Miss Norman Derr.

days that belong to no season, having the finest charm of all of them, should be enough to sustain me through the grayest days in the calendar. The General's auto came for me at 11 o'clock and carried me through hills and valleys to his headquarters, where the severe lunch table was adorned with mimosa that one of the officers had brought from Nice. After lunch the General and I seated ourselves in his luxurious auto, with the brisk little tri-color unfurled—sign that the general of a Corps d'Armée is on board—and away over steaming brown levels, for the mists were taking flight, to "la ville Martyre." Just now, since shells are dropping all the time, regulations are very severe, and entrance is forbidden to all except actual combatants. But for General Mondésir all doors are open. We left the car at the threshold of the most devastated quarter and wandered through the ruined streets filled with sunshine but empty of all life save a straggly cat or two, and a few old women seeking kindling among the débris. Utterly amazing these old women of Rheims, as seasoned to danger as any veteran in the trenches, wearing their fulled white caps as though they were steel helmets, and looking for firewood in the very spot where a shell had fallen a little while before, and where another might fall at any moment! By devious ways that took us through all the most impressive vistas of desolation, we came at last to the cathedral. How can I ever describe the unearthly glory of that spectacle! It seemed as if the very fire from heaven had descended upon those dauntless towers, and that it was not merely a temple that one saw, but the high altar itself, whence exhaled all the prayers and hopes and aspirations, all the courage and will to conquer, of this beautiful land. In the open place, surrounded by a tiny grille, and unscathed amidst all the destruction, stood the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, upon her high-stepping charger, the very soul of la Pucelle, come alive in bronze to defend the citadel. The General and I were photographed beside her. Then the old guardian unlocked the portal of the cathedral and we passed into the interior, all patterned over with sunlight—no longer irised as of old—and giving glimpses of the azure vault that former worshipers had missed. Particulars here are perhaps in order, but you may imagine all you like that is grave and glorious. I have bits of thirteenth century glass that are worth a king's ransom. As we left the cathedral, shells shrieked over our heads, but somehow one couldn't imagine there was any danger, and we went quietly on seeking various points of vantage from which the General has made

truly rare sketches. As the daylight turned from gold to rose, we went to Saint Rémy Church, very beautiful and less wrecked. As we returned through the valley of the Veste, roofs and walls had melted to a mist of green and violet, but still the twin towers burned like lighted tapers, and the evening star arose, a sign of promise, in the ardent west. The General gave orders to make a detour of several kilometers in order that I might see the reflection of the charming little church of —— "amuse itself," as my companion expressed it, in the tiny lake in the gloaming. Just at dusk we reached ——, seat of the headquarters, where the General had to be at a certain hour to witness the testing of some signal apparatus. Here I thought my congé would be given me, and that I would have to eclipse as soon as possible. But not at all. I was led to a lovely old terrace where vines clambered, and one looked down upon the gray, sleepy little village nestling among gnarled apple trees, half melting into the background of silent forts. A few moments we stood there musing on the dreamy loveliness of a scene that Gray might have copied for his elegy. The village clock struck five. Suddenly there was a rush and a long whizzing sound up into the windless air, and out spread and fell slowly the most beautiful rocket I ever saw—like a downfall of golden caterpillars. Then another, and another, and the test was successfully over. So ended the day in a triumphant burst of beauty. Christmas for me was the threshold of heaven, but the memory of Rheims will help me to live on earth.

THE ARENA

WHY I WANT MY BOY TO BE A MINISTER

The contribution in the Outlook some months ago, under the title, "Why I Do Not Want My Boy to Be a Minister," was certainly thought-provoking, especially to other ministers who have boys. In fact, there is good ground for saying that everyone should be "interested in the subject," since the article itself reveals more than the views of a father concerning the welfare of his son; it amounts to a criticism of the Church and the Church's attitude toward the ministry. Back of the ministry is the Church, and if the Church is a necessary institution in society, then some men must be ministers. Moreover, if the Church is not measuring up to its possibilities, its need of strong leaders is the more imperative.

The chances of failure in the ministry are certainly no greater than in any other profession—providing there are the personal adaptability for the work and a faithful application to its tasks. Discouraging features may

present themselves, and one may permit the constant nibbling of annoyances to sour his disposition, and turn him against the whole plan of work.

Those familiar with two comparatively recent books will recall the difference between the leading characters. Dan Matthews, in "The Calling of Dan Matthews," by Harold Bell Wright, became so disgusted with social injustices encouraged by the Church, and with its generally conservative attitude, that he finally left the ministry. In view of the circumstances which caused Dan Matthews to withdraw from the ministry, one has the feeling that he was a "quitter," that he was lacking in the strong qualities of courage and tenacity which would have helped to change the course of the Church. John Hodder, in Winston Churchill's "Inside of the Cup," confronted similar conditions in his Church, and if anything different, in more aggravated form. But with good grit he stayed with his task, won in triumphant manner, rebuilt character, and revived the Church. One feels that he realized the opportunity as the other did not. After all, the matter of choosing a profession for our sons, or of having preference for one vocation above another, should be based more on the qualifications for such tasks as each may present, rather than the difficulties each profession may present.

In stating why I wish my boy to be a minister, I do not say I wish him to be one, if his natural disposition and qualifications will not fit him for it. That would be doing him as well as the profession an injustice. I will merely state a few reasons which have grown out of my own observations as a minister, and point out some advantages which have added to my own satisfaction and joy.

First of all, it seems to me, is the *satisfaction of conscience in responding to the call of a distinctively spiritual task.* In the use of the word "call," it is not intended to convey the idea of some strange and miraculous procedure, but rather, a deep conviction that the ministry is the particular field of service to which God is inviting and drawing certain men. Such was my own experience. Before I had considered any of the advantages of the ministry, or even knew there were any, while yet a lad of high school age, but without a high school education, working as a clerk in a grocery store, helping to provide for myself and a widowed mother, then, along with my religious awakening, came the conviction that if I surrendered myself to God, my life must be given to the work of the ministry. The decision was made, and my story from that on is one common to hundreds of young men who struggle through college and win a worthy place in their profession. Discouragements in great plenty, hardships in variety, sacrifices without number, yet beneath all, a contentment and a joy, such as are known only to those who, having seen a gleam, follow it, and are not "disobedient to the heavenly vision."

Why should I not want a similar development, peace of mind, satisfaction of conscience, and thrill of achievement, in following a course divinely inspired, to be the portion of my son? I am aware that men have moved out under convictions just as strong into other fields of work, and have enjoyed similar experiences; I know too that my son may *never* feel the strong pull toward the ministry; but because I am so profoundly im-

pressed with the greatness of the Church as a healthful and saving influence in society, and with the high standing and potential power of the minister as the representative of that institution to society, I do more than *wish* my son to become a minister—I pray that God may lay his hand upon him for the work.

In the second place, *I want my son to learn the value, as well as to enjoy the beauty, of a sacrificial life.* Any life may be sacrificial. The pity is that more men and women do not practice the art of sacrificing. However, there are few fields of labor which so naturally mean sacrifice as does the ministry. That proves to be the stumbling block to many young men who contemplate the profession, and the source of dissatisfaction to older men now engaged in it. It is *not* fair that one man should be obliged to do all the sacrificing for an entire congregation. For instance, in the matter of salary—that in serving a congregation of four hundred members he should receive a salary of $1,000 a year, sacrificing the privilege of laying aside $200 or $300, for the education of his children and the maintenance of himself in old age, when by the sacrifice of a few dollars by each member the extra amount could be paid. Nevertheless, men in other professions do meet with similar inequalities. Not every doctor's bill is paid; not every lawyer's fee is collected; not every store account is settled. And besides that, often the sacrifice of the *few* dollars from certain members of a congregation is greater to them than the $200 or $300 to the minister, especially when the few dollars mean the actual necessities of life! There is joy and there is life in the giving. Many a time the writer has refused money offered as a complimentary fee for some small ministerial duty performed, feeling that it was more needed by those offering it than by himself. Then there was richer pay in the gratification expressed both by words and by actions!

There are sacrifices other than financial. There must be given unstintedly *time*—time which would be greatly enjoyed in the quiet of the home, or evening pleasures with the family. There must be given freely energy—energy of body and of mind and of heart. Nothing is more taxing to the minister than the drain on his nerves and sympathy as day after day he sees physical and mental suffering, and death with its attendant sorrows. He would prefer to do other things than witness scenes of grief at a funeral. There is decidedly more "fun" in a ball game, a day's fishing or hunting, the perusal of a book, or the music and singing in his own home, than the mourning of folks for their friends who have slipped away. But because humanity needs such sympathy and comfort as a minister, going in the name of Him who "had not where to lay his head," yet who "went about doing good," *can give*, and because, in such cheerful sacrificing, one is richly repaid in affection, in confidence, and in widened circles of influence, I am anxious for my son to be a minister. For one to wish his son to be free from the hardships of such tasks as the ministry imposes upon him, or to refuse to allow him to bear the brunt of hard work and sacrifice when there is such need, is revealing the same weak sentiment as is back of the popular song of a few months ago, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier"!

A third reason for wishing my son to be a minister *is the cultural value of such a life.* The constant search for truth, the quiet meditation upon spiritual themes, the study of such problems as theology and life present, form habits of thought which make indelible marks upon the character. While it is true that not every man who enters the ministry is a broad-minded, cultured, and scholarly person, it cannot be denied that the ministry certainly offers many advantages for the attainment of those qualities. The ministry has never suffered in a comparison of its average intelligence and nobility of character with men of other professions! A large per cent of the world's greatest benefactors and best thinkers has come from that body!

The entire scope of a minister's *reading* is of a nature to refine his thought. He is obliged to be a student of the "Book of Books"—not only from the devotional, but from the critical standpoint. The lofty expressions of noble sentiments, the moral and spiritual truths found in the Bible become a part of his thought and life. The greater mass of his reading clusters around the Bible—its history, its teachings, its interpretation, its application to present-day needs and problems. Men in other vocations must seek such privileges *aside from* their customary duties, but they belong naturally to the minister's life. There is really no limit to the range of the minister's mind; he may run down his thoughts to the farthest point in any branch of knowledge; his mind certainly is not "fettered" in the investigation of truth. If he feels obliged to use discretion in *expressing* the full mind to his congregation, that in no way prevents him from holding to his own conclusions. If his convictions seem to him to be in *advance* of his congregation, and they would not "hear him," is there anything unethical in following the example of Jesus, who said to his followers, "I have yet many things to say unto you, *but ye cannot bear them now*"?

Moreover, not all of any congregation are dull, and commonplace, and narrow-minded! It is another of the minister's joys to discover in private conversation and personal touch those men and women of choice mind and character with whom he may speak freely. There is likewise in the intellectual comradeship with persons of large views and rich experiences a certain cultural effect by no means to be despised. Just as there is something exhilarating in breathing the flower-perfumed air of spring, so is there the buoyancy of spirit in the atmosphere of great souls.

Then there is the finest of all culture, which comes to the life that is consciously linked to God. Ministers, of whatsoever creed, need make no apology for their belief in spiritual guidance and in the inspiration and uplift which come from our Heavenly Father. He who is Love, Righteousness, and Purity is most certainly able greatly to influence and strengthen those qualities in his ministers. Because I want my son to have the best possible advantages for receiving the finest culture, and to live in an atmosphere of nobleness, I am anxious for him to become a minister.

Still another reason—*I want my son during his life to reach and permanently influence for good the largest possible number of people.* Only

one man in many is able, by scientific discoveries or inventions, to help the entire mass of humanity; even then it may be only a small addition to physical convenience, and in no appreciable way cause a change in the character of a single individual. Only one out of many brings for the entire group of mankind any real uplift in the arts of literature, painting, sculpture, and music; even so, it may then be only an elevation of the æsthetic taste. Only one out of many is able to lead the people into political and governmental reforms, and even those reforms may be only the addition of wider liberty to the mass without affecting very much the conscience or thought of the individual. Lawyers come into close personal touch with those only who are their friends and associates and their clients. Doctors are scarcely able to reach *multitudes* in their practice. But the minister! Where is there any profession which touches so many lives, and at the point of greatest interest and deepest concern?

The Young Men's Christian Association work has always had my sympathy and cooperation, and there was a time when its work had a certain attraction for me. I chose the ministry in preference to it because the ministry touches not only the young men, but all classes of folks—men, young and old, women, young and old, and the children. Teaching offers great opportunities for good to a class of folks, and at a strategic point in their lives, but the minister usually gets them first, and in many cases they would not be in college had they not been discovered and encouraged by faithful ministers. One minister who only recently died served his first and only church for forty-odd years, and during that time there went out from his church as many men into the ministry, either at home or abroad, besides a great many other young men and some young women into other vocations. His parish was not in a large center of population, but a small village in the southwestern part of Pennsylvania. Here then is a case where a minister's life, although confined to a small area, was productive of fine results. Undoubtedly, if the same sort of living and teaching and preaching had been given in a ministry of so many years in different sections of the country, and in larger centers of population, the extent of the influence would have been so much wider.

The work of the minister just referred to illustrates another point—that is, the *extensive* character of a minister's work. The personal touch of the minister with his constituency makes it possible for him to mold public opinion, inspire to noble deeds, encourage lofty ambitions, and induct into the mysteries of the gospel of righteousness people who never would have come to any place of usefulness in society. I am not saying that no other class of men can follow Christ's example in dealing with other men in this personal way, but only contending that it is the natural and normal work of the minister, and that fact makes it easily possible for him to reach and to permanently influence for good the largest number of people during his life. The minister is the one who lives "in the house by the side of the road," and who is "a friend to man." I want most of all that my son shall desire to serve God and man; then, if he has "gifts and graces" for it, I want him in the ministry.

Wheeling, W. Va. ROY MCCUSKEY.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE NEW WORLD INTEREST IN RELIGION

If one were to ask the world's master minds and wise men what is the greatest subject which can engage the thought of mankind, the answer would almost certainly be religion. The word religion is here employed in its broadest sense. It is not Catholic or Protestant, orthodox or heterodox, but characterizes the universal sense of man's responsibility to God. It is a strong attestation of the vitality of the religious sense that in the midst of the greatest conflict of the ages, where the passions of mankind are aroused to the highest point, the religious concept is called for by the warring nations.

This age, with all its horrors, brings with it some remedial influences which deserve consideration. It has called forth this consciousness in all countries that are at war, and men have felt that in some way in the great disasters which have befallen the world there is need of a higher influence than that which is merely human.

The literature of our times is so permeated with the subject of religion that one meets it in the writers of divers views on all other points. The churches have not, in the memory of the writer, been so full and the audiences so attentive as to-day. All this seems to indicate that something has arisen that has awakened their interest in a remarkable degree. The religious sense is found in the lowest forms of civilization, as well as in the highest. Those that have visited the most remote regions among the aboriginal tribes tell us of a religious sense, often crude and incapable of exact formulation, but which shows, nevertheless, a confidence in some supreme power which can relieve them.

The revived interest in this subject is especially noticeable in the public movements in relation to this well-nigh universal conflict. In no epoch of the history has the Christian world been so united in movements for the betterment of human races, and whenever a person appears who has a message on the subject he is listened to with deep interest. This world struggle has for the first time brought the nations of the world face to face in alliances or in antagonisms. In the awful conflict through which the world is now moving the professors of different faiths see each other as they are. They mingle in the trenches, and when the battle is over they meet as prisoners or as victors.

There is a revival of the influence of the higher form of Christian activity. The moral side of the nation is receiving an impulse, and in the studies that are going forward there is application of its truths to the everyday life of the people. We witness the Christian activities in connection with the war: how the officers of the several armies open the door for Christian thought and Christian teaching, believing that thereby they are promoting the higher life of these with whom they are associated.

There is also a new interest in cooperation in Christian work. The Jew and the Christian, the Greek, the Roman Catholic and Protestant,

people who never thought of cooperating, are now working together side by side, aiming to elevate the people.

There has been a revival in the study of comparative religions as well, which brings into view the great problems with which Christianity has to deal and the many sides of human life affected by it.

Probably never before in all the ages has there been so much and such careful study of the Bible as there is to-day. Not only in the Sunday school, not only among the students in the theological seminaries and other institutions, not only among those who are teachers and writers, but in plain, everyday life, men have come together to study the Word of God.

The churches are inviting special lectures on Bible subjects, and men gather eagerly to hear expositions of the Word. The women are engaged in a study of these most important questions, and passages of Scripture which have long been neglected are read with fresh interest. Books on the Bible are numerous. In a recent popular magazine one firm of publishers devotes its space entirely to the announcement of new books on Bible study, in the way of commentary and criticism on the spiritual life. It is interesting to note how many publishers are sending out communications concerning books on the Scriptures far and wide, regarding them as the best sellers.

Never was there so much generosity as to-day. The gifts which are now being used for the good causes of the world never were so great as they are to-day. Never so much given for the poor, the destitute, as now. We believe it is also calling attention to the deeper spiritual life. Christianity is not merely the external of religion, but it has to do with the inner life, the life of the soul. The world is thinking on the subject everywhere and we may well say there is a revival of religion, though it seems strange to us that it should take place in such horrible circumstances.

There is a new interest in the training of the ministry and it is taking on fresh forms growing out of the new relations of mankind to each other. The preacher will bear the same message, but he will never be quite the same.

Many who have formerly strayed away from the faith of their fathers are returning to an interest in religion. The writer has just noticed a paper by Mrs. Humphry Ward in a magazine (Harper's) which speaks of Walter Pater, whose choice English has been a model for students of English literature. Mrs. Ward says: "He had become famous by the publication of the Studies in the Renaissance (1873). It was a gospel that both stirred and scandalized Oxford. The bishop of the diocese thought it worth while to protest. There was a cry of 'Neo-paganism' —and various attempts at persecution. In those days Walter Pater's mind was still full of revolutionary ferments which were just as sincere, just as much himself as that later hesitating and wistful return towards Christianity. . . . But before he left Oxford, in 1881, this attitude of mind was greatly changed. . . . Before 1870 he had gradually relinquished all belief in the Christian religion—and leaves it there. But the interest-

ing and touching thing to watch was the gentle and almost imperceptible flowing back of the tide over the sands it had left bare. It may be said, I think, that he never returned to Christianity in the orthodox or intellectual sense. But his heart returned to it. He became once more endlessly interested in it, and haunted by the 'something' in it which he thought inexplicable. . . . I once said to him, . . . reckoning confidently on his sympathy, and with the intolerance and certainty of youth, that orthodoxy could not possibly maintain itself long against its assailants, especially from the historical and literary camps, and that we should live to see it break down. He shook his head and looked rather troubled. 'I don't think so,' he said. Then, with hesitation, 'And we don't altogether agree. You think it's all plain. But I can't. There are such mysterious things. Take that saying, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." How can you explain that? There is a mystery in it—something supernatural.'"

It is the opinion of the writer that Christianity is making in the midst of the war a new approach to the higher thought and deeper truths of the gospel. Men are coming to the great thought of the apostle Paul in his famous and mystical chapter, the sixth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans. There is something about this great mysterious gospel that appeals to the deeper side of human nature, and hence it seems to the writer that there is a sense in which more truly so there is coming on in the world to-day a new revival of religion.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

A NEW ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE FOR THE JEWS

The past fifty years have been very rich in Bible study. The nations the world over have applied themselves with unusual interest to a more thorough understanding of the Book. Not only have there appeared Bible dictionaries, large and small,. and commentaries, learned and popular, in one continuous stream on the separate books of the Old and New Testaments, and not a few upon the apocryphal books, but there have been published, too, new versions of the Holy Scriptures, in whole or in part, not only by individual scholars, but also by large groups of biblical scholars in the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches. All this proves that the Book of Books, notwithstanding the apparent indifference of even many professing Christians, is by all odds the most sought-for volume—"the best seller"—in the book market.

There has been more than one translation of the New Testament by one or more scholars into the "most modern or popular English." These, of course, are ephemerals. They will have their day and pass away. In attempting "to exclude words and phrases not used in current English," they adopt many substitutes of doubtful propriety, to say nothing of the colloquial and provincial.

The last translation of the Old Testament into English is that by the

Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia, 1917. It is the joint product of a group of representative Jewish scholars—no doubt the best that could be found among the Jews of the United States.

Two things strike us in reading this new version: the first is the silent testimony of these great Hebrew specialists to the erudition, accuracy, and fairness of Christian scholars, who spent so many years of earnest toil in bringing out the three great English versions, namely, the Authorized Version of 1611, the Revised Version of 1885, and the American Standard Version of 1901; the second thing is the fact that this new Jewish translation is identical in the main with the English version of the Christian Church. Nothing is farther from us than to convey the idea, or even hint, that this new work is an adaptation; for nothing could be farther from the truth. It is an independent work of a company of eminent Hebrew scholars, in every way equal to the task undertaken by them. It stands to reason, nevertheless, that if those who gave us the three great English versions did their work in a fairly correct way, others who came after them, no matter how great their scholarship or candor, should reproduce in most cases the very language of their predecessors. Let us repeat: the work of the English and American translators deserves all praise and so, too, the learning and candor of the Jewish translators, in adopting so large a portion of their phraseology. Indeed, the editor-in-chief, Professor Max L. Margolis, acknowledges most fully his indebtedness as well as that of his colleagues to all the preceding help they had to this new version for the Jews. He expressly says: "We are, it is hardly needful to say, deeply grateful for the works of our non-Jewish predecessors, such as the Authorized Version, with its admirable diction, which can never be surpassed, as well as for the Revised Version, with its ample learning—but they are not ours." These Christian versions are neither suited for the family nor for the synagogue. "The Jew cannot afford to have his Bible translation prepared for him by others."

The Jew has been a pilgrim and a stranger for many centuries in many lands, among all sorts of people, subjected to much contempt and grievous trial. Notwithstanding his ill-treatment, mostly undeserved, he has borne all his persecution philosophically with equanimity and patience hard to comprehend. And though he has commercially mixed with other nations most freely, he has preserved his identity to a remarkable degree. He has kept aloof socially and religiously, has gone so far and no farther. He has invariably adopted the language and some of the customs of the country wherever he has sojourned. Though many Jews have become Christians, the great masses have held tenaciously to Judaism, as taught in their sacred books. Innumerable persecutions and trials, apparently beyond human endurance, have simply served to hold them together. Their solidarity is due chiefly to their Bible and the synagogue. This explains why the Jewish leaders always see to it that their people have the Book in a language they can understand.

When they were in Babylonian captivity, the children and younger people, at least, to a great extent lost their Hebrew, and adopted a sister

dialect, or another language, just as Jewish children in New York and other places who have come from other lands do in these days. We read that when Ezra and Nehemiah desired to instruct their co-religionists in the Law of Moses on their reestablishment in Jerusalem and Judah, "it became imperative to make the Torah of Jehovah distinct and to give sense by means of interpretation (Neh. 8. 8 and 13. 2), that the word of God might be understood by all the people." Many distinguished scholars believe that the bulk of the returned exiles did not understand Hebrew, but spoke either Assyrian or Aramaic. The latter was becoming popular in that day. The interpretation of Ezra then was nothing less than a translation from the Hebrew into a language understood by the people in general. The fact that a Jewish colony which had settled in Egypt before the reign of Cambyses (529-523 B. C.) wrote and spoke Aramaic in the days of Nehemiah favors the view that the returned exiles in Jerusalem spoke the same language. Be that as it may, the Hebrew language gradually gave way to Aramaic, so that in our Saviour's time the latter seems to have been the vernacular of the Jews. No doubt many of the more cultured spoke and wrote both Hebrew and Aramaic, just as many people at present are bilingual. It is always difficult to give the exact date at which any people give up one language for another, because, in the very nature of things, this is not the same as the changing of railroad time-tables, but a gradual affair. We know that the Targum, that is, a translation from Hebrew into Aramaic, was a fixed institution some time before our era. While saying all this, it must be remembered that Assyrian, and not Aramaic, was the language of Babylonia during the captivity.

Egypt, always the home of many Jews, had large numbers of them some centuries before the beginning of the Christian era, and certainly at a time when Greek made such a headway all over the civilized world. It is therefore perfectly natural and quite in harmony with Jewish customs and history, that the Jews of Egypt gave up Hebrew or Aramaic, as the case may be, for the language of Greece. If we may believe Aristeas, the Law was translated into Greek in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus (285-247 B. C.), and the other books of the Old Testament were likewise rendered into Greek not longer than a century later. Indeed, many of the rabbis tell us that other translations appeared at the same period, for example, Elamite, Ethiopic, etc.

When Mohammed and his converts overran a large portion of the Semitic world, where many Jews lived, and where the Arabic prevailed, it became necessary once more to give the children of Israel the Law in a language they could understand. So Saadaya translated the sacred books into Arabic.

And so down the ages, as the chosen people were driven from one land into another, one language after another was forced upon them. It was a matter of life and death with them. They could not transact business without some knowledge of the language of their adopted country. The children would naturally become more familiar with this tongue than with that of their fathers; thus, in order that their souls might feed

upon the bread of life and have spiritual food, another version of the sacred books was prepared for them. Thus one translation of the Hebrew Bible after another came out. David Kimchi and Rabbi Tawos gave them a Persian version, and Rabbi Arazel a Spanish. There appeared, too, as early as 1543, a translation of the Pentateuch into Yiddish or Judæo-German, another in the same language by Blitz, 1676-8, and still another a year later by Witzenhausen. The Yiddish has been defined as a polyglot jargon for intercommunication by the Jews from different nations. It is written in Hebrew characters and consists of 70 per cent German, 10 per cent Slavic, and about 20 per cent Hebrew words.

Coming down to modern times, we find numerous translations of Spanish, Italian, French, German, English and other modern tongues. Those in English deserve a brief mention. There was one by Dr. Benisch in 1851-6, another by Friedländer in 1884, and a third by Leeser in 1853. Dr. Margolis, to whom we are indebted for many of our data for this article, speaking of Leeser's translation, says: "Leeser based himself upon the King James Version, which for simplicity of diction cannot be surpassed; but the changes introduced by him are so many and so great that his translation may lay claim to being an independent work." Leeser's translation, though the work of an American Jew, became popular at once, and has held its place for a half century in American and English synagogues.

Leeser, however, was not a learned man; and there are many things in his version which called for a revision. Moreover, the number of Jews in the United States is growing so rapidly as to guarantee a more scholarly, a more up-to-date translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, a translation by qualified scholars of the Jewish faith. It is more than probable that after the present great war multitudes of Jews, notwithstanding attractions elsewhere, will flock to the United States; for after all, to the Jew this country is a land flowing with milk and honey. Let us say, as in parenthesis, of the thirteen or fourteen million Jews in the world, there are nearly one-fourth in the United States; of these 1,350,000 in New York city alone. These Jews are taking advantage of education; of the 9,484 students in the College of the City of New York in 1916 there were 8,061 Jews. Columbia and Hunter College, too, have large numbers of Jews.

Whatever young Jews in New York and other cities of the United States may learn, they will not neglect English, though they forget all other languages. Hence, the importance of this new version of the Sacred Scriptures. Plans for this new translation were made more than fifteen years ago, when it was proposed that distinguished Jewish scholars of Great Britain and America should cooperate in its production. More than a score of the Old Testament books were translated and submitted to an editorial committee. The project for some reason fell through, and in 1908 a new board of editors, consisting of Drs. Solomon Schechter, Cyrus Adler, Joseph Jacobs, Kaufman Kohler, David Philipson and Samuel Schulman, with Professor Max L. Margolis as editor-in-chief, was appointed. The result of their labors appears in this new translation.

We read in the preface to the new version: "The present translation is the first for which a group of men representative of Jewish learning among English-speaking Jews assume joint responsibility, all previous efforts in the English language having been the work of individual translators. It has a character of its own. It aims to combine the spirit of Jewish tradition with the results of biblical scholarship, ancient, mediaeval and modern. It gives to the Jewish world a translation of the Scriptures done by men imbued with the Jewish consciousness, while the non-Jewish world, it is hoped, will welcome a translation that presents many passages from the Jewish traditional point of view."

In examining this new version those unfamiliar with the Hebrew Bible will be struck with the arrangement of the books, for this new translation has the same order as the Hebrew original: The Law, the Prophets and the Writings. The Law, or the five books of Moses, regarded by the Jews as the most sacred portion of the Old Testament, stand first and in the same order as in our English Bibles. The Prophets follow, beginning with Joshua, Judges, I and II Samuel, I and II Kings, then the prophets proper: Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and the twelve minor prophets. The last group, or the Writings, consisting of the remaining books, is arranged as follows: Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Song of Songs, Ruth, Lamentations, Esther, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, I and II Chronicles. Daniel, as is seen, is not placed among the prophets, though Joshua, Judges, the II Samuel and the II Kings fall under that classification. Esther, Lamentations, Song of Songs, Ruth and Ecclesiastes are called the five megilloth (rolls). These are read in their entirety on the Feast of Purim, Feast of the Ninth of Ab (commemorating the destruction of Jerusalem), Feast of Passover, Feast of Weeks and the Feast of Tabernacles, respectively.

The title of each book is given in both Hebrew and English, though the latter only appears at the top of the page. The Pentateuch follows the division of the English versions into chapters and verses, and also that of the Hebrew into fifty-four sections, one for every Sabbath in the year. The number of Sabbaths depends upon the moon. When there are only forty-eight Sabbaths the last four sections are combined into two. The Psalms are divided into five books, as in the Revised Version. Acrostic psalms, such as 25, 34, 37, 111 and 145, are indicated by Hebrew letters in the margin. The first is true of the first, second and fourth chapters of Lamentations. The divisions into chapters and verses are in general the same as in our modern versions. Many psalms have one more verse than in our English Bibles. This arises from the fact that the title is regarded as the first verse. The following differences might be mentioned: This new version (which we shall designate N. V.) has thirty-eight verses in Neh. 3, while the English versions have only thirty-two. Neh. 4 has seventeen verses, and our version twenty-three. We notice a difference in Eccles. 5 and also Micah 5. If we turn to Exod. 20 we find that N. V. has but twenty-three verses, for our twenty-six; this is because verses 13-16 are combined in the N. V. into one.

As in S. V. (American Standard Version), the beginning of each

verse is indicated in the proper place by a suspended number, rather than in the margin opposite. The initial letter of a pronoun referring to the Deity is always a capital. Direct discourse is indicated by quotation marks.

The editors have generally, not always, avoided archaisms and Hebraisms. Such forms as begat, drave, spake, etc., do not appear. As in the R. V. and S. V., the poetical books are printed in parallelisms. The N. V., however, is much more consistent than our versions in this regard; for poetry, no matter in what book, is always indicated in verse form. Both the R. V. and S. V. are singularly inconsistent in this matter. If we turn, for example, to the N. V. of Ecclesiastes, we find much of the book in poetical form, though our versions print all as if it were prose. The same is true of the prophetical books. Some of the sublimest Hebrew poetry is found in Isaiah; this fact, as far as the form is concerned, is generally ignored in both the R. V. and S. V. The N. V. gives the whole of Habbakuk as poetry, while our versions give only the third chapter.

As might be expected, the ineffable name, the tetragammaton יהוה, the Jehovah of the S. V., and often of the R. V., is rendered LORD, as in the American Version and other versions. Some will call this reverence, others, superstition.

If we turn to the so-called Messianic passages, we are at once struck with the great difference between the N. V. and our Christian versions. We will leave it to impartial readers, if there be such, which is the more correct, the more faithful reproduction of the original Hebrew.

The following are a few passages taken from the new translations: Gen. 3. 15 is rendered: "They shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise their heel." The passage in Gen. 49. 10, rendered in R. V., "until Shiloh come," with a marginal alternative, "Till he come to Shiloh," is given in the N. V., "As long as men come to Shiloh." If we turn to Isa. 7. 14, we find that the N. V. has: "Behold the young woman shall conceive," for the "Behold, a virgin shall conceive"; the margin substitutes maiden for virgin. This is not the place to discuss the Hebrew term *almah;* our object is to point out the different translations. The contrast is still greater when we come to Isa. 9. 6. To save space we will not print the passage as rendered in the R. V. or S. V., but will simply give it as found in the N. V. It runs thus:

> For a child is born unto us,
> A son is given unto us,
> And the government is on his shoulders,
> And his name is called,
> Pele-joes-el-gibbor-
> Abi-ad-sar-shalom.

This one word, of no fewer than thirteen syllables, is by far the longest Hebrew proper name we have seen in print. It is, however, fair to say that the editors translate the long appellation in the margin: "Wonderful in council is God, the mighty, the everlasting Father, the Ruler of Peace." With all good will we cannot see why eight Hebrew common words should be united into one compound proper name of un-

precedented length and placed in an English translation, to be read by children and common people in the family and by rabbis in the synagogue for a congregation, for the greater part, ignorant of the Hebrew. We might multiply passages of this kind, but let one more suffice. That portion of Isa. 53. 10, rendered by the R. V.: "When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin," is given in the N. V.: "To see if his soul would render itself in restitution."

There are, as could be expected, some Hebraisms, and occasionally some awkward renderings, which the reader may see for himself. We will notice one of each kind. In Isa. 55. 7, N. V. has "man of iniquity," where the R. V. has "unrighteous man." In Isa. 53. 2, the N. V. reads: "For he shot up right forth as a sapling," which is certainly not more correct, but much less idiomatic and elegant than the translation of the R. V.: "For he grew up before him as a tender plant."

This new version of God's Word, prepared for Jewish readers, will, no doubt, as it richly deserves, receive a hearty reception, not only in the Jewish family and synagogue, but it will be welcomed also by many, regardless of creed, who read and study the Old Testament in the English language. We bespeak and predict for it a wide circulation.

It might be stated in conclusion that it is the purpose of the Jewish Publication Society to follow this translation by a series of popular commentaries on the entire Old Testament. The great Jewish philanthropist Jacob H. Schiff, who has already contributed $50,000 to "the Bible Fund," is one of the chief supporters of the enterprise.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Popular Aspects of Oriental Religions. By L. O. Hartman, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 255. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, $1.35 net.

In view of extensive preparations for the centennial celebration of Methodist missions, it is well that the members of our church should have a clear knowledge of non-Christian religions and their influence on the world. One of the most readable books on this subject is that by Dr. Hartman. He obtained his material not only from books but from extensive observation and personal inquiry in the several countries where these religions operate. The book is popular in so far as it appeals to the reader who knows little or nothing of these faiths, but it is none the less a scholarly presentation. There are a number of excellent illustrations. In six chapters the author discusses animism, as seen in Korea; Confucianism and the other religions of China; Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Zoroastrianism. In a concluding chapter he makes an impressive comparison and contrast between these faiths and Christianity. His purpose is to find out what is best in these

religions without any narrow partisanship or silly sentimentalism. The spirit of the writer can be seen in a paragraph from the chapter on The Mystical Hindus: "From high-caste Brahman to the despised Shudra, through every stage of society men are searching for God and seeking to realize him in immediate communion. And this one great fact is the key to a sympathetic understanding of the complexities of this highly mystical faith. Indeed, nowhere is there so much need that the Western student should Orient himself as in the case of Hinduism. It is easy to accept the snap judgment of the superficial tourist or the missionary of narrow outlook and see nothing worthy in this religion that nevertheless claims more than two hundred million adherents. A critic might also dwell on the darker realities of Hinduism, contrasting them with the nobler ideals of Christianity, and conclude that there is nothing worth while in this Indian mysticism. But such a course is not altogether fair. We ought, rather, to compare the best teachings and expressions of each faith if we are to arrive at sound conclusions." Referring to Korea, the spirit land, he writes: "Centuries of a religion of fear have made their deep impression, and therefore the preaching and teaching which is now carried on under Christian auspices should be so shaped as to prevent the transference of this burden of superstition and fear to the new faith." His report of conditions in China is optimistic as regards the spread of the gospel: "Young men in China to-day are eager for Christian education, not only on account of the training in English and modern sciences afforded by missionary schools and colleges, but also because they desire to understand and realize the Christian program of life. That Christianity does thus vitally attract the youth of China is again illustrated by the fact that since the foundation of Peking University (a missionary institution), over twenty-five years ago, not a single person has been graduated who has not professed to be a follower of Jesus Christ, although these students have never been under religious compulsion and always have been left free to choose their own course of life. Missionary colleges, hospitals, and professional schools are everywhere crowded with just such earnest young men." The chapter on Buddhism is entitled, Under the Bo-tree, and the summary of this faith is both discerning and judicious. Only a few sentences can be given: "Buddhism is the most intellectually respectable of all the indigenous religions of the Far East, and has many points of real strength. To begin with, it possesses the scientific spirit. Salvation lay not in externals, but in a state of mind, and therefore rituals, spectacular services, and other outside aids were worthless so far as permanent deliverance was concerned. Still another very important element of strength lay in Buddha's proclamation of democracy. There are also certain fundamental weaknesses. Buddhism is in theory agnostic, but its logic leads straight to the atheistic plane. Buddha interprets facts in a materialistic fashion, assuming that only those things or occurrences that are perceptible to the senses can be called facts. Ethically likewise this great religion disappoints us. The chief difficulty, however, with Buddhism lies not so much in the weakness of its ideals as in its lack

of power. It is a religion of denial, a negative faith." The attention of the reader is arrested to be told that "Mohammedanism is distinctively a masculine religion. It represents the greatest layman's missionary movement ever projected in the history of the world. The work is carried on by merchants and traders in the regular course of their business. These travelers, for example, visit the tribes of Africa for the purpose of money-making, and in the course of the bargaining also tell the story of their faith. There is nothing professional about these lay missionaries, nothing to arouse suspicion. Friendships are cultivated, the simple doctrine is outlined, and Moslem converts are made by the thousands." Dr. Hartman pays a deservedly high compliment to Moslem art and architecture, instancing the Taj-Mahal as the world's most beautiful building, costing between six and ten million dollars, and erected in 1650 as the tomb of the Princess Mumtaz-i-Mahal. He also deals with the modern reform movements of Islam and points out in what respects it is a powerful competitor of Christianity. He does not fail to deal with the degrading effects of Islam on womanhood. The chapter on Zoroastrianism is written in the form of a dialogue between a Parsee and a Christian; it vividly brings out the peculiar tenets of the fire worshipers. The truth that Christianity is the fulfillment of all religions is convincingly shown throughout the volume as well as in the last chapter. "Christianity takes up and gives the strongest emphasis to the animistic sense of an unseen world, but strenuously opposes primitive superstitions and fanaticism, even when presented under the guise of modern cults; it carries the Taoist notion of an orderly universe to larger definiteness and insists that the world is one of law; it accepts and indorses the formal ethics of Confucius, but presses the demands of the moral life deeper—into the realm of desires and motives. The Christian religion does not lose itself in the pantheism of Hinduism, but insists on the nearness of God, while at the same time preserving his vital independence; it faces the problem of evil as does Buddhism, but its remedy is not denial and negation. Instead it recommends that we face the woes of life and struggle through to a real spiritual conquest. With just as much vigor as the Moslems, Christians emphasize the unity of God, but they also proclaim the good news of his Fatherly nature. While Christianity is at one with Parseeism in many doctrines, its distinctive preeminence is to be found in its fundamental doctrine of Christ as found in the Gospels, and hence it recognizes the larger obligation of spreading the glad tidings throughout the whole world, a splendid criterion by which to judge the depth and vitality of professed beliefs." This is as concise and convincing a summary as can be found anywhere. Dr. Hartman has made a valuable contribution. It will help preachers in preparing addresses for the centennial anniversary and it will give the laity additional reasons why the winning enterprise of Christian missions should receive heartier and more substantial support.

The Church and the Sacraments. By P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D., Principal of Hackney College, Hampstead, and Dean of the Faculty of Theology in the University of London. 12mo, pp. xiv + 289. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $2 net.

Principal Forsyth is one of the most stimulating writers, unusually fertile in ideas. Whatever subject he takes up he shows himself master of it, and is never uncertain of his ground. To say that a book is by Forsyth is the same thing as saying that it is difficult reading, but you cannot get away from him. Take up any of his books and it is not put aside until read through, even if you must lay it down occasionally to take your breath. The purpose of the present volume is to demonstrate that "the sacraments are not emblems but symbols, and symbols not as mere channels, but in the active sense that something is done as well as conveyed." He goes deeper than the sacramentarian view of the High Catholic and further than the sacramental view of the Protestant. He makes a distinction which is worth quoting: "There is something which Roman Catholicism and Protestantism in their extreme forms underprize, and that is the gospel as the power of a holy God for our moral redemption in a kingdom. The Free churches have tended to idolize *liberty* at the cost of the truth and power which makes liberty—at the cost, therefore, of reverence, penitence, and humility. They have made a good servant a bad master. The Catholic Churches have tended, on the other side, to idolize *unity*, to sacrifice the church's holiness to her catholicity, and to lose the moral power of the gospel in a type of piety or in canonical correctness of procedure. They have sought unity in polity." We have far too many Jeremiahs among modern writers on the church. They seem to have the idea that the cause is advanced by their sharp criticisms. Over against these mistaken zealots, we like to place so stalwart a defender as Dr. Forsyth, who gives a very discerning exposition of the mission of the church. Underlying everything that this keen thinker has written is the central and dominating idea of the atoning death of Christ. This is the one supreme truth, which accepted, makes the soul God's and the church Christian. "What we require is not a race of more powerful preachers, but that which makes their capital—a new gospel which is yet the old, the old moralized, and replaced in the conscience, and in the public conscience, from which it has been removed. We need that the gospel we offer be moralized at the center from the Cross, and not rationalized at the surface by thin science. We need that more people should be asking, 'What must I do to be saved?' rather than, 'What should I rationally believe?' We need power more than truth. We need a new sense of the living God as the God whose eternal redemption is as relevant and needful to this age's conscience as to the first. It is not a ministry we need, but a gospel which makes both ministry and church." But Dr. Forsyth holds to a high ideal of the ministry, as in the chapter on the ministry sacramental, which should be earnestly studied by every preacher. The ministry is effective as it is *creative*. "It is a productive industry in the highest sense. The Protestant minister

is a surrogate of the apostles rather than their successor. But it is in the wake of the apostles that he stands, with their soul in his as the Bible is in his hand. He is a successor of such apostles functionally if not canonically, evangelistically if not statutorily." On the pastoral office he writes: "The pastor's work is not merely to go about among the people with human sympathy and kindly help, but to do this confessedly in the name and for the sake of something greater—in the way of carrying Christ to the people individually, sacramentally, not for humane objects only, but for the sake of the kingdom of God. The pastor is only the preacher in retail. No mere assiduity can really save souls, only a gospel of grace working through a subject of grace." He lifts the question of church unity out of the realm of thin sentimentalism when he deliberately states that this happy goal can be reached only as there are more believers in the churches, who believe more and "treat their theology with some of the respect it is fashionable to feel for economics." Here are four principles which must be reckoned with in realizing genuine unity: (1) The unity of the church rests on a basis not subjective but objective. It does not stand on Christian sympathies and affinities, but on divine deed and purpose. (2) The great church is primarily the result of an act of God; a divine creation, and not a voluntary association. (3) The act of God's grace provokes in us a response in kind. Our answer to it is an act of final self-committal to Christ. (4) Historically, the church was one before it was many. For Jesus the Kingdom come (in himself) was before the Kingdom coming in history, and the one was the ground and power of the other. "The kingdom of God in Christ is the key of all history, and the church has the power of that key." Unlike some writers, he relates the church to the Kingdom and shows that they are indispensable to each other. His discussion of it is original and persuasive. "The kingdom of God can only come by the church of God, and only by a united, free, and independent church." Another strong chapter is "The United States—of the Church." When sectarianism is being freely condemned, let us listen to the other side. "The sects came to break up a unity, hollow and outgrown. And they came to prepare for a unity much more flexible and free, and one, therefore, more permanent among free men." When questions like union and unity are under consideration, involving innumerable and almost unimaginable complications, the need pressing is for the ecclesiastical statesman, whom we are much given to despise. This is the type of leader who will "enable us to adjust our gospel practically to the social need, to the commerce, science, and culture, the ignorance, misery, and sin of the world, without succumbing as a disintegrated church must do. He ought to be as much at home in the Christian ethic which should stiffen Christian sentiment as he is in public affairs." Surely this is a prophetic type of man whose clear vision of the City of God enables him to set forth an adequate and comprehensive program before the church. We cannot have too many of him. The second part of the volume is devoted to the sacraments. Here again Dr. Forsyth gives the profound spiritual significance of these two rites. Baptism is neither mere symbolism nor is it mere magic. It is

a sacrament of the new birth of regeneration which comes from Christ; the reference is to adult baptism. We might as well acknowledge that the practice of infant baptism is not found in the New Testament and that it really began to appear only in the third century. This was due to the fact that the church began as a mission church, then it became a society, composed of families, and infant baptism was introduced as an acceptance of the prevenient grace of God and as a confession on the part of the church of its responsibility for children in general and for every child in particular. "The church should not give baptism where there is no prospect of Christian discipline and nurture in its own interior. Baptism, apart from that, easily becomes a mere salving rite, instead of a saving grace, indulging the superstition of parents." Such a view of baptism makes all the more imperative the demand for religious education on a far more thorough scale than is at present carried out through the Sunday school. If we must rely on this special agency, we must have trained teachers and pastor-teachers, or we are certain to find ourselves helpless to cope with the rising tide of scepticism, materialism and worldliness. Equally strong are the chapters on the Lord's Supper. This service is not simply commemorative, but chiefly communicative of divine grace. "Let us at least get rid of the idea, which has impoverished worship beyond measure, that the act is mainly commemoration. No church can live on that. How can we have a mere memorial of one who is still alive, still our life, still present with us and acting in us?" It is a communion between Christ and the believer; "not a memorial of an ancient Christ, nor the symbol of a Christ remote, but the self-gift of a present and living Redeemer in his vocation as such. Thus he is present in the church's act, rather than in the elements. The bread and wine remain such—points of attachment, vehicles, occasions, agents, not the essence of Christ nor its envelope. The elements are made sacramental by promise and by use; they are not transmitted in substance." Clearly this whole subject must be carefully studied and the real significance of the celebration made known to the people, so that they will not absent themselves from the communion service as many are in the habit of doing, but will endeavor to attend it regularly. The questions considered by Principal Forsyth in this book are of the utmost importance. We have given only a few extracts, but every preacher should study these chapters with pencil in hand. There is no book published in recent years on this subject that can compare with it as regards masculine thought, clear discrimination, historical knowledge, theological insight, and spiritual illumination.

The Whole Armour of God. By JOHN HENRY JOWETT, D.D. 12mo, pp. 265. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.25.

DR. JOWETT is better to hear than to read, yet there is large demand for his many volumes of sermons. In the pulpit two things make him specially impressive. He has a pleasant voice and plays well on that instrument. Also an active, stirring, and impassioned delivery. In print,

without these winsome and effective auxiliaries, he is less impressive. His seven-years pastorate in America is now closed. He goes home to his own people in London, greatly beloved, both there and here. Of him, at his departure, the New York Evening Post says: "Dr. Jowett is closing his pastorate in this city to return to England. The years during which he has preached at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church have seen vast audiences thronging to hear him. Twice each Sunday he has spoken to all that the church edifice could hold. Strangers within the city's gates have been led to feel that their visit would be incomplete if they did not go at least once to hear Dr. Jowett preach. In this respect he has come near taking the place which Henry Ward Beecher used to occupy. Crowds go where they see the crowd going—even to church. This is not, of course, to say that Dr. Jowett ministered chiefly to a floating congregation. The evidence is clear that he acquired a great hold on those who regularly attended his services. In a day when we speak easily of the decline of the pulpit and the falling off in churchgoing, it is certainly worth while to pause long enough to ask how it came about that the popularity of preaching seemed to be restored in New York by Dr. Jowett. He is in no sense a great pulpit orator. Neither in presence, voice, nor magnetic quality is he one of those born to sway assemblies. Matched with such a genius for preaching as Beecher had, Dr. Jowett's gift would look rather small. He has nothing like the splendid rhetoric and brilliant improvisations of Dr. Storrs. Nor could he be compared in perfervid eloquence with Dr. William M. Taylor. One of his own predecessors in the Fifth Avenue church, Dr. John Hall, had a massive simplicity and weight of personal authority which Dr. Jowett does not equal. Yet the people hear him gladly. His success here was notable from the first and has been steady. No one for years has so magnified the office of preacher. What is there in his methods and results for the churches and for other sons of the prophets to take to heart and profit by? To begin with, he has been a preacher, pure and simple. His motto appears to have been: 'This one thing I do.' Dr. Jowett has been very seldom reported as a lecturer, a speaker at public occasions. Always his eye has been on his own pulpit. It is understood that he has been relieved of a great deal of the routine parish work that falls upon many pastors. He has not been known, as Dr. Rainsford was, for example, as head of a great 'institutional' church. This does not mean that the Fifth Avenue Church had not its due share of schools and missions, but whenever people spoke of Dr. Jowett they spoke of him as a preacher. Upon the work of the pulpit he concentrated himself—*totus in illis*. There is nothing sensational about him. He is no Talmage, cutting antics in the pulpit. With great sincerity and obvious intensity of conviction, he has a message to deliver. It is full of thought, carefully worked out. Little is left to the inspiration of the moment. Dr. Jowett would never need to recall the cynical advice of Lyman Beecher: 'If you find you have nothing to say, holler the louder.' Audiences in the Fifth Avenue Church saw a man rise, earnest, devout, honestly believing all that he said, and endeavoring to apply the eternal truths of religion to the needs of everyday life. He had, of course, many of the resources of oratory. Emphasis, appeal,

gesture—all were there. Dr. Jowett has the necessary art of the public speaker in turning his thought all sides about, in repeating, illustrating, enforcing, so that the due impression will be left upon the ordinary mind. He has also a gift for poignancy of phrasing, and a subtle and delicate imagination, which enables him to utter words that cling to the memory by their force or beauty. But the main thing that strikes one in his preaching is his seriousness, his elevation, his spirit absorbed in the importance of the word he has to speak. It is often said, regretfully, that the great epoch of the American pulpit is behind us. Changed attitudes, new views of religion, the workaday church—these and many other causes are asserted to have robbed the preacher of his former opportunity, even if the supply of native talent in the churches were as great as it used to be. On such too hasty conclusions, Dr. Jowett's career in New York is the best comment. The pulpit has not decayed for those who can still make it a power. When a preacher comes whose lips have been touched with a live coal from off the altar, the attent audience is never lacking." The fifteen sermons in this volume show Dr. Jowett's felicitous phrasing, expository power, and homiletical skill. The Christian's spiritual armor —girdle, breastplate, shield, helmet, sword—all weapons, defenses and heroisms of the soul's warfare, he illustrates from earthly battlefields, now all too familiar. Here is something about the girdle of truth. The apostle Paul is thinking of a soul girt about with gospel truth and with the ample promises of God. He is thinking of a man who takes some great truth of revelation, some mighty word of life, or some broad and bracing promise of grace, and who belts it about his soul and wears it on active service in seeking to do the sovereign will. I know not where to begin, or where to end, when I turn to the pages of biography for examples of men and women who have worn the girdle of gospel truth and promise. Let me dip here and there in the many and brilliant records. Well, then, let us begin with Martin Luther. It is one of the strong characteristics of Luther that he is ever wearing the girdle of truth, and bracing himself with the promises of grace. I open his letters almost at random, in the great year of his life when he defied the pope, and opposed himself to the strength of uncounted hosts. He is writing to Melanchthon on May 26, 1521: "Do not be troubled in spirit; but sing the Lord's song in the night, as we are commanded, and I shall join in. Let us only be concerned about the Word." There you find him putting on the girdle! Once again I find him writing a letter to a poor little company of Christians at Wittenberg: "I send you this thirty-seventh Psalm for your consolation and instruction. Take comfort and remain steadfast. Do not be alarmed through the raging of the godless." There again he is wearing the girdle and urging others to wear it. His loins are girt about with truth. Then again there is John Wesley. Let me give you a glimpse of that noble servant of the spirit as he is putting on the girdle of truth: "When I opened the New Testament at five o'clock in the morning my eyes fell on the words, 'There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises that we should be partakers of the divine nature.'" He girt his loins with that truth.

"Just before I left the room I opened the Book again, and this sentence gleamed from the open page, 'Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God.'" And he girt himself with that promise. He went to St. Paul's that morning, and in the chant there came to him this personal message from the Word: "O Israel, trust in the Lord, for in the Lord there is mercy and in Him there is plenteous redemption, and He shall redeem Israel from all his sins." Do you not see this noble knight belting himself for the great crusade that even now awaits him at the gate? Then I think I will mention General Gordon, who laid down his life at Khartoum. Only, if you want to see Gordon girding himself with truth, and see it adequately, you will have to quote from almost every letter he ever wrote, and especially his wonderful correspondence with his sister. Take this sentence from a letter written in Cairo in 1884: "I have taken the words, 'He will hide me in His hands'; good-night, my dear sister, I am not moved, even a little." Or take this sentence from a letter written in Khartoum toward the end of his days: "This word has been given me, 'It is nothing to our God to help with many or with few,' and I now take my worries more quietly than before." He put on the girdle of truth, and his worries were leached in the girdle, and his soul was quieted in gospel confidence and serenity. And I had other examples to offer you, but these must suffice. I had on my table David Livingstone, and John Woolman, and Frances Willard, and Catherine Booth, and I wanted to give you glimpses of all these notable soldiers of the Lord girding themselves for the open field. But their names shall be their witness. I might have quoted, had I the knowledge and the time, the testimony of all the saints who from their labors rest. And concerning them all we should have seen that their loins were girt about with truth. Here is part of the sermon on Enduring Hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, a timely word for our present crisis: One of the first necessities of the Christian Church in the present hour is to have our Lord's own purpose steadily in view, to keep her eyes glued upon that supreme end, and to allow nothing to turn her aside. "Let thine eyes look right on;" "Thy kingdom come;" "The kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of our God;" "He must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet." This, I say, is the pressing and immediate need of the good soldier of Christ Jesus, to refuse to have his single aim complicated by the entanglement of passing circumstances, and to constantly "apprehend that for which we also were apprehended by Christ Jesus our Lord." What else shall we do in this hour of upheaval and disaster? The Church must eclipse the exploits of carnal warfare by the more glorious warfare of the spirit. Just recall the heroisms which are happening every day in Europe, and on which the eyes of the world are riveted with an almost mesmerized wonder! Think of the magnificent sacrifices! Think of the splendid courage! Think of the exquisite chivalry! Think of the incredible powers of endurance! And then, further, think that the Church of Christ is called upon to outshine these glories with demonstrations more glorious still. This was surely one of the outstanding distinctions of apostolic life. Whenever hostilities confronted the

early Church, whenever the first disciples were opposed by the gathered forces of the world, wherever the sword was bared and active, wherever tyranny exulted in sheer brutality, these early disciples unveiled a more splendid strength, and threw the carnal power into the shade. They faced their difficulties with such force and splendor of character that their very antagonisms became only the dark background on which the glory of the Lord was more manifestly revealed. Their courage rose with danger and eclipsed it! Let me open one or two windows in the apostolic record which give us glimpses of this conquering life. Here, then, is a glimpse of the hostilities: "Let us straightly threaten them that they speak henceforth to no man in this name." There you have the naked tyranny of carnal power, and there you have the threat that burns through carnal speech. And now, over against that power put the action of the Church: "And they spake the word of God with boldness!" They were good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and by that boldness the tyranny and threat of carnal power were completely eclipsed. Here is another glimpse of those heroic days: "And when they had called the apostles, and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus." There again you have the demonstration of carnal power; and here again is the demonstration of the power of the spirit: "And they departed from the presence of the counsel, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name. And they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." I say that this "rejoicing" eclipses that beating, and the good soldier of Jesus Christ puts the Roman soldier into the shade. Let me open another window: "And they cast Stephen out of the city and stoned him." Get your eyes on that display of carnal passion and tyranny; and then lift your eyes upon the victim of it: "And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Who is the conqueror in that tragedy, the stoners or the stoned, the ministers of destruction or the good soldier of Jesus Christ? The carnal power was terrific and deadly, but it was utterly eclipsed by the power of grace, the power which blazed forth in this redeemed and consecrated life. Open yet another window upon this day of shining exploits: "Having stoned Paul they drew him out of the city, supposing he had been dead." That incident seems to record the coronation and sovereignty of brutal strength. Now read: "And they returned again to Lystra." Paul went back to the place where he had been stoned, to tell again the good news of grace, and to carry to broken people the ministries of healing. And I say that this bruised man, beaten and sore, returning again to the scene of the stoning, is a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and by his magnificent courage and grace he eclipsed all the rough strength of the world and threw its achievements into the shade. But it is not only in apostolic days that you can find these brilliant contrasts. The Church has been distinguished by such demonstrations of spiritual glory all along her history. When material power has been riotous and rampant, when rude, crude passions have blazed through the earth, the chivalry of the Church has shone resplendent in the murky night, and she has eclipsed the dread shocks of the world and the flesh and the devil by her noble sacrifices, and by her serenity,

and by her spontaneous joy. The Church has distinguished herself by her manifestations of spiritual strength, by her lofty Christian purpose, by her glowing devotional enthusiasm, and this over against gigantic obstacles, and in the face of enemies who seemed to be overwhelming. I think of James Chalmers, the martyred missionary of New Guinea. How well I remember the last time I met him; his big, powerful body, his lion-like head, his shock of rough hair, his face with such a strange commingling of strength and gentleness, indomitableness and grace! And what he went through in New Guinea in carrying to the natives the story of our Saviour's love! And then, having gone through it all, he stood up there in England, on the platform of Exeter Hall, and said: "Recall these twenty-one years, give me back all its experiences, give me its shipwrecks, give me its standings in the face of death, give it me surrounded with savages with spears and clubs, give it me back again with spears flying about me, with the club knocking me to the ground, give it me back, and I will still be your missionary." What is happening in Europe just now that can put that exploit in the shade? I do not wonder that when that man thought of heaven he used these words: "There will be much visiting in heaven, and much work. I guess I shall have good mission work to do, great, brave work for Christ. He will have to find it, for I can be nothing else than a missionary." James Chalmers went back to New Guinea to tell and retell to the natives why Jesus came to thee and me and all men, and he won the martyr's crown. The love of Christ constrained him. And again I ask, what incidents in carnal warfare are not eclipsed by shining heroisms like these? I might go on telling you these glorious exploits of grace, but I hasten to say that it is our privilege to continue the story. To-day carnal strength is stalking in deadly stride through a whole continent. And to-day the Church must do something so splendid and so heroic as will outshine the glamour of material war. This is the hour when we must send out more men and women who are willing to live and toil and die for the Hindu, and for the Turk, and the Persian, and the Chinese, and the Japanese, and all the dusky sons of Africa. I verily believe that if the apostle Paul were in our midst to-day, with the war raging in Europe, he would sound an advance all along the line. He would call us in this hour to send out more men and women to save, and to comfort, and to heal; men and women who will lay down their lives in bringing life to their fellowmen. We must send forth new army corps of soldiers of Christ, and we must give them more abundant means, endowing them so plentifully that they can go out into the needy places of Asia and Africa, and assuage the pains and burdens of the body, and dispel the darkness of the mind, and give liberty to the imprisoned spirit, and lead the souls of men into the life and joy and peace of our blessed Lord. If the Church would, and if the Church will, she can so arrest the attention and win the hearts of the natives of Africa and Asia with the grace and gentleness of the Lord Jesus, a grace and gentleness made incarnate again in you and me, and in those whom we send to the field, that the excellent glory of the Spirit shall shine preeminent, and in this hour of world-wide disaster the risen

Lord shall again be glorified. Shall we quietly challenge ourselves amid all the awful happenings of to-day? Here are the terms of the challenge. Shall the good soldier of Christ Jesus be overshadowed by the soldiers of the world? Or shall the courage and ingenuities of the world be eclipsed by the heroism and the wise audacity of the Church? Shall we withdraw our army from the field because the war is raging in Europe, or shall we send it reinforcements? Shall we practice a more severe economy and straiten our army's equipment for service; or shall we practice a more glorious self-sacrifice, and make its equipment more efficient? Shall we exalt and glorify our Saviour, or shall we allow Him to be put in the shade? Shall we endure hardness, as good soldiers of Christ, or shall we take to the fields of indulgence, and allow the Church of the Living God to be outshone by the army of the world? Which shall it be? Our holy battlefield is as wide as the world. The needs are clamant. The opportunities of victory are on every side. Our Captain is calling! What then, shall it be? Advance or retreat? What answer can there be but one? Surely the answer must be that we will advance, even though it mean the shedding of the blood of sacrifice. One of our medical missionaries was Dr. Francis J. Hall of Peking, China. He had been graduated with high honors at the Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore, and had consecrated his life to medical missionary work in China, where his large abilities promptly won him wide influence. In 1913 he said to one of his associates: "I have just been called to a Chinese who has typhus fever. Many physicians have died of that disease, but I must go." Two weeks later he was stricken. As he lay dying his mind wandered, and he was heard to exclaim: "I hear them calling, I must go; I hear them calling!" Do we hear them calling? Is the answer "Yes"? Then let us joyfully register a vow that God helping us, the army of the Lord shall not be maimed because of our indifference, but as good soldiers of Jesus Christ we will, if need be, endure hardness, and give of our possessions, even unto the shedding of our blood. Another sermon illustrates how the Lord brings His great leaders from unexpected places: Observe the divine raising of the heroic leaders of men. In what wide and mysterious sweeps the great God works when He wants a leader of men! The man is wanted here at the center, but he is being prepared yonder on the remote circumference! God calls him from very obscure and unlikely fields. Here is ancient Israel. Her altars are defiled, and her balances are perverted. She is hollow in worship, and she is crooked in trade, and the people are listless in their debasement. A leader is wanted to awake and scourge the people. Where shall he be found? The Lord hisses (calls) for a fly in Tekoa, a wretched little village, in a mean and scanty setting; and the fly was a poor herdman, following the flock, and eking out his miserable living by gathering the figs of the sycamore. And this Amos was God's man! A prophet of fire was wanted in Bethel, and God prepared him in Tekoa! But what an orbit! Who would have thought that Tekoa would have been a school of the prophets? Stride across the centuries. The religion of Europe has become a gloss for indulgence. Nay, it has become an excuse for it.

The Father's house has become a den of thieves. The doctrines of grace have been wiped out by a system of man-devised works. Religion is devitalized, and morals have become dissolute. Wanted, a man, who shall be both scourge and evangelist! Where shall he be found? "The Lord hissed (called) for the fly" that was in Eisleben, in the house of a poor miner, and Martin Luther came forth to grapple with all the corruptions of established religion. But what an orbit! A fire was wanted to burn up the refuse which had accumulated over spiritual religion, and the fire was first kindled in a little home, in a little village, far away from the broad highways of social privilege and advantage. Again, I say, what an orbit! March forward again across the years. Here is England under the oppression of a king who claims divine sanction for his oppression. There is no tyranny like the tyranny which stamps itself with a holy seal. And in those old days of Charles I, tyranny wore a sacred badge. Tyranny carried a cross. It was tyranny by divine right. Wrong was justified by grace. I say, of all tyrannies, this is the most tyrannical. Wanted, a man to meet and overthrow it! Where will he be found? Will he be found in some national center of learning where wealthy privilege holds her seat? O, no! The Lord hissed for a fly on the fens, from a little farm at Huntington, and Oliver Cromwell emerged, to try swords with the king on his throne! Let me give the familiar glimpse which Sir Philip Warwick offers us of Cromwell making his first speech in the House of Commons. "I came into the House one morning, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily appareled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor." And there is God's man! But what an orbit! A man was wanted for the defense of liberty and spiritual religion, and God prepared this man in the obscurity of a little farm among the fens. What an orbit is marked by the goings of the Lord. The Lord hissed for the fly on the fen. March forward across the centuries. Here is slavery in the American republic. In spite of the noble words of the Declaration of Independence: "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—in spite of these ringing human claims slavery nestled beneath the American flag. Well, wanted a man to deal with it! Where will he be found? Will he be found? Will he be found in some university center? Will he be a paragon of intellectual learning and accomplishment? Oh no! The Lord hissed for a fly in Harden, in a scraggy part of Kentucky, Harden with its "barren hillocks and weedy hollows, and stunted and scrubby underbrush,"—and there in a dismal solitude, and in a cheerless home, and in the deepest poverty, the great God made His man, and Abraham Lincoln came forth to cross swords with the great wrong, and

to ring the bells of freedom from the "frozen North to the glowing South, and from the stormy waters of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific Main." But what an orbit of divine providence! Who would have guessed that just there, in that poor, unschooled, and unprivileged family, the great God was doing His momentous work? And I wonder where now in the vast orbit of His providence He is rearing the leaders of to-morrow? Our God moves in mighty sweeps, and He is even now at work in the mysterious ministries of His grace. "The Lord shall hiss (call) for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria." And then, under the influence of the prophet's teaching, I want once more to urge that we think in wider orbits of the divine presence in the individual life. For instance, in what sweeping orbits the Lord moves on His journeys in seeking to bring us to Himself, and to fashion us into the strength and beauty of His own image. He lifts an ensign to some remote circumstance, and from afar there comes an influence which sets me on the road to God. He calls a ministry from distant Egypt, or from far off Assyria, and my life is turned to the home of my Lord. Here is a careless young son of wealth in Cambridge University. Life for him is just an idle sport, a careless revel, a jaunty outing, an enjoyable extravagance. Life is just a shallow, shimmering pool; not an ocean with momentous tidal forces, and with the voice of the great Eternal speaking in its mighty tones. Wanted a man to awake this indolent son of wealth! And in what an orbit God moved to find the man! The Lord called for a man in Massachusetts, and there, in Northfield, was a poor homestead, encumbered with mortgage; and a poor widow with seven children, so poor that the very kindling wood was taken by the creditors from the shed. And there in that poor woman's house God made His man, and Dwight Moody came forth, and went to Cambridge University, and proclaimed the evangel of grace, and by the love of God won this young fellow from a loose and jaunty and indifferent life, and kindled in him a passionate devotion to Christ which is now blazing away on the Southern Soudan in a campaign to light a line of Christian beacon-fires which shall stretch from coast to coast! But what an orbit! From a poor widow's homestead in Northfield to a sporting young fellow in Cambridge University! I met a cultured man the other day, a man who has enjoyed all the academic advantages that money can provide, a man of university culture and distinction, but whose life has been spiritually indifferent, and who has held coldly aloof from God and the Kingdom of God. And in the vast orbit of His providence the great God brought this man into communion with Billy Sunday, and all the stubble of his neglected life was burned up in the consuming fire of his kindled love for the Lord. But just think of the orbit! The Lord hissed for His fly, and from the apparently incredible circumstance of a slangy evangelist this man was brought to his Father's House in reconciliation and peace. About Billy Sunday Dr. Jowett once said: "No one must make up his mind about Mr. Sunday's work without gratefully considering his converts. They are gathered from all classes, cultured and uncultured, high

and low, rich and poor; they represent all professions and every form of labor, and experience has proved that quite a large proportion of them keep their standing in the faith after many years." Asked how he accounted for the results Mr. Sunday achieves, Dr. Jowett answered: "This is the explanation. He preaches with glorious and mighty assurance the power of the Lord Jesus Christ to break up the most adamantine forms of worldliness, and to cleanse any life from the most repulsive sins. Mr. Sunday leaves his hearers in no doubt about the saving power of his Lord."

The Work of Preaching. By ARTHUR S. HOYT, D.D., Professor of Homiletics and Sociology in the Auburn Theological Seminary. New edition with new chapters. 8vo, pp. xiii+389. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

The Preacher's Ideals and Inspirations. By WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS, Professor of Homiletics in the Oberlin Graduate School of Theology. 8vo, pp. 187. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

BOTH these books magnify the office of preaching. These two teachers of the art have had their ear to the ground. After wide experience, extensive observation, and mature thought they are convinced that the pulpit is in the greatest demand to-day. Hoyt regards preaching as a living voice, sensitive to the life of the age; and he interprets it as a living message, the giving of a word of God to men. He is fully aware of the forces that are distinctly hostile to preaching. But he is also convinced that the duly equipped preacher is quite competent to deal with the materialistic trend, the social unrest, and the critical spirit of the times. Hutchins is decidedly optimistic as he looks out upon the world. He quotes with approval Macaulay's saying: "All my days I have seen nothing but progress and heard of nothing but decay." There are many passages in Morley's Recollections which fully substantiate this sentiment. Among the encouraging features is the discontent with the unChristlike aspects of life and thought, the failure of panaceas, the aspiration after brotherhood, the emphasis upon personality, the new appreciation of religion, and a profound appreciation of Jesus. When there is such a tendency to increase the mechanics of ministerial efficiency, an honest word on the efficacy of preaching is welcome. "Men do not like to listen to dullards, but men still delight to listen to the man who utters truth through personality. A Congregational minister in the Middle West has as good a moving-picture apparatus as is to be found in the State. He tells me that in the long run the preacher can beat the pictures." There must, however, be the interpretation of life in preaching. On this subject Hoyt has an excellent chapter. The preacher who speaks out of a full mind and a full heart, other things being equal, will command a congregation. The man in the pulpit has access to every field of thought in interpreting the evangel of redemption. "We have the principles—not the letter—of the gospel to apply in each generation of men. Christianity is dynamic, not static, and

it must be expected that the experience of men, the problems of the worker, the experiments of the student, the visions of the poet, will give forms to the eternal truth, bring out some partly understood or neglected factor, or carry the truth into larger application. This is the spiritual warrant for the message of present life. In this way shall the preacher give the Christ of to-day." How the preacher is to gather material is vividly suggested by Hutchins in the lecture on "The Preacher and His Sermon," and by Hoyt in the lecture on "The Preparation for Preaching." "The wider your interests, the more you can do, the better you can preach the gospel to men. And here is the real argument for generous culture and sympathies, not only that such a life is larger, with more resources within, more true delight, but chiefest that such a life has more ways to receive and understand the message of God, and more ways by which the Word may be given to others. Every gift and training is another side to God and to men." Both these writers make a great deal of an intimate knowledge of the Bible. They remind us, what we are at times apt to forget, that the great preachers of the church have invariably expounded, illuminated, and applied the Bible to the ever-changing needs of their hearers. In view of the prevailing ignorance of the Bible, the preacher does well who reads from the pulpit with understanding and power the great utterances of Scripture. Give generous portions and let the living Word make its own direct appeal. Concerning those men who are obsessed by biblical criticism and who believe that they must speak the whole truth, even if they must share the martyr's fate, Hutchins quotes George A. Gordon of Boston. The best thing he got out of his seminary days was the word of a Methodist minister: "God and a fool might do as much good in the world as God and a wise man, but they have never done it." Provided the man has a message, Hoyt mentions in the lecture on "The Elements of Effective Style," that the speech should be intelligible, personal, worthy. He adds a sentence from Dr. James Denney: "When the preacher says subjective and objective, positive and negative, he has lost the popular mind." John Morley has a good thing in his Recollections which bears on this subject. "We have all known men in public life almost deserving to be called great, who for want of fiber, fortitude, and sap proved broken reeds in a dark hour—the only real test of a man in earnest. Faint-heartedness Mr. Gladstone called the master vice. It was in the same manful spirit that he once imparted to me a secret of effective speaking: Collect facts and figures as accurately and as conclusively as you can, and then drive them home 'as if all the world must irresistibly take your own eager interest in them.'" A timely word is written by Hoyt on meditation: "It is not revery, the sweet doing nothing of thought. Meditation is the long and earnest brooding of thought, the strong and steady grasp of ideas, holding them before the mind until they become vivid, all-possessing realities; it is the rapt and eager contemplation of spiritual things. We must be still if we hear God speak; we must have the attentive eye if the glory of truth is to be revealed; we must think if we have anything vital to speak. 'Talk, talk, talk forever, and no retreat to fructifying silence,' is Dr. Horton's satire of a pulpit too busy or superficial to medi-

tate. We must live on the ideal side if we are to be masters of truth and masters of human hearts." Hutchins declares strongly in favor of doctrinal preaching: "We have hesitated to preach sermons dealing with doctrine, but I ask you men who have been preaching the past years what sermons have met the most immediate, obvious, and hearty response. I venture to believe they have been sermons in which you have spoken of the God we trust, the Master we serve, the Eternal life. President Eliot truly says: 'Through constant changes in direction of interests, theological themes remain the themes of supreme interest to thinking men.' But can we put the ancient message of doctrine into new forms? Not only can we do so. We must do so." Hoyt makes a distinction between dogmatic and positive preaching, which should be carefully observed. "The dogmatic aims at compelling assent to the form of truth; the positive is not indifferent to correct belief, but is anxious only for the obedience of life. The dogmatic is mandatory, the preacher taking the judgment seat and assuming for his words the power of life and death. The positive would refrain from all assertion of personal authority and lead men to act by the divineness of the doctrine. The dogmatic does not bear questioning, is tempted to the overbearing and uncharitable, lacks the grace of humility and sympathy with those who differ. The positive recognizes the limitation of human knowledge, the human element in all teaching, and that men of different minds may be equally lovers of truth. The dogmatic may make a stronger temporary appeal over ignorant minds; the positive grounds its persuasion upon reason and so leads to a rational and abiding life." One of the best expositions of the type here commended is Positive Preaching and Modern Mind, by P. T. Forsyth, which should be read and re-read by all preachers. There are many other valuable hints and counsels in these two volumes, but our space is up. The preacher who can read them with pleasure and profit may congratulate himself, for it is a test that he is a growing man.

Loyalty: The Approach to Faith. By JOHN A. HUTTON, D.D. 12mo, pp. 312. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

THIS is the day when great themes are to be taken up by the pulpit. Sin, forgiveness, redemption, sacrifice, faith, love, the indwelling Spirit and others like these must be expounded with commanding ability. Those who belittle preaching in favor of liturgical exercises are lacking in perspective. "For what is the whole business of worship," asks Dr. Dutton, "except to get to the heart of things? It is from this point of view that the sermon is as truly a religious act as is the offering of prayer or the lifting up of our voices in praise. The end of all worship is, surely, to know the will of God, and to accept it. And it can only do us good, whose faith is being called upon in these days to endure a long trial—it can only do us good to perceive—what is so obvious throughout the whole word of God—that the very heart of faith is patience, a readiness at all times to correct and revise our own early and passionate expectations in the light of that will of God which is made known to us by the events and

the delays of our human experience." The purpose of these twenty-five sermons is "to fortify good and sensitive people against the insinuations of uncertainty, against the subtle vices from the lower regions of our nature which invade our minds in a time like the present when we do not see clearly, when we are being made aware of the cost of loyalty, and when the things which we believe are being hard pressed by brutal and immediate events." Dr. Hutton is speaking from the depths of a great sorrow. This volume is dedicated to the memory of his son who fell in battle on the Somme. He knows that whereof he speaks when he summons his hearers to courage and allegiance. The first sermon is on Abraham's supreme trial when called upon to sacrifice his son. His readiness to obey was due to the fact that he had trained himself by many an unrecorded incident in his life, to act immediately on God's proposals. Another reason for this readiness is that "we bear a really heavy trial more easily than we bear a light one. When life strikes into us deeply, we often discover within ourselves a peace, a certain personal dignity and resource which astonishes ourselves. I know of no way of explaining this, except that it is God—God rushing to our rescue." The conclusion of the sermon on Jacob's vow, Genesis 28. 20ff, is worth quoting: "Is it too much to hope that even now, in the depths of all serious hearts, a high vow has already taken form, that if God should spare us through this time of trial, so that when the storm has passed we have still our freedom, our honor, an unbroken, uncorrupted spirit; is it too much to hope that in every serious heart a vow has already been made before God, that we shall henceforward live for higher purposes, and enter willingly into more definite responsibilities? And perceiving, as every far-seeing man must perceive, that the present collapse of reason and civilization has come about first and last because of the secret and open neglect and dethronement of Christ, as the one and only Guide and Master of the human soul, obedience to whose mind is the one security for honor and order in human affairs, is it too much to hope for, that in every serious heart the vow has already been formed, and God has been invited to judge us according to our performance, that we shall henceforward bend our whole being, devote our reasoning and political powers, direct our speech and conversation, so that the name of Christ and his calling voice may penetrate all lands, until his testimony concerning God and his appeal to the deepest nature of man spread over the whole earth as the waters cover the face of the deep?" This is the sort of appeal that the pulpit should more frequently make, as the climax to the conclusive presentation of the full truth of God. Dr. Hutton has much to say on faith and loyalty which are really the themes of these direct, earnest and timely sermons. They are the result of close study, much thought and deep experience, and they make good reading especially for those who need comfort and courage. "Faith is simply a final and utter loyalty, a state of honor toward Christ. And how can one manifest loyalty except toward a threatened cause! How can one be said to have faith, unless he dwells in an uncertain and ambiguous world!" In another sermon we read: "This spirit of loyalty is the greatest thing the soul has known. It is the Eternal Spirit that

informs the whole fabric of things. The loyalty of homes, of families, of nations, the loyalty of lovers, the loyalty of believers—without these things life would fall back into dust and ashes." Here is a fine illustration of steadfastness. "When the armies of Hannibal lay round about Rome, one day two things happened. A senator rose in his place and said in effect: 'We have suffered defeats. But what of that! Rome does not go to battle: Rome goes to war!' On that same day, a parcel of land was put up for sale in Rome; and in Rome, in that besieged and threatened city, with enemies at the gates, the price of land rose! Such was the faith of Romans. We do not wonder that the heart of Hannibal grew faint within him." Here is a good thought about the Holy Book: "Everywhere in our reading of the Bible in these days, our eyes fall upon words, upon appeals, upon sayings, upon incidents, which seem to have been put down in writing for the sake of people like ourselves, situated as we are. This feeling which comes over us as we read the Bible to-day is no superstition or vain imagination. It is sound and reasonable, as we see, the moment we reflect. The Bible is a serious book which makes its appeal to serious people. The Bible will always be a dull and untimely book to light-minded people." There is no uncertain note in any of these appeals, but a sustained and consistent address to all that is noble and heroic in life. Where such preaching is delivered, the best interests of humanity are sure to be advanced.

The Prophets of the Old Testament. By Alex. R. Gordon, D.Litt., D.D., Professor of Hebrew, McGill University. 8vo, pp. 364. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, $1.50, net.

What Professor Gordon did so well for the poets of the Old Testament in the volume bearing this title, he has now done for the prophets. This is in every way the most complete book on the Old Testament prophets. In making such a statement we are aware of the contributions by Kirkpatrick, Eiselen, Knudson, and, above all, A. B. Davidson. We are not only given an exposition and an estimate of the essential message of each of these ancient speakers for God; but the author has also furnished independent translations of the more distinctive passages, in such a way that he brings out the sense and rhythm of the original and adds clearness to the prophetic teaching. The treatment is such that the prophets both speak for themselves and also speak to us and to our own times. Professor Gordon's conception of prophecy does full justice to these bringers of revelation, "the men through whose word and influence the vision broadened toward the perfect day." They were more than historical figures, although it is of great advantage to have them placed in their historical setting and surroundings. "As poets, preachers, moralists, statesmen, seers and reformers—heralds of the coming Kingdom—above all, as men of God who knew his mind, and walked with him in spirit and truth, they are abiding fountains of inspiration for those who seek after righteousness." The historical study of the prophets brings home the truth that these men lived in a world at war; and yet they were per-

suaded that God would ultimately triumph over the machinations of evil-doers. What they had to say to a world distracted by upheavals is therefore of great interest to us. Dr. Gordon has rendered a timely service in this volume. Preachers will find the chapters of special value, while Bible students among the laity will also enjoy the volume. The author accepts the results of the best critical scholarship, but he does not obtrude any of its questions in these pages. From the chapter on Micah the democrat, we quote: "Prophecy is no rigidly mechanical voice. It is the melodious utterance of inspired personality, and its notes vary with the rich variety of personality. Each prophet saw the truth with his own eyes, and brought it home to the conscience of the people in his own way, in direct relation to the present need." Surely, none other than this is the function of the modern pulpit. The reference to Jeremiah's arraignment of his contemporaries suggests the following on the spirit of prophecy. For Jeremiah, "the false prophet was the literalist, the traditionalist, who clung to the past, and refused to advance in the knowledge of God, the moderate who preached the gospel of easy morals and comfortable peace, and himself followed the doctrine he taught; the true prophet was the progressive, who drank of the living wells of religion and thus continually advanced in knowledge and grace, the earnest moralist, whose word was no vain repetition of an empty 'dream,' but a fire that pierced to the conscience of his hearers, or a hammer that broke the stoniest heart in pieces." The most important service of the Hebrew prophets was to correct the defective conceptions of God and to present him as a personality charged with moral and spiritual possibilities. They believed in the sovereignty of God and in his controlling power; and this conviction enabled them to speak with the note of unmistakable authority. "Thus saith the Lord" was a final and conclusive decision, permitting of no appeal beyond it. The Highest had spoken and what remained was not argument but action on the part of the people. Imagine what would happen if the same spirit were exhibited by the present-day successors of the prophets. One of the chaplains who had seen service in France and Flanders is persuaded that, "In these days more than energy and spirituality is required of the ministry. Along with devotion there must be understanding of the world and its needs, understanding of the gospel which can satisfy the needs. There is great danger to-day in the exaltation of religious devotion and activity over love of the truth." An excellent antidote against this peril is the renewed study of the prophets, under the guidance of such a book as Dr. Gordon's. The distinctive character of the prophetic messages is given in the chapter titles. Among them are: Amos the Prophet of Justice; Hosea the Prophet of Love; Isaiah the Prophet of Holiness; Jeremiah the Prophet of Individual Religion; Ezekiel the Prophet of Regeneration; Habakkuk the Prophet of Faith. Space is given to the prophets according to the importance of their respective utterances. Isaiah and Jeremiah are each given four chapters, while Ezekiel has three chapters. There is a good discussion of The Prophet of Comfort, as the great unknown of the exile is called. "No prophet has a richer conception of God's infinite

and eternal majesty; but his crowning work is redemption. The great God has compassion on his people, and through darkness and suffering is leading them in the paths of righteousness. Already the light is breaking from the East, and Israel will rejoice therein, and with her 'all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.'" Another valuable chapter is on The Rise of Apocalypse, consisting of a study of Obadiah, Joel, Zechariah chapters 9-14, and Isaiah chapters 24-27. In these writings the truth of the judgment is brought home, when the Ruler of the nations will separate the wheat from the chaff. From the chapter on Jonah the Missionary, we quote: "One can readily understand how the book appealed to the imagination of Jesus Christ, how he pored over its gracious message, and found in Jonah a 'sign' of his own ministry. On ourselves it is calculated to impress anew the breadth of God's revealing purpose, no less than the fulness of his mercy. God unveils himself in many ways, by poetry and prophecy, by law and sacrifice, by simple goodness and purity of life, and equally by symbol and parable; for his revelation is through human channels, and nothing human is alien to his spirit."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Luggage of Life. By F. W. Boreham. 12mo, pp. 246. London: Charles H. Kelly. Price, cloth, with portrait, 4 shillings, net.

If a book has real merit, the best a book-notice can do for author, publisher, and the readers of the notice, is to give a good mouthful of the book itself. Then, when the reader of the notice smacks his lips over the taste, his mouth waters for more and he buys the book. Largely that has been the method of the book-notices in this Review, and no publisher has yet complained to us. The head of the Putnam publishing house has said that publishers like best such notices of their books as give readers of the notices a correct idea of the quality and contents of the book. Boreham, the Australian, has won a large vogue in the English-reading world. Is Boreham Brierley's successor as essayist for preachers? Here before us is his best-known and most-desired book, now in its seventh edition: presumably Boreham at his best. The best we can do for it and for our readers is to follow our method. From thirty-two subjects we select haphazard and print without quotation marks the following:

"Two—or Three." A blind man can always tell when there is a poor congregation. In such a case the minister invariably quotes a certain text: "Where *two or three* are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." But the text is as much out of place as the missing worshipers. We have no right to drag it in drearily, dolefully, dismally, whenever the empty pews are particularly conspicuous. It is not an apology for human absence. It is a triumphant proclamation of the divine presence. And it raises a most interesting question. Who are the two? And who is the possible third? "Two—or Three." I. Who are the two? Who can they be but Euodias and Syntyche, those two wrangling sisters

in the church at Philippi, and all their still more quarrelsome daughters in all the churches of the world? Who can they be but Paul and Barnabas, so sharply contending; and all their contentious sons the wide world over? Wherever and whenever two daughters of Euodias and Syntyche —poor ruffled creatures who have judged rashly and spoken hastily— meet together that they may kiss each other for Christ's dear sake, and "be of the same mind in the Lord," "there," says their great Master, "am I in the midst of them." Wherever and whenever two sons of Paul and Barnabas—poor inflamed disciples who have contended sharply and divided suddenly—meet together that they may love each other for the gospel's sake (until they come once more to love each other for their own) there, says their Lord, am I in the midst of them. It is at such times as it is at the table of the Lord. There is the same real Presence, the same thrill of the heart; the same "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears." He is there, forgiving, and teaching them the high art of forgiveness; forgetting, and showing them how to forget. But the THIRD—the possible THIRD? "Two—*or three.*" Who is he? The third, if there be a third, is clearly that blessed one of the Seventh Beatitude: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The possible third is some lovely and gracious spirit who has wept in secret over the pitiful estrangement of poor thin-skinned Euodias and poor quick-tempered Syntyche. And, by her beautiful ministry, she, like an angel of peace, has brought them to this place of the Holy Presence. The possible third is some strong, sane, saintly soul who has grieved over the sharp contentions of Paul and Barnabas, and has tactfully helped them each to a discovery of the other's excellences. Where Euodias and Syntyche and such an angel meet, where Paul and Barnabas and such a Great-heart kneel, we take our shoes from off our feet, for the place whereon we stand is holy ground. It is hallowed by the Presence. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." "These words," says Professor Simon, "were spoken primarily of those who were assembled for the settlement of quarrels." So be it. II. Who are the TWO? Who can they be but a husband and a wife? Following upon the excellent example of Paul, Peter addresses himself to all husbands and to all wives till wedding-bells shall chime no more. But Peter goes just one step beyond Paul, in that he takes all his husbands and wives into his confidence, and tells them the profound reason for his earnest solicitude on their behalf. "That your prayers be not hindered," he says. "I have so carefully warned and admonished and instructed you as to your attitude and behavior to each other that your prayers be not hindered." Happy is that bridegroom who, when all the confetti has been thrown, when the chattering, giggling throng is at last excluded, when he finds himself at length alone with his bride, kneels with her, and lays in prayer and adoration the foundation of the new home. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Wherever and whenever a man and his wife bow in the presence of the Highest, that they may sweeten and strengthen and sanctify their happy union by a common fellowship with God, there, says the strange Guest who blessed the marriage at Cana, there am I in the midst of

them. These are the TWO. But the THIRD—the possible THIRD? "Two—*or three.*" Who is he? Let us consult, in our perplexity, one of the fathers of the Church. Let Clement of Alexandria tell us. "Who are the two or three gathered together in Christ's name, and in whose midst the Lord is? Is it not husband and wife *and child?*" To be sure. In the days of love's young dream we say that "two's company, three's none." But when God sends a little child into a home the early theory stands exploded, and three become company, and two become none for ever after. There is hope for Christianity so long as these three gather in His name, and He is in the midst of them. The family altar is the hub of the spiritual universe. Every husband who does not daily enjoy the benediction of the "two or three" should straightway read the fragrant life-story of Thomas Boston. And every wife whose domestic drudgeries and social niceties are not glorified by the blessing of the "two or three" should hasten to the nearest library for the life of Susanna Wesley. And after *he* has read the tale of Thomas Boston, and after *she* has read the story of Susanna Wesley, not a word will be said. They will rise and look into each other's faces with a glance of perfect understanding. And "a possible third" will be brought in from a cot or from a kitchen, and that home will become the gate of heaven. They will meet together, and read together, and pray together on that day and on every day that comes after it. And where those two—or three—gather together in His name, there He will be in the midst of them. That was a great word which fell the other day from the lips of King George V: "The foundations of national glory," he said, "are set in the homes of the people. They will only remain unshaken while the family life of our nation is strong and simple and pure." It was right royally spoken. Herein lie life's wealthiest enrichment and finest fortification. III. Who are the TWO? Who can they be but those torch-bearers and testifiers whom he has sent in pairs to the uttermost ends of the earth? He sent them forth two by two, and wherever any two of them sit by the wayside, or kneel in the shadow, or, like the men of Emmaus, talk as they walk, there will he be in the midst of them. And so men have paired off ever since—Paul and Silas, Mark and Barnabas, Luther and Melanchthon, Franciscan friars, Dominican monks, Lollard preachers, Salvationist officers, traveling evangelists, and a host beside. Nor are the minister and his wife in their manse, or the missionary and his wife at their remote outpost, any exception to the rule. And wherever and whenever his ambassadors, persecuted as Paul and Silas were persecuted, meet together in his name, as Paul and Silas in their prison "prayed and sang praises unto God," there will he be in the midst of them, as he was most manifestly in the midst of them on that never-to-be-forgotten night at Philippi. It is ever so. This great saying concerning the "two or three" is the watchword of the faith. It is the pledge that, however isolated the scene, however remote the station, however lonely the toilers, he is always there. But the THIRD—the possible THIRD? "Two—*or three.*" Who is he? Who can he be but the first convert? Lydia, for example, that winsome soul who, as the "Lady of the Decoration" would have said, "had a beautiful big house, and a beautiful

big heart, and took us right into both." Paul never forgot when he and Silas and Lydia—happy three!—met together in His name. It was the very joy that is the presence of the angels overflowing into the hearts of mortal men. There was not a shadow of doubt about it. He was clearly there in the midst of them. Or the jailer, for example. Paul and Silas and their jailer! What a triad! But what a night was that! No Christian knows what Christianity really means until he has experienced such days as that day of Lydia's and such nights as that night with the jailer. Religion catches fire and becomes sensational. The moment when two weary workers kneel with their first convert has all eternity crammed and crowded into it. Ask Robert and Mary Moffat if that is not so. Wherefore let every minister and his wife, and every missionary and his wife, and every pair of Christian comrades everywhere, keep an eye open day and night for the possible Number Three. "Two—*or three*," the Master said. Three's company; two's none!

The Captain of the Ship.—The unvarnished fact is that even the skipper does not know everything. He sweeps the horizon with his glasses, but there are signs in the sky that elude his wary observation. He may quite easily be beaten at his own game. The seer in the cabin may decipher the language of the clouds more accurately than the bronzed and weather-beaten mariner on the quarter-deck. That was the mistake the centurion made. "The centurion believed the master of the ship more than those things which were spoken by Paul." It is a purely nautical matter. The captain of the ship predicts fair weather and urges an early clearance. Paul, the prisoner and passenger, foretold angry seas, and advised remaining in shelter. The centurion believed the captain of the ship. But Paul was right; the captain was wrong; and the ship was lost. Sooner or later, all life resolves itself into a desperate struggle for human credence between Paul and the captain of the ship. The point is that the captain of the ship is the man who might be supposed to know. He is a specialist. And Paul sets over against his nautical erudition the unsatisfying words, "I perceive." It is a case of Reason on the one hand and Revelation on the other; and the centurion pins his faith to the vigilant captain rather than to the visionary Paul. That is the exact point at which the world has always missed its way. That was the trouble at the very start. Could it be that to eat of the fruit of the tree would be to die? Was it reasonable upon the face of it? And Adam believed the captain of the ship. Later Noah predicted a flood. Where were the phenomena to warrant such an alarming forecast? Did it appeal to common sense? And again the insistent voice of Revelation was scouted. Visit the melancholy sites of Edom and Babylon, of Tyre and Sidon, of Sodom and Gomorrah, of Greece and Rome, and everything, on crumbling pillar and broken arch seeing eyes may discern these significant words, deeply graven on the ruins that are splendid even in decay: *They believed the captain of the ship.* These magnificent empire-builders of yesterday scouted the nebulous perceptions of the prophets, and they fell. National shipwreck always comes along that line. It is wonderful how little the practical man really knows. A gray-headed old theorist is tap-

ping away with his geological hammer among the stones and strata on the hill-side. As he leaves he remarks casually that there is coal in the mountain. The practical man smiles incredulously at the poor old fellow as he packs his hammers and glasses and specimens and strolls off home; but, a year or two later, when the hill-side is riddled with shafts, grimy with coal-dust, and black with smoke, the "practical man" bites his lips in disgust at his failure to take the old dreamer's hint. The meteorologist shuts himself up in his laboratory among phials and chemicals. Presently he opens his door and gravely predicts a storm. The masters of the craft down at the port smile knowingly and put to sea; but when their ships are in the pitiless grip of the gale they grimly remember the forecast. Only the other day Professor Belar, Director of the Larbach Observatory, warned miners of seismic unrest that seemed likely to liberate fire-damp. He was not taken very seriously; and within a day or two all Europe stood aghast at the horror of the Lancashire colliery explosion. Paul generally knows what he is talking about. It would be an appalling calamity if we were left at the mercy of the captain of the ship. He may be true as steel, and good as gold, but, as in the case under notice, he makes mistakes. Those who are inclined, like the centurion, to trust the captain of the ship rather than those things that are spoken by Paul will do well to consult a second captain. There are more ships than one, and the opinion of the second captain will diverge from that of the first. Doctors differ. I have recently been reading the biographies of some of our greatest English judges, and few things are more curious than the way in which two distinguished judges, equally able and equally conscientious, will hear the selfsame evidence, and listen to the selfsame speeches, and then arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions. The same phenomenon is common in politics. Great and gifted men, trained to wrestle with the problems of political economy, developing by long experience all the instincts and functions of statesmanship, will divide sharply and oppose each other hotly on the most simple issues. Clearly the captain of the ship is unreliable. In a world like this, on which so many worlds depend, it would be the climax of misfortune if the captain of the ship had it all his own way. There are visions, perceptions, revelations. God speaks from without. He speaks plainly, so that wayfaring men may not err. Paul rises and says grandly, "Sirs, I perceive. . . ." And that centurion is foolish indeed who believes the captain of the ship more than those things that are spoken by Paul. The dusty and travel-stained pilgrims of eternity would be of all men most miserable if, amidst the babel of many advisers, no clear guidance had reached them from the haven of their desire. Happily, the Lord of the Pilgrims does not leave his Christians and Hopefuls to find the way to the Celestial City as best they may. There are the "things spoken by Paul." Yet it must be admitted that there is a certain glamour and fascination about the captain of the ship. It is restful to believe him rather than to venture everything upon the verdict of a visionary. In one of the biographies to which I have referred an interesting situation occurs. It is in the Life of Sir Henry Hawkins (Baron Brampton). At the very climax of his fame as a judge,

accustomed every day to weighing conflicting evidence, and deciding between opposing claims, the great judge gave himself to the study of religion, and, as a result, he joined the Roman Church. Newman's *Apologia* is a similar case. How can these "conversions" be explained? The answer is obvious. Considered from the strictly judicial point of view of Hawkins, or from the coldly intellectual standpoint of Newman, their decisions are perfectly intelligible. They simply believed the captain of the ship. In the Roman Church they find a commander, a head, a pope. He speaks plainly, he is invested with the glamour of authority, and his decisions are final; he is the captain of the ship. But there are other voices that do not yield to such icily critical investigation. They are subtle, silent, spiritual. But they satisfy, and lead to safety. "The centurion believed the captain of the ship more than those things which were spoken by Paul." That is exactly what, moving along purely logical and coldly intellectual lines, Hawkins and Newman would have done. But when all is said and done, Paul is right. A leading English minister, the other day, drew aside the veil of squalor and filth, and revealed to an eminent scientist the raw material on which he worked—the very refuse and wreckage of society. "Is there any hope for those people?" he asked. The old professor took his time, and answered sagely, "Pathologically speaking, there is none!" Just so. That is the verdict of the captain of the ship. But Paul cries, "Sirs, I perceive . . . ," and tells a vastly different tale. And which is right? Ask your ministers; ask your city missionaries; ask General Booth. Or, if you suspect these of bias, consult the works of Professor William James, the eminent psychologist, or Rider Haggard, the eminent novelist. Professor James, in his masterpiece, confessed that, in ways altogether beyond psychological explanation, the activities of the church have again and again made bad men good. Spiritual energies have wrought the most amazing moral transformations. And still more recently Rider Haggard raises his hat in reverence before the astonishing phenomenon of conversion as he has seen it for himself in his investigations of the work of the Salvation Army. There can be no doubt about it. The unseen world is the triumphant world. The spiritual is, after all, the sane and the safe. The only way of avoiding shipwreck in church and in state is clearly to pay good heed to "the things spoken by Paul." We add this illustration of the fact that a dying man can do nothing easily. It is wise to turn to God in health. It was an awful night in Scotland. The snow was deep; the wind simply shrieked around the little hut in which a good old elder lay dying. His daughter brought the family Bible to his bedside. "Father," she said, "will I read a chapter to ye?" But the old man was in sore pain, and only moaned. She opened the book. "Na, na, lassie," he said, "the storm's up noo; I theekit [thatched] my hoose in the calm weather!" We must thatch our houses in the calm weather, and, later on, smile at the storm. Life's truest prudentiality lies just there!

Trivia. By Logan Pearsall Smith. 16mo, pp. 157. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

Something "different" for this department of the Review. Of "exotic quality," say the publishers, "compact of grace and humor and *whimsicality*"; that last word is quite correct. We begin with the author's preface: "'You must beware of thinking too much about Style,' said my kindly adviser, 'or you will become like those fastidious people who polish and polish until there is nothing left.' 'Then there really are such people?' I asked, lost in the thought of how much I should like to meet them. But the well-informed lady could give me no precise information about them. I often hear of them in this tantalizing manner, and perhaps one day I shall get to know them. They sound delightful." This is why he publishes these whimsicalities: "More than once, though, I have pleased myself with the notion that somewhere there is good Company which will like this little Book—these Thoughts (if I may call them so) dipped up from that phantasmagoria or phosphorescence which, by some unexplained process of combustion, flickers over the large lump of soft gray matter in the bowl of my skull." Some bits are about Vicars and Parsons: "I really was impressed, as we paced up and down the avenue, by the Vicar's words and weighty, weighed advice. He spoke of the various professions; mentioned contemporaries of his own who had achieved success: how one had a Seat in Parliament, would be given a Seat in the Cabinet when his party next came in; another was a Bishop with a Seat in the House of Lords; a third was a Barrister who was soon, it was said, to be raised to the Bench. But in spite of my good intentions, my real wish was to find, before it is too late, some career or other for myself (and the question is getting serious), I am far too much at the mercy of ludicrous images. Front Seats, Episcopal, Judicial, Parliamentary Benches —were all the ends then, I asked myself, of serious, middle-aged ambition *only things to sit on?*" "All the same, I like Parsons; they think nobly of the Universe, and believe in Souls and Eternal Happiness. And some of them, I am told, believe in Angels—that there are Angels who guide our footsteps, and flit to and fro unseen on errands in the air about us." The author walks and talks with another Vicar: "The Vicar, whom I met once or twice in my walks about the fields, told me that he was glad that I was taking an interest in farming. Only my feeling about wheat, he said, puzzled him. Now the feeling in regard to wheat which I had not been able to make clear to the Vicar was simply one of amazement. Walking one day into a field that I had watched yellowing beyond the trees, I found myself dazzled by the glow and great expanse of gold. I bathed myself in the intense yellow under the intense blue sky; how dim it made the oak trees and copses and all the rest of the English landscape seem! I had not remembered the glory of the Wheat; nor imagined in my reading that in a country so far from the Sun there could be anything so rich, so prodigal, so reckless, as this opulence of ruddy gold, bursting out from the cracked earth as from some fiery vein below. I remembered how for thousands of years Wheat had been the staple of wealth,

the hoarded wealth of famous cities and empires; I thought of the processes of corn-growing, the white oxen ploughing, the great barns, the winnowing fans, the mills with the splash of their wheels, or arms slow-turning in the wind; of cornfields at harvest-time, with shocks and sheaves in the glow of sunset, or under the sickle moon; what beauty it brought into the northern landscape, the antique, passionate, Biblical beauty of the South!" The author tells about a speech he made: "'Ladies and Gentlemen,' I began. The Vicar was in the chair; Mrs. La Mountain and her daughters sat facing us; and in the little schoolroom, with its maps and large Scripture prints, its blackboards with the day's sums still visible on it, were assembled the laborers of the village, the old family coachman and his wife, the one-eyed postman, and the gardeners and boys from the Hall. Having culled from the newspapers a few phrases, I had composed a speech which I delivered with a spirit and eloquence surprising even to myself, and which was now enthusiastically received. The Vicar cried, 'Hear, Hear!' the Vicar's wife pounded her umbrella with such emphasis, and the villagers cheered so heartily, that my heart was warmed. I began to feel the meaning of my own words; I beamed on the audience, felt that they were all brothers, all wished well to the Republic; and it seemed to me an occasion to express my real ideas and hopes for the Commonwealth. Brushed therefore to one side, and indeed quite forgetting my safe principles, I began to refashion and new-model the State. Most existing institutions were soon abolished; and then, on their ruins, I proceeded to build up the bright walls and palaces of the City within me—the City I had read of in Plato. With enthusiasm, and, I flatter myself, with eloquence, I described it all—the Warriors, that race of golden youth, bred from the State-ordered embraces of the brave and fair; those philosophic Guardians, who, being ever accustomed to the highest and most extensive views, and thence contracting an habitual greatness, possessed the truest fortitude, looking down indeed with a kind of disregard on human life and death. And then, declaring that the pattern of this City was laid up in Heaven, I sat down, amid the cheers of the uncomprehending little audience. And afterward, in my rides about the country, when I saw on walls and the doors of barns, among advertisements of sales, or regulations about birds' eggs or the movements of swine, little weather-beaten, old-looking notices on which it was stated that I would 'address the meeting,' I remembered how the walls and towers of the City I had built up in that little schoolroom had shone with no heavenly light in the eyes of the Vicar's party." The author has his "Anglican moments": "I have my Anglican moments; and as I sat there that Sunday afternoon, in the Palladian interior of the London Church, and listened to the unexpressive voices chanting the correct service, I felt a comfortable assurance that we were in no danger of being betrayed into any unseemly manifestations of religious fervor. We had not gathered together at that performance to abase ourselves with furious hosannas before any dark Creator of an untamed Universe, no Deity of freaks and miracles and sinister hocus-pocus; but to pay our duty to a highly respected Anglican First Cause—undemonstrative, gentlemanly and conscientious—whom,

without loss of self-respect, we could sincerely and decorously praise." In the Bank the author moralizes at the cashier's window: "Entering the Bank in a composed manner, I drew a cheque and handed it to the cashier through the grating. Then I eyed him narrowly. Would not that astute official see that I was only posing as a Real Person? No; he calmly opened a little drawer, took out some real sovereigns, counted them carefully, and handed them to me in a brass-tipped shovel. I went away feeling I had perpetrated a delightful fraud. I had got some of the gold of the actual world! Yet now and then, at the sight of my name on a visiting card, or of my face photographed in a group among other faces, or when I see a letter addressed in my hand, or catch the sound of my own voice, I grow shy in the presence of a mysterious Person who is myself, is known by my name, and who apparently does exist. Can it be possible that I am as real as any one else, and that all of us—the cashier at the Bank, the King on his throne—all feel ourselves like ghosts and goblins in this authentic world?" The Birds interrupt the author's meditations on the ills and needs of humanity which is his chief concern: "But how can one toil at the great task with this hurry and tumult of birds just outside the open window? I hear the Thrush, and the Blackbird, that romantic liar; then the delicate cadence, the wiry descending scale of the Willow-wren, or the Blackcap's stave of mellow music. All these are familiar—but what is that unknown voice, that thrilling note? I hurry out; the voice flees and I follow; and when I return and sit down again to my task, the Yellow-hammer trills his sleepy song in the noonday heat; the drone of the Greenfinch lulls me into dreamy meditations. Then suddenly from his tree-trunks and forest recesses comes the Green Woodpecker, and mocks at me an impudent voice full of liberty and laughter. Why should all the birds of the air conspire against me? My concern is with the sad Human Species, with lapsed and erroneous Humanity, not with that inconsiderate, wandering, feather-headed race." A little girl asks the author about the Starry Heaven: "'But what are they, really? What do they say they are?' the small young lady asked me. We were looking up at the Stars, which were quivering that night in splendid hosts above the lawns and trees. So I tried to explain some of the views that have been held about them. How people first of all had thought them mere candles set in the sky, to guide their own footsteps when the Sun was gone; till wise men, sitting on the Chaldean plains, and watching them with aged eyes, became impressed with the solemn view that these still and shining lights were the executioners of God's decrees, and irresistible instruments of His Wrath; and that they moved fatally among their celestial Houses to ordain and set out the fortunes and misfortunes of each race of newborn mortals. And so it was believed that every man or woman had, from the cradle, fighting for or against him or her, some great Star, perhaps, Aldebaran, Altaïr: while great Heroes and Princes were more splendidly attended, and marched out to their forgotten battles with troops and armies of heavenly Constellations. But this noble old view was not believed in now; the Stars were no longer regarded as malignant or beneficent Powers; and I explained how most serious people

thought that somewhere—though just where they did not know—above the vault of the Sky, was to be found the final home of earnest men and women; where, as a reward for their right views and conduct, they were to rejoice forever, wearing those diamonds of the starry night arranged in glorious crowns. This notion, however, had been disputed by Poets and Lovers: it was Love, according to these young astronomers, that moved the Sun and other Stars; the Constellations being heavenly palaces, where people who had adored each other were to meet and live always together after Death. Then I spoke of the modern and real immensity of the unfathomed Skies. But suddenly the vast meaning of my words rushed into my mind; I felt myself dwindling, falling through the blue. And yet, in these silent seconds, there thrilled through me in the cool sweet air and night no chill of death or nothingness; but the taste and joy of this Earth, this orchard-plot of earth, floating unknown, far away in unfathomed space, with its Moon and meadows." And this is the way this whimsical author of this Trivia book bids us "Good-Bye": "From under the roof of my umbrella I saw the washed pavement lapsing beneath my feet, the news-posters lying smeared with dirt at the crossings, the tracks of the buses in the liquid mud. On I went through this dreary world of wetness. And through how many rains and years shall I still hurry down wet streets—middle-aged, and then, perhaps, very old? And on what errands? Asking myself this question I fade from your vision, Reader, into the distance, sloping my umbrella against the wind."

The Other Side of the Hill and Home Again. By F. W. Boreham. 8vo, pp. 274. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

The author of this volume of essays has already enriched literature with several volumes, but the fountain of his genius continues to flow, and he is as sparkling and refreshing in these pages as in the previous ones. He combines the art of the essayist with the art of the homilist, and shows himself to be genial, kindly, in love with nature, books, and mankind. To say that he has something of the flavor of the inimitable Elia is to utter a high compliment. The autobiographical touches give a relish to these musings. It is quite superfluous to commend Boreham to those who know his books, but a few sample passages will introduce him to those who are outside the circle of his friendship, and encourage them to cultivate the acquaintance of this cordial and generous soul. Where so much is good it is difficult to make any choice. Here is a delicious morsel from "I. O. U." "Since I first heard the statement that it is very wrong to borrow, I have knocked about the world a bit, and, in the process, have made several discoveries. I have discovered that, when everybody says a thing, and when everybody says it as confidently as if it were the Ten Commandments, everybody is generally talking nonsense. I have discovered that everybody else borrows, pretty much as I do; and that those who are loudest in their denunciation of the habit are often the most addicted to it; I have discovered that

whether I borrow from other people or not, they will insist on borrowing from me; and, in sheer self-protection, I am driven to a policy of retaliation. . . . Never a day comes to me under these clear Australian skies but I am touched to tears at the memory of the goodness—the self-sacrificing goodness—that my father and mother lavished upon me in the dear old English home. But now that I have left them far behind across the seas, I find myself surrounded by happy children of my own. And I see now that, in those old untroubled days across the years, I was borrowing, merely borrowing. And all these smaller hands stretched out towards me are the hands that Nature has sent to demand the repayment of the loan. . . . This borrowing business must be done on very sane lines, or it leads to disaster. I know a man who borrows every Saturday all Sunday's energy; and on Sunday he is bankrupt. He would not dream of going to a picnic on Sunday afternoon, or of attending a picture-show on Sunday night. But he so exhausts himself on his picnics and his picture-shows on Saturday that it takes all day Sunday to get over it." One of the best essays is on The Ministry of Nonsense. It is the secret of genial humor which changes the complexion of life and enables us to bear what otherwise would be intolerable burdens. Much misunderstanding is due to onesidedness. Boreham refers to one of his colleagues in New Zealand, the Rev. J. J. Doke, who was a genius in solving tangled problems because in him holiness and humor blended to an exceptional degree. "I remember a very painful debate that took place in those trying days. The question was as to whether or not certain letters ought ever to have been written. Some telling speeches had been made, and feeling was running very high. At length the time for voting arrived, and it looked as though the assembly would not only censure its officers (of the Missionary Society) but perhaps precipitate a cleavage that many years would scarcely heal. The chairman rose to put the motion. The atmosphere was distinctly electrical and charged with tensest feeling. In the nick of time Mr. Doke cried, 'Mr. President,' and came striding down the aisle. I can see him now as he turned to address us. 'Mr. President,' he said, 'is it not possible that *both* sides are right? Is it not possible that we are each reading into these troublesome letters our own strong feeling? Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time a man had two children, a boy and a girl. In course of time the boy became refractory and ran away from home. He was not heard of again for many years. The girl remained at her father's side, and was his constant stay and comforter. Just, however, as the old man had given up all hope of again hearing from his son, a letter arrived. But neither father nor daughter had been to school, and they could not read it. "Let us take it down to the butcher, father!" the daughter suggested. "He can read, and he will tell us what Tom says." To the butcher they accordingly hastened. Now the butcher was a gruff, sour, surly old man, and they were unfortunate enough to find him in one of his nastiest moods. He tore open the letter with a grunt, and read, in a snappy, churlish voice, "Dear father, I'm very ill; send me some money. Yours, Tom." "The rascal!" the old man exclaimed, in-

dignantly, "he only wants my money. He shan't have a single penny!" They turned away sorrowfully, and set off towards home. But on the way another thought visited the daughter. "Father," she said, "what do you say to going to the baker? The butcher may have made a mistake. The baker can read, too, and he is a kind, Christian man. Let us go to him!" And to the baker's they went. Now the baker was a genial, gracious soul, with a voice tremulous with feeling and resonant with sympathy. He gently took the letter from its envelope and read: "*Dear* father, I'm *very* ill; send me some money. Yours, Tom?" "The poor boy," the old man cried, brushing away a tear. "How much can we send him?"' The whole assembly was in the best of good humor at once. The application was obvious. It was as though the lowering thundercloud had broken in refreshing summer rain. The air was cleared, and the flowers were exhaling their choicest fragrance in the sunshine that followed the storm. Mr. Doke's beautiful personality had cast its spell over us all. We felt that we wanted an interval in which to shake hands with each other. He made a suggestion in closing that would obviate all risk of further complications. Both sides snatched at it eagerly, and the painful episode closed with expressions of the most cordial goodwill." How much of the bitterness and strife which have darkened the history of the church might have been avoided if at each of the crises some person like Doke could have stepped forward with the offer of mediation and had thrown oil upon the troubled waters! We never get tired of Alice and the cat. Boreham has a fine essay on The Grin. It is suggested by that passage where the cat vanishes, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone. "Well, I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in my life!" Yes, it is possible to have a grin left after the cat has gone. In support of his contention Boreham writes: "I remember once being in serious trouble through having quite innocently grieved a friend whose confidence I highly valued. It was purely an accident. A thing had happened that was obviously ambiguous and capable of several interpretations. The most unhappy construction was put upon it, and the matter soon assumed an exaggerated importance. There were two courses open to me: I could go to my friend, pleading my innocence and vindicating my position. I knew, however, that his mind was so poisoned that he could not be expected to accept my assurance without discussion, and discussion would prove tedious and fruitless. I therefore resolved upon the other course. I went to him and confessed that I had moved without sufficiently calculating the possible construction that might be placed upon my action, and I craved his forgiveness. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I forgive you!' Thus vanished the cat. 'But,' he added, 'we can never be the same again!' Thus lingered the grin. . . . Now, side by side with this, and by way of contrast, let me set an incident from the life of Gladstone. Gladstone was at the time Chancellor of the Exchequer. He sent down to the Treasury office one day for a sheaf of statistics on

which he based his budget proposals. Now it happened that in compiling the statistics the clerk had made a mistake that vitally affected the entire situation. The blunder was only discovered after Mr. Gladstone had elaborated his proposal and made his budget speech in the House of Commons. The papers immediately exposed the fallacy, and for a moment the Chancellor was overwhelmed with embarrassment. He was made to appear ridiculous before the entire nation. He sent down to the Treasury for the clerk to come to him at once. The clerk duly arrived, trembling with apprehension, and expecting instant dismissal. He began to stammer out his apologies, and his entreaty for forgiveness. Mr. Gladstone stopped him. 'I sent for you,' he said, 'because I could imagine the torture of your feelings. You have been for many years dealing with the bewildering intricacies of the national accounts, and you have done your work with such conscientious exactness that this is your first mistake. It was because of your splendid record that I did not trouble to verify your calculations. I have sent for you to compliment you on that record and to set you at your ease.' The cat had vanished from the tree and had left not the shadow of a grin behind. If the New Testament means anything, it means that a man who can forgive with such gallantry and chivalry is a very great Christian, indeed." We can never have too much of this kind of writing with its fine flavor, its gracious spirit and its refreshing cheerfulness.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

An Autobiography. By Robert Forman Horton, M.A., D.D. 8vo, pp. 352. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Imported by the Pilgrim Press, Boston. Price, cloth, $2.50 net.

The value of an autobiography lies in its confessional features. The writer takes the reader into his confidence, *con amore*, and invites him into the sanctum sanctorum, and passes in review the events in his life, with reflections and observations. Dr. Horton's autobiography stands this test excellently. It is of special interest because of the many causes with which he was identified. As pastor of the Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church for nearly forty years, and still in active service, he has discharged a remarkable ministry because he made his church a force and not a field. Referring to the thirtieth anniversary, he writes: "There was one curious coincidence which came out in the review of the membership of the church; it made a deep impression on me. I had often bemoaned the fact that my work did not result in large harvests and impressive ingatherings. But, strange to say, we found that the number of members who had joined the church from the beginning represented exactly one for every Sunday service that had been held. The slow and steady work of my long years was permitted to produce just what was effected at Pentecost in one day. *Laus Deo!* Thirty years now to do what then required a few hours." Dr. Horton was the son of a Congregational min-

ister, and the grandson of a Methodist minister. He graduated with honors from New College, Oxford, but such was the prejudice against Nonconformists that as soon as it was known that he had decided to enter the Congregational ministry he was practically repudiated by his college. "And though my relations with Oxford never ceased, I became a stranger to all in the college except to the porter and the servants, who remembered certain little efforts I made to secure their well-being." He had quite a struggle to choose between Oxford with its academic honors and the pastorate of a Congregational Church. "I never lost the feeling of the order, the beauty, the moderation, the charm of the Church of England; but I felt sure that Christianity was something more, a spiritual passion which would break through the formal proprieties, a divine power which could not possibly be restricted to sacramental channels. I have not, nor have I had, any hostility to the Church of England. I always feel that I am a non-conforming member of it. But the vision I have of the Church of Christ transcends it; and to enter the Church of England would seem to me a contraction, a plunge out of the open air, where the winds of God are blowing, into a building with stained-glass windows, which do not open, and the musty smell of dead centuries." How much healthier this view is than that of R. J. Campbell, which he advocated in A Spiritual Pilgrimage. The emphasis which is laid on prayer deserves close consideration. In reviewing the years of his effective ministry, Dr. Horton says, "My own irrefragable argument for the reality and power of prayer lies in what prayer has accomplished at Lyndhurst Road." Again he writes, "If the story of Lyndhurst Road impresses any reader with the sense of the blessing which has been on the Church, and the success that has attended its labors, let me record my own conviction, that the long prosperity of this church has been due to these two things: first, that we have made the missionary claim the foremost responsibility of the church, and second, that a prayer meeting every Saturday night prepares us for the worship and work of the Sunday, and a week of early prayer meetings every July recruits and often re-creates the church for its onward march." Dr. Horton went through many stormy and nerve-torturing experiences in his efforts to give a liberal interpretation of Christianity, such as would make it more adequate to meet the needs of the present times. Like all pioneers, he had to pay the penalty by being misunderstood and slandered. In connection with his pastorate, he has also exercised a beneficial ministry through literary work. "From 1888 until now I have never been without requests, more or less urgent, from publishers, to undertake specific work. Book after book has been written; sometimes the sale has been very limited, sometimes it has been comparatively large. I have never written anything which has commanded general attention or a sensational circulation. But the books have gone out and found readers, and they have brought back to me marvelous evidences that this was a form of ministry which God accepted." He has published more than forty books and several of them have permanent value, like Verbum Dei, the Yale Lectures on Preaching, The Open Secret, The Bible, a Missionary Book. His pastoral and pulpit work did not,

however, suffer, but was rather enriched by this literary output, and there are other ministers who can testify to the same effect. Would that their number were increased! On the subject of pastoral work he says: "For some unexplained reason this part of a minister's work is always laborious and uncongenial, and a thousand excuses are at hand for surrendering it. But facing it *invitâ Minervâ*, week by week for many years, I have come to regard it as the indispensable foundation of successful church work. I have known preachers of rare gifts who could dispense with it; indeed, the odd thing is that the most apparently successful preachers do dispense with it; and yet I remain convinced that the effect of preaching is never the same as that of laborious and self-sacrificing visitation. My experience has been that the best sermons are the results of talks in visitation, and further, that more are brought to Christ by that 'fishing for men,' or going out to find the lost sheep, than by the appeals of the pulpit." The truth as to cloud and sunshine in every life is frequently referred to: "Chastisement is the proof of His Fatherhood; but the consolation he gives in the severest trials is a revelation of tenderness which is infinitely reassuring. I suppose we learned to understand it through Christ. I am not aware that apart from Christ this point of view was ever gained by other religions. But from my experience as a Christian I have come to a clear perception of this fact, which is illustrated by my whole life. God is dealing with us in a way of discipline and training, which requires that life here should never seem complete; and yet he tempers every sorrow, breaks every calamity, sends relief and encouragement with such a set purpose that the chastisement can always be recognized as the work of love." A serious spell of sickness seemed to threaten the loss of his eyesight. It was in this connection that he found out by way of solace that many persons who had attained eminence enjoyed the use of only one eye. Among them were Dr. Josiah Strong, Dr. Amory Bradford, Miss Jane Stoddard, the writer of many books requiring extensive research. With reference to the meetings which he conducted in several parts of England in the interest of the London Missionary Society, he says: "I wonder people do not devote themselves more to the missionary task for the undiluted joy that it brings into life. But like the honey in the flower which is protected by all the devices of the structure, the purest and sweetest joys of life are hidden away, and are only found by accident in the discharge of duties which at first repel." Our centennial celebrations will mean more if this secret of joy can be discovered at once. In summing up the story of his life, he declares that there were four objects which he set before him as a goal: "First, to be a witness of Christ Jesus; second, to form and shepherd a church which should be an integral part of the Holy Catholic Church; third, to promote social reform; fourth, to carry the gospel to the remote ends of the earth. Imperfect and ineffectual as my labors have been, those objects have always been before me, and in the order named." There are many more refreshing parts in this stimulating book, but it must be read through, and those who undertake it will be greatly enriched.

The Church in the Furnace. Edited by F. B. MACNUTT, senior chaplain to the Forces. 12mo, pp. xxi + 454. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.75.

God and the Soldier. By NORMAN MACLEAN, D.D., and J. P. R. SCLATER, D.D. 12mo, pp. viii + 250. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

Souls in Khaki. By ARTHUR E. COPPING, with a Foreword by GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1, net.

ONE of the most important lessons which the war is bringing home to the church is the demand for religious reality. Much of what was taken for granted has not only been challenged, but found to be wanting. The thoughts of earnest souls are turning to the substance of the Christian faith, with intent to separate from it what is non-essential. We hear the word "reconstruction" on every hand, but it is well to utter a warning just at this time not to mistake the word for the bigger thing that it represents. Let us be careful lest it become a cant expression. As a result of contact with men in the throes of conflict, several chaplains of the Church of England have brought together their impressions in a noteworthy volume of essays, bearing the significant title, The Church in the Furnace. Another book by two Presbyterian chaplains consists of addresses on the problems which confront the soldiers at the front and the church at home. A third book, attractively named Souls in Khaki, report the personal investigations into the spiritual experiences and the sources of heroism among the men in the firing line. These three volumes lift the veil of unreality which has far too long rested upon the religious world. The observations of the Church of England chaplains refer especially to conditions in their own communion; but, apart from incidental matters, what they write applies with equal force to all the churches. The criticisms are not of the captious kind, but of the type that looks eagerly toward improvement and effectiveness. One reason for the acknowledged failure of the church is due to fainthearted-ness, the fear to take ventures and risks. Another is the excessive conventionalism of church life and the "drab absorption in petty activities and trivialities which we have hung up as our ideals in service in the temple of God." "The church in its best days has always been a center of disturbance in an evil world, and we disturb little, because we are too politic and wise. Instead of concentrating upon great aims, we tidy up the irregularities of our organization. When some daring soul bids us 'go over the top' and express our religion in terms of our own time, we shiver with apprehension because it might mean that some powerful section of the church would threaten to betake itself to the wilderness or sullenly cut off financial supplies." Such outspoken utterances are found in all these volumes. The essay on "Faith in the Light of War" insists that the traditional idea of God is inadequate and defective. The fatalism of the average soldier can be removed only by definite teaching of the fatherhood of God, which makes clear the divine sympathy, sacri-

fice and redemption by the crucified Christ. The address on the pointed question, "Is God to blame?" deserves careful reading. Among the beliefs emphasized by the war are the dire fact of sin, the sacramental view of life, the truth of immortality, the indispensableness of prayer and the judgment. Two essays on "Fellowship in the Church" and "Fellowship in Industrial Life" take up crucial questions and honestly acknowledge our inconsistencies and weaknesses. "There can be little question that social distinctions have done great harm; they have attacked the church, and the church's counter-attack has been feeble." Capital and labor are having the truth brought home to them that they are complementary to each other, and that in their fellowship lies the hope of the industrial world in the future." There is a great deal of common sense in the chapters on "Worship and Services," and "Instruction in Prayer." One writer says: "Nothing is to be gained by ignoring facts—popular as the practice is among churchmen—and however unpalatable the truth may be, it is full time that we realized that even among conventionally religious folk the instinct for worship, and indeed for prayer itself, has largely disappeared." What the Anglican acknowledges is also recognized by the Presbyterians, in whose book we read, "Let the church first set itself to a great enterprise of worship. The form is a small thing, compared with the spirit; but the form should express the spirit. Reverence, solemnity, devotion, dignity—these must be there." Both the essay and the address on prayer, which is rightly called "The Sword of the Saints," should be carefully studied. The alarming situation is repeatedly emphasized that the soldiers, who were but civilians yesterday, are pitifully ignorant of the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. Our inadequate religious education in the Sunday school and by the pulpit is responsible for this barrenness. In this connection we refer specially to the essays on "Religious Education and the Training of the Clergy," "Personal Religion in Church Life," "Man to Man," "The Soldier's Religion," and "The Religious Difficulties of the Private Soldier." A few sentences are worth quoting. "In these days more than energy and spirituality is required of the ministry. Along with devotion there must be understanding of the world and its needs, understanding of the Gospel, which can satisfy the needs. There is great danger to-day in the exaltation of religious devotion and activity over love of the truth." "The fact seems to be that we have been teaching true and important things in such a way as to leave men with the impression that they do not matter." "The present moment is the church's opportunity of teaching men that the message of the kingdom of God does not stop short at churchgoing, but includes social and international righteousness, and an intelligent interest in the life of the nation as a whole. We cannot be reminded too frequently that it is the "indwelling Spirit which enables men to face the horrors and exhibit the heroisms of life. Two strong addresses on this subject are entitled, "What Garrisons the Heart," and "The Good Man." The spirit in which the men are fighting is illustrated by the sergeant in the base camp. He had been wounded twice and was returning to his unit with the presentiment that he would not

come back. To all optimistic prophecies he turned a deaf ear. "But," said he, "I don't mind. It's going to be a better world for the kiddies afterward." The stirring chapters in Souls in Khaki contain many instances of holiness and heroism which will help preachers to flavor their sermons and to make vivid the truth. These three books show the direction in which our thought should turn in getting ready for the day when the shadow that now rests upon the world shall disappear and the Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings.

A Master Builder. Being the Life and Letters of Henry Yates Satterlee, First Bishop of Washington. By CHARLES H. BRENT. 8vo, pp. xvi+477. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $4, net.

BISHOP BRENT has a worthy conception of biography. "I hold a biography to be a word portrait. It is more akin to a painting than to a photograph. But a biography is in one sense even a higher kind of art than painting, in that it is a moving picture of the man. The steady flow of his life and character is represented. The duty of a biographer, as I have tried to discern my own in this capacity, is not to suppress his own convictions, based on personal touch, but to keep them in due relation to all the material gathered. He must do more than chronicle bald facts. He must give them color and atmosphere. There are few facts or incidents that are their own interpreter. Moreover, and here it seems to me is the biographer's most dangerous and most delicate but imperious duty, he must dive into the deep sea of motives underlying principles." It is no small credit to say that this high ideal of duty is very nearly realized in the present volume. The author is *en rapport* with the subject of his biography and he writes with enthusiasm. "The book has been written under widely varying conditions—much of it, especially in its earlier stages, at sea, some in America, and most of it in various parts of the Philippine Islands, from Jolo, in the extreme south, to Bontok, in the extreme north of the archipelago. But I have seldom taken up my pen without forthwith forgetting, in the pleasure of writing, every anxiety and difficulty of the moment." The references to Bishop Satterlee's character are always intensely appreciative. "Opportunity to serve was all he ever asked. Sometimes he found it best in connection with conspicuous office, and made good use of it. But he was able to do this because, in his apprenticeship, he had learned that power and opportunity to do good work are dependent neither upon easy conditions nor being in the public eye. Those who serve best in high office are the men who have been trained, like him, to labor well in obscurity and hard conditions." In another place we read: "His was a warrior soul. He had to fight and wished to fight for the treasures he coveted. In later life he intimated to a dear friend how his very strength and health involved fierce onslaughts of temptation. Were he able to direct these written words, he would like to say to students of to-day that his virility was due to struggle, struggle which never permitted moral vacations or condoned occasional lapses from righteousness; that his self-respect was reached by toiling up the steep heights of self-conquest;

that he understood men, not with the theoretic sympathy of an onlooker peering out from some sheltered nook, but as a sharer in the common toil of the common day; as one who knew life's depths and heights from an intimate, inside experience." A friend told the writer of this notice that a young man was once introduced to Dr. Satterlee who when he knew that he was a student at Princeton at once asked him what he thought of the new football rules. This young man was so impressed that he attended the services in Dr. Satterlee's church and was won to the religious life. He was frequently known to stand on the sidewalk in front of Calvary Church, New York city, and welcome his congregation with outstretched arms. At the close of the evening service he would often hold an after meeting in a way that used to be common among Methodists. This friend, who knew him quite intimately, further said that there was nothing Dr. Satterlee would not do to win a soul. The life of such a man is truly worth knowing, more especially when it is written by such a profound analyst of character and life as Bishop Brent. Dr. Satterlee's conception of the ministry is found in the counsel which he gave his own son, who sought his father's guidance as to the choice of a vocation. "Be a character-builder," he said. "The character-builder in a village is the religious leader, who goes in and out among the people, and shows the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, how, in pursuing their trades, to be better tradesmen, better citizens of the commonwealth, better Christians and more faithful witnesses for Jesus Christ, in their several callings; who shows fathers and mothers that the Christian family is the unit upon which Christian civilization is built up, and thus prepares the way for the coming of God's kingdom." The son followed his father's advice. He was quite a successful minister and although he passed away early in years, he exercised a great and beneficial influence, as is seen in his biography entitled "A Fisher of Men." As pastor of a rural church, rector of a metropolitan parish, and bishop of a capital see, Bishop Satterlee was a convinced Prayer Book Churchman. This type he described as "an honest, straightforward churchman, who, whatever his Catholic or Protestant tendencies may be, has nothing to conceal, nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to apologize for; and who never, even in his inmost thought, puts his own Church second, and some other church or sect first. If truthfulness has been the characteristic of our own church for ages, so has disingenuousness been the sin most abhorrent to her clergy and her people." We differ from him in the last sentence and would refer to the Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke, noticed in the last issue of the Methodist Review, for innumerable illustrations of just this defect in the Episcopal Church. It is, however, not in extenuation that we say that every church has had leaders who evaded the issues and in doing so became trimmers and timesavers. Such a deplorable fact does not excuse an inexcusable evil. There were four factors which induced him to accept the bishopric of Washington. To quote his own words, they were, "first the separation of the church and state, and the importance of creating the traditions of the diocese at the capital of the United States on this line; second, the solution of the problem how to Christianize the colored people, Washington being

the point where North and South meet; third, the desire, if possible, to mold a small diocese like Washington on the lines of the primitive, undivided church, in such a way that it would promote the cause of American Christian and church unity by combining all the elements of Catholic and Protestant life; fourth, the importance of making the cathedral a center of diocesan life and, if possible, a witness in the capital for all that the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States stands for." He certainly succeeded in partially carrying out his program, and has left a worthy example to leaders in every communion, who, however much they may disagree with his views of churchmanship, can yet recognize in him a true servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. He gave two reasons for pulpit failures. "You remember what Phillips Brooks said when the remark was made that Dr. So-and-So preached above the heads of his congregation. 'No,' was his reply, 'he is preaching beneath their feet.' When the question is asked why does the pulpit fail in these days, this is our first answer. It is because the preacher and the congregation are at cross-purposes. The people come, longing for spiritual food; they are given a stone. A second cause is sensationalism, advertising a subject that will catch the eye or pander to the public taste for excitement. The modern scientific training has created distaste for rhetoric. To-day men want the eloquence of facts and the clear statement of truths which all feel and recognize." Just before leaving Calvary Church for Washington, he addressed a letter to the vestry. One paragraph is worth quoting: "At first I thought that the greatest need of Calvary at this time was a rector with great preaching ability; but I have gradually come to see things differently. A popular preacher, in my experience, is seldom a deep man. There is a style of preaching that attracts by its spiritual fervor, its deep earnestness, its knowledge of the Christian life. But this is a very different style from that which is known as popular preaching. What Calvary wants is spiritual and intellectual preaching combined, and this is seldom or never popular." As to the secret of his ability to carry heavy burdens, we read: "As in the case of most big natures, he found recreation in the variety of work which claimed his attention. He had early acquired that blessed faculty of excluding, for the time being, all other interests except the duty of the moment. His intensity was at once exhausting and reviving. He gave to his work all that there was in him to give, and in return received from each separate task all the freshness, interest, and momentum it held in its gift." There are many letters from which apt quotations might be made, touching as they do on the several enterprises which claimed his thought and support. The chapter dealing with his mission to the late Czar on behalf of the suffering Armenians will be read with interest at the present time, when it seems as though this nation is destined for complete decimation at the hands of the "unspeakable Turk." In summing up his career Bishop Brent writes: "He has set a high standard of life and work, of devotion and loyalty, of character and citizenship, which cannot be lowered without loss, irreparable loss. The value of a saint is in his beckoning power, as well as in his pressure from behind. He kindles a beacon, the beacon of his ideals, which shines high up on the hills of to-

morrow, calling to our laggard feet to climb, climb, climb." It is refreshing, in the midst of life's clamor and conflict, to read of one who lived above these things, and indeed used them as means of grace for the furtherance of truth and goodness.

Cyclopedia of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. By DEETS PICKETT, CLARENCE TRUE WILSON and ERNEST DAILEY SMITH. New York and Cincinnati: Methodist Book Concern. Price, 50 cents; by mail, 55 cents.

"METHODIST Munitions for Moral Reform" would be a good title for this notable book. It is an arsenal, full of modern weapons, able to demolish modern citadels of spiritual wickeness in high places. No flintlocks and rusty bayonets, ancient and short-range field pieces here. The latest models have been selected—guns whose shots are not only heard but felt around the world. Do you wish to know about the temperance reform in Russia? Here it is—the historical, the scientific, the medical and industrial result of prohibition among 150,000,000 people occupying one sixth of the habitable globe, wiping out government revenue in time of financial distress of $403,-019,945—but producing unprecedented prosperity, astonishingly large sums in savings banks, increasing efficiency, health and morals, sorely disappointing the Kaiser, who said, "I was certain of crushing the Russians when they were freely given to drink; but now that they are sober the task is more difficult!" And he added in melancholy tone, "Who on earth could have foreseen the anti-alcoholic *coup d'état* perpetrated by Nicholas II?" At length a sober people pushed the Czar from his throne, adding political freedom to moral. Some of these guns were captured from the enemy, and may now be trained upon themselves effectively. What does the liquor traffic say about itself through its official press? Here are some samples: "The saloon as conducted is a nuisance—a loafing place for the idle and vicious," acknowledged the Wine and Spirit Gazette of August 23, 1902. "It is generally on a prominent street, and is run by a sport who cares only for the almighty dollar. From this resort the drunken man starts reeling home. At this resort the local fights are indulged in. It is a stench in the nostrils of society." "Any man who knows the saloons well can honestly say that most of them have forfeited their right to live," said the Wholesalers' and Retailers' Review of September, 1907. "There is not a licensed saloonkeeper in Illinois who does not lay himself liable to prosecution a dozen times a day," confessed the Champion of Fair Play, June 7, 1902. Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular of January 10, 1914, said: "I have heard a distiller and importer say that he would fight to the last ditch any attempt to establish a saloon in the neighborhood in which he resides. If the people engaged in this business feel that way about it they cannot find fault with others offering the same objections." The value of this arsenal of arms it its "get-at-ableness." In actual combat no weapon is of use that is beyond reach. An alphabetical index puts every weapon at finger ends. Like a druggist's remedies, one can almost find them in the dark. What do range-finders think of these projectiles? The Central

Christian Advocate of August 22, 1917, says: "The book has more than 400 closely printed pages of matter, answering fully every question that can be asked by anybody in the entire range of the temperance argument. It is invaluable for the minister, the writer, the teacher, the publicist, and all who want information and want it quick. The Central has three five-foot shelves of books on this subject; and it does not hesitate to say that this latest output of the Board of Temperance makes the majority of them superfluous—except that some of them may go into more detail." Mrs. Margaret Dye Ellis, Legislative Superintendent of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, writes: "This is 'research' indeed. I wonder where and how you got such a fund of information. The book will be my constant companion." Zion's Herald, September 12, 1917, says: "To the Methodist Episcopal Church belongs the credit of publishing The Cyclopedia of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, which is a most inclusive work in the information that it contains on temperance reform. There is scarcely a subject directly or indirectly connected with it that is not discussed and concerning which data is not given. The volume is a mass of information touching every phase of the question." The secret of the excellence and variety of these munitions is in the workmen that designed and assembled them. Such men as Dr. Lyman Abbbott, America's greatest journalist; Dr. Abram W. Harris, leading our educational forces; Harry S. Warner, directing the notable study of the liquor traffic among college men and women; Dr. Clarence True Wilson, in the front trenches, conducting the fight; Deets Pickett, expert on sources and quality of munitions. And others of like ability. Here, too, are some of the strongholds of the enemy demolished which were thought impregnable. Here is "personal liberty" taken from the saloonkeepers and turned over to peaceful, law-abiding citizens. Here are the legal barbed-wire entanglements shot to pieces by judicial mortars and supreme court projectiles. Here one sees the great temperance tank move across the continent, making a path from coast to coast, without leaving a saloon in its wake. Here are thrilling battle scenes, driving liquor ad's out of the press, hurling back the lawless brewer and distiller from violating the honor of prohibition States, and "going over the top" in Washington and planting the stainless flag on a boozeless capital. Even from far-off Alaska and Porto Rico the war dispatches are recorded telling of victory. Some of these munitions are hand grenades, which will explode if not hurled at the foe. See what the liquor traffic is doing for divorce, child labor, spoils politics, the Negro in the North, labor, the Sabbath. What fine scorn is here for the religious slacker, who will use none of these weapons because he is a conscientious objector and thinks it is useless war. See human slavery, piracy, lottery and the awful drug habit demolished by the weapons of Christian warfare. But here is more than a record of achievement. Here is a plan for the next campaign. Here is what each State has done. Here is what all States together must do. Methodism's big drive is outlined in this book, an immediate movement for action by the House of Congress for a constitutional amendment. Then a movement along the entire battle front to "put it across." A Methodist building fronting the nation's capitol is a

certainty. Read what this means to the remotest part of the country. Be introduced through this big little book to your forces commissioned to lead in your fight—General Clarence True Wilson planning the campaign and executing much of it, too, in person. John M. Arters, on the Eastern front, and Elmer L. Williams, on the Western. The staff at headquarters busy as beavers. The great war council, the biggest and best board of directors in the church. Here is the best fifty cents' worth of book published for its purpose. No wonder Annual Conferences buy all on hand and ask for more. Dr. Williams sold seventy-one copies at the Oklahoma Conference in five minutes. More than 6,000 copies have been sold to date. It is deservedly among *"the best sellers."* Let him who does not possess this weapon for Christian warfare sell his garment and buy one. We conclude with an extract: "God Almighty still rules. He has not vacated the throne of the universe. He carries out his will by human leaders. Nations are his grandest agents. They have no immortal souls. Their righteousness is to be rewarded and their sins punished in this life. Where, in all history, did a nation sin and escape its just penalty? What is the greatest sin against God and man in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries? The turning of God's great gift, our dily bread, into human poison; the debauching and damning of the hundreds of millions by habit-forming drugs; opium for the Chinese, vodka for the Russian, absinthe for the Frenchman, wine for the Italian, beer for the German and Belgian, hasheesh for the Turk, the traffic in the whole blood-stained combination by the United States, and that climax of wickedness—legalizing this degrading thing to wrest revenue out of the ruined souls, broken hearts, wrecked homes and national shame. We do not understand God's purpose in this unspeakable world-wide war. But if it is to wipe the liquor traffic and all drug poison trades from the planet, may America speedily see the light, line up with the divine purpose and enact national prohibition before it is forever too late; lest, happly, by refusing, we should be found fighting against God. I tremble at the thought of what may be in store for us, when I see the greatest drinking nation of earth—Belgium —the first wiped off the map; the next offender, Germany, living for fifty years with one ambition—to conquer the world—destined to crushing disappointment, to be ground alive under the wheels of destiny till she will plead for peace to save utter destruction; Russia, the next offender, repenting in sackcloth and ashes, but unable to enjoy her dearly bought liberty because of a vodka-crazed populace; England and Scotland, sold to brewers and distillers, drinking the dregs of her bitter cup, even her proud church, the rotten remnant of a former pretense, pleading for continued rum rule. What must a just God will for our most highly favored Christian land, which for fifty years, since Lincoln died, has filled her bulging pockets with blood money and made a third of her national income of rum revenue? This much I know: Before we have paid our toll to this great war 'our covenant with death shall be annulled and our agreement with hell shall not stand.' It will be seen at last that the despised reformer, who tried to free us from this liquor blight and license guilt, was our true friend and real prophet."

The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A. M., enlarged from original manuscript; with notes from unpublished diaries, annotations, maps, and illustrations. Edited by Nehemiah Curnock, assisted by experts. Standard edition, Volume VIII. New York: Eaton & Mains (Methodist Book Concern), 1917, vii, 480. $3 per volume.

Since the death of Tyerman in 1889 several indefatigable investigators have enriched Methodist history in Great Britain and Ireland, like Green, Simon, Telford, Crookshank, and the men who have contributed to the Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society, but it may be doubted whether any is worthy of greater honor than the tireless searcher whose unrivaled knowledge poured his information into all these volumes, though he did not live long enough to see the last two in their finished state, dying at Folkstone, November 1, 1915, aged seventy-five. The Rev. John Telford, B.A., adds an addendum on page 349, preceded by a fine portrait of Curnock, who will be forever associated with this definitive edition of the celebrated Journal. This reviewer has read every word of these eight massive octavo volumes (except sermon register and the ample 125-page index of volume 8, a veritable student's delight), and he has a right to speak of the perennial interest of the Journal and the copious out-of-the-way information of the notes. What Birbeck Hill did for Boswell's Johnson, Curnock did for Wesley's Journal. Yet Wesley might have made his work both more valuable and more complete. Many days and many important visits receive no mention at all, and even in this last volume there are such serious gaps as April 11-May 24, 1790, July 5-August 26, October 25, 1790, till his death, March 2, 1791. Wesley wrote his brief soldier-like short-hand diaries every day—diaries which in this volume accompany the Journal throughout—but the Journal he did not keep day by day, but wrote it up when he had time, sometimes days after the pertinent dates. And when he wrote it, why did he not give us more light on the actual social and religious condition of the places? No one knew the two islands as well as he, no one traveled them as he, and no one had better means of finding out conditions than he. He had not only his own keen eyes and ears, his own restless and inquisitive mind, but the best local experts always at hand. What was the condition of the Anglican Church in the place? How many attended services? How many services were held and when? The same questions in regard to the Nonconformist Churches. Then the social and moral conditions in each town. What a chance Wesley had to make a survey of Great Britain and Ireland which would be to-day of infinite value! But don't look a gift-horse in the face. Be thankful for all the glimpses he does give of that world in which he moved, and of which he was such an intimate part. The Journal and Diaries take up only 128 pages of this volume; the Drew Theological Seminary Wesley Diary, loaned for the purpose, is here deciphered by Curnock and printed in full (pp. 161-168), recently discovered fragments of the Journal are now for the first time available (pp. 147ff.); Elizabeth Ritchie's (later Mrs. Mortimer) simple yet affecting and eloquent account of his last days and

death is given in full; the marvelous Sermon Registry has been dissected and arranged chronologically (a tremendous work) by Curnock; many original documents of Wesley's Oxford and Georgia days are printed in full; his famous Lord North and Lord Dartmouth letter, against proceeding against the Americans, is given; his William Law correspondence (in which he comes off second best); Mrs. Delany's account of the buffoon parson, Tooker; that striking Benson-Fletcher correspondence of 1775 about organizing the Methodists into a kind of independent church in case the Anglicans still refused to ordain the preachers; the Deed of Declaration, and the Will, are all here. It's a noble volume, and it splendidly fills out the enterprise Curnock undertook ten years ago with such youthful enthusiasm, mature judgment and microscopic knowledge, and which he carried through with such tireless industry. Boswell has had several editors, the Journal only one to speak of, and that one has done his work so perfectly that it not only need never be done again, but it has conferred upon his name the immortality of the Journal. Be sure to enter the Corrigenda (viii, 477ff.) in your copy, and note the interesting fact that the portrait of that beautiful woman in volume i, page 17, is not the famous Susanna Wesley, but Lady Rodd, who married the brother of the wife of Charles Wesley. Note also that in volume vii, pages 174, 408 and 514, Wesley, by a slip of the memory, makes the mistake of one year too few for his age.

A READING COURSE

Immortality. An Essay in Discovery. Co-ordinating Scientific, Physical, and Biblical Research. By B. H. Streeter and four others. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Interest in the future life has greatly increased since the war began. Many are asking with wistful spirit for some word of assurance as to the fate of their loved ones who were so abruptly taken away from their homes and who fell so tragically, albeit, heroically, on various fields of battle. For years Christian people have lived without any vital relationship to the world beyond. Preachers were no better, and except for an occasional sermon on heaven, suggested by the death of some member of the congregation, the whole subject was conveniently ignored. Discussions about it were almost wholly monopolized by those interested in spiritualism and psychical research. All this has been suddenly changed and the future has become very real. Let us, however, beware of a neo-Mohammedanism, which holds that all who die on the field of battle would go straight to heaven, regardless of the faith they had exercised or the lives they had lived. Quite a number of books have appeared recently on immortality and kindred themes. The volume of essays which we have selected for study this month is in many respects the best. Like the companion volume, Concerning Prayer, it is the result of careful deliberation and discussion. The writers reached the conclusion that the

belief in personal immortality rests on a wider and surer basis in reason than they had originally supposed; and that though a veil must always hang between this world and the next, it is not entirely impenetrable. The whole subject must, however, be thoroughly reconsidered, and here we have the sure guidance of the New Testament. Some of the essayists show themselves to be wiser than the sacred Book. One makes bold to say: "It is best, in fact, to admit quite frankly that any view of the future destiny of those 'on the wrong side of the line,' which is to be tolerable to us to-day, must go beyond the explicit teaching of the New Testament." We positively refuse to make any such admission. It would not only land us in the confusion of subjectivism, where each one is a law unto himself, but it would also shatter the authority of the Volume, whose voice will be heard speaking comfort long after its detractors are forgotten.

One of the ablest essays is that on The Mind and the Brain. The argument of the writer, Dr. James Arthur Hadfield, is that the tendency of the mind towards independence and autonomy suggests the possibility of its becoming entirely liberated from the body. As a surgeon of the British navy, he had unusual opportunities to test some of his conclusions. He found that hypnotism is the ideal anaesthetic if the patient is sufficiently susceptible to its influence. Most interesting are the cases of men who suffered from "shell-shock." Christian Science is sharply criticized because of its credulity and its unscientific view of life. In this connection, read page 279ff. on the anti-social sin of credulity; the remarks apply not only to psychical research, but to all investigations into the unseen. The two essays by Canon Streeter are in many respects the best in the book. One is on "The Resurrection of the Dead." He contends that "belief in individual immortality depends on our conception of the character of God. If God is at all like what Christ supposed him to be, personal immortality is completely proved." Accepting the principle of the conservation of value, he rightly contends that "death so far from being the end can only be a fresh beginning." The idea of the resurrection of the body, as understood by our Lord and Paul, was that the life of the future will be richer, not poorer, than this life, and that individuality, personal distinctions, will be preserved in the next life. Consider how much better such an interpretation is than any materialistic conception, and whether it does not do more justice to the spiritual glory of the gospel of life. Note what Streeter writes about space and time in the next life, and whether his ideas give a stronger grasp of the truth of immortality (96ff.). What do you think of his view that there is no interval between death and resurrection, and that for each individual the day of death is also the day of judgment? From numerous quotations it is shown that many of our traditional conceptions of heaven, hell, the resurrection, were inherited from pre-Christian Jewish apocalyptic writings. A careful investigation makes very impressive the independent insight of Jesus Christ. In the second essay, on "The Life of the World to Come," Streeter argues that there is no need for a half-way house between earth and heaven. Supplementing what he writes

(139ff.), read what is said in the essay on "A Dream of Heaven." It is not purging that we need, but enriching, to fit us for heaven. "The great tragedy of Christianity in modern times has been, not its failure to attract or retain the allegiance of the vain, the frivolous, and the materially blinded, but its failure to appeal to the idealist of to-day." Is this due to inadequate conceptions of immortality and the future life, or is it due to the curious self-satisfaction of the idealist, who is often wise in his own conceit? Note the attractive intellectual, moral, spiritual and social qualities in the heavenly society, where love will be of an intenser degree, lavish itself on a wider range of persons and be able to express itself more freely and in more divers ways (154ff.). The essay on "The Bible and Hell" is not an attempt to water down the idea of hell, but to reconcile it with our ideas of justice and the Fatherhood of God. Hell is defined as any state of punishment, whether bodily or spiritual, from which there is no longer any prospect of the soul deriving any benefit, and in which it suffers without hope for itself or profit to others. The New Testament has a clear division into two classes, of those who enter the Kingdom and those who will not. The relevant passages are carefully examined, but the author is hardly justified in his conclusion that the New Testament teaching was not a deliberate creation of our Lord and his followers, but was simply one of the elements taken over from contemporary thought. It would be more correct to say that our Lord elevated contemporary thought on this and on other subjects. The whole essay tends toward universalism, and while there are passages in the New Testament which support such a conclusion, there are many more which contradict it in the interest of ethical soundness and spiritual balance. No one who reads the New Testament aright can escape the truth that for those who sin wilfully there is a certain fearful expectation of judgment. The essay on "A Dream of Heaven" is exceptionally well written. Indeed, it is the most pleasant of all the chapters, not only because of the subject, but also because of the poetic charm in the treatment of it. "Heaven would be a universal and everlasting fellowship in the enjoyment of absolute values, a concert of all minds, of all thoughts, and all actions. . . . We shall have lost all our comfortable unrealities, our sense of status, our vulgarities, our formulæ, and our hostile generalizations; we shall have no one to encourage us in our nonsense; and we shall be face to face, all naked and bare as we are, with that which here we call the beatific vision. The essay on "The Good and Evil in Spiritualism" is well written. Two points are well taken and should be constantly remembered: (a) It does not follow because a man or woman has won a reputation in some department—say, chemistry or electricity—that either their repudiation or investigation of occult matters will be scientific. (b) Because a man, even a scientific man, belongs to the Society of Psychical Research, it does not follow that he works with the temper and caution which have characterized the official work of the society. Note carefully the six objections to the spiritualist hypothesis. Professor William James is worth quoting: "For twenty-five years I have been in touch with the literature of psychical

research, and I have been acquainted with numerous researchers. Yet I am theoretically no further than I was at the beginning." Among the strong points in the doctrine of Reincarnation and Karma are that it is an attempt to solve the problem of pain and to affirm that the universe in the last resort is morally governed. It also recognizes the prevalence of the law of cause and order in the moral sphere. The serious weakness is the teaching that sin can be removed by suffering, when in reality it is possible only by a change of heart, which, again, takes place only by the conscious experience of a fresh access of love to God. Moral badness can be wiped out as it is replaced by moral goodness. The second part of this essay is a critical examination of theosophy. The claims of this cult cannot be sustained. Its profession to have occult knowledge is a species of barrenness; its declaration as to a common origin of all religions is exploded by the scientific study of comparative religion; its conception of personality is contrary to the best findings of psychology and does violence to the teachings of Jesus. The closing essay is on "The Undiscovered Country," by the same writer of the two preceding essays on Spiritualism and Karma. She argues in a very convincing fashion that assurance concerning the life beyond can be obtained more effectually by prayer which has the momentum of impulse and spontaneous desire; by a living theology which gives the accepted truths of Christianity a richer meaning; by the reinterpretation of Christian experience in the light of present achievements; and by a fuller consideration of the goal of existence in God. Note how these points are well developed and how far superior these ways are to the questionable and unsatisfying courses of spiritism and the like.

Side Reading

Immortality and the Future. By H. R. Mackintosh (Hodder & Stoughton, $1.50). A thoroughly reliable discussion on death, immortality, and eternal life. It is marked by clear exposition of Scripture, pertinent appeal to history and to the best literature, and by fine spiritual insight.

If a Man Die. By J. D. Jones (Doran, $1). A message of solace to the stricken, based on the sure word of the living Christ, confidence in the justice and love of God, and the happy certainty of Christian experience.

Faith and Immortality. By E. Griffith Jones (Scribners, $1.75). Handles the subject with sympathy and tenderness in view of the tragedies and losses of the war, and gives such a setting to the truth that it will satisfy the intelligence and heart of believing men and women.

For information about books of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.